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A CRITICAL CONTEMPORARY AND CVRRENT REVIEW OF SHAKESPEAREAN & ELIZABETHAN STVDIES

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INDEX TO VOLUME IX.

A

"ACT OF GOD", plea of, rarely resorted to the modern times.... 63
ADAMS, OSCAR FAY, his connection with the Henry Irving Edition of Shakespeare..... 55
ADDISON, JOSEPH, death of, assigned to same cause as Shakespeare's and Poe's..... 10
ANAGRAM, reason for Dr. Platt's, in the long word..... 47
Another form of Dr. Platts' arranged by Sir E. D. Lawrence 106
AUTOBIOGRAPHY of Dr. Appleton Morgan..... 1-42
AUTHORSHIP QUESTION, not solved by Dr. Wallace's discoveries 105

B

BACON, FRANCIS, his "Gentle Art of Making Enemies"..... 9
BACON, DELIA, never made physical attempts to open Shakespeare's grave 53
Her love affair with McWhirter..... 49
Mr. F. B. Sanborn's mention of..... 9
BACONIAN CIPHER, failure of one engineered by Dr. Owen, Dr. Prescott and others..... 27
BARRETT, LAWRENCE, his letter to Dr. Appleton Morgan.. 67
BATES, WILLIAM OSCAR, mentioned..... 10
BATHURST, CHARLES, earliest to investigate changes in Shakespeare's versification .....
BEECHER, MISS CATHERINE, her espousal of Delia Bacon in affair with McWhirter..... 50
BELLOT, STEPHEN, account of action of Bellot v. Mountjoy, and Shakespeare's connection therewith..... 33-34
BLACK CROOK, THE, memories of the..... 62
BROWNING, ROBERT, his share in "Pigsbrook & Co."..... 16

BOOKS REVIEWED—
The Verulan Shakespeare. The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar, Edwin Reed, 82. The Shakespearean Stage, Victor E. Allbright, 83. The Elizabethan People, Henry Thew Stephenson, 83. The Dream of Love, Henry Abbey, 83. The Awakening of Spring, Franz Wedelkind, 83. English Spelling and Spelling Reform, Thomas R. Lounsbury, 29. Globe Theatre Apparel, 30. The Man Shakespeare, Frank Harris, 31. Bacon Is Shakespeare, Sir E. D. Lawrence, 106.
BIOGRAPHIES OF SHAKESPEARE, effect of Dr. Wallace's discoveries upon .....
BRANDES, GEORGE, relative importance of his critcisms.... 91
BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR, resemblance of to the Tragedy of Hamlet 97
BROUGHAM, JOHN, Dr. Morgan's reminiscences of..... 61
BROWNING, ROBERT, his connection with "Pigsbrook & Co.," and the New Shakespeare Society..... 16
BUZZARD'S BAY, origin of the name explained by Edward Denbram 106

C

CADI, John Brougham's play mentioned 63
CHRICHTON-BROWNE, SIR JAMES, his comparison between Hamlet and Bride of Lammermoor..... 96
CIPHERS, see coincidences 45
CLEMENS—MR. S. E., "MARK TWAIN," at Booth-Daly-Parmer banquet. Eulogized by Dr. Brander Matthews.....
COLLIER, JOHN PAYNE, his forgeries still pitfalls in Shakespeare study 13
COPYRIGHT LAW, Judge Buller's decision as to piracy by memorization 63

D

DALL, MRS. CAROLINE HEALY, her reminiscences of Delia Bacon 49
DALY, ANGUSTIA, his services to histrionic realism.....
DENHAM, EDWARD, explains origin of name of "Buzzard's Bay" 106
DE VINNE, THEODORE L., his estimate of actual cost of manufacturing the First Folio..... 75

DIALECT, The New England, preserved in "The Mayor Jack Downing Papers" 61
DOWNING, MAOR JACK, see dialect .....
DOYLE, JOHN T., reports a Mexican trial resembling Skylock v. Antonio 68

E

EATON, WILLIAM, makes a deposition in case of Bellott v. Montjoie 40

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, connection with Baconian theory according to Mr. F. B. Sanborn..... 9
EPITAPH, Shakespeare's on Sir William Stanley..... 107
ETHEL, AGNES, mentioned 66
EVELETH, G. W., his letter to Edgar Allen Poe..... 58
EXHUMATION PROJECT, project to move and examine the mortal remains of Shakespeare..... 93

F

FISKE, ANDREW, letter touching Shakespeare's alleged epitaph on Sir William Stanley..... 107
FIRST FOLIO, Mr. DeVinne's estimate of cost of manufacture of 75
FLOWER, CHARLES, denies that Delia Bacon ever attempted to open Shakespeare's grave 19
FURNIVALL, DR. F. J., vagaries and peculiarities of..... 14-15-16
Portrait to face page..... 84
Death of .....
Private Quarrels of..... 92

G

GALLUPP, MRS. ELIZABETH WELLS, New account of her cipher 103
GLOBE THEATRE, discussion of site of by William Martin.... 101
GOWANS, WILLIAM, reminiscences of 33

H

HAMLET, "Map" of the play of..... 2
And "Bride of Lammermoor"..... 97

HARRIGAN AND HART, "took humours of men" in their dramas 64
HEMINGE, JOHN, his connection with the Globe Theatre..... 105
"HENRY IRVING" EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE, William J. Rolfe's connection with 25
Higher criticism, the .....
Definition as applied to Shakespearean studies..... 89
HINTON, A. CHALMERS, death of 7
"HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS", Dr. Platt's reasons for suspecting anagram in..... 46
Sir E. D. Parker finds another anagram in..... 106
HOLMES, ARTEMUS H., mentioned..... 3
HOLMES, NATHANIEL, interesting letter form..... 3
Did not recant his Baconian theories..... 4
HOYT, CHARLES A., specific dramatic work of..... 65

I

IGNORAMUS, Macaronic Comedy, by George Ruggle, a contemporary of Shakespeare..... 55
INTERROGATORIES, administered in case of Bellot v. Mountjoie .....
To William Shakespeare 35
To Jonne Johnson 36
To Daniel Nycholas 37
To William Eaton 40

J

"JACK DOWNING PAPERS," preservative of New England dialect resembling dialect in the plays..... 61
JOANNES, GEORGE, COUNT, some reminiscences of..... 22
JOHNSON, DR. SAMUEL, Shakespearean criticism not largely indebted to 50
"JUDGE AND JURY," entertainment so-called in early New York City chop houses 19

K

KEMPE, GEORGE, severs his connection with the Globe Theatre. 105

M

MACARONIC VERSE, Dr. Morgan's specimens of.....
Ruggle's Comedy of "Ignoramus," written in..... 55
"MAP OF HAMLET," German Shakespearean constructs a.... 2
"MARK TWAIN," immortality of discussed..... 90
MARTIN, WILLIAM, disagrees with Dr. Wallace as to site of Globe Theatre 101
MATHEMATICAL COINCIDENCES, see coincidences.....
MATTHEWS, DR. BRANDER, reminiscences of..... 70
MEMORIZATION, piracy by Mr. Justice Buller's decision at to 63
MENNES, SIR J., his alleged memories of Shakespeare's father 89
MORGAN, DR. APPLETON, chapters of autobiography..... 1-43
Shakespeare-Bacon debate with Dr. Platt..... 48
Reminiscences of Dr. Rolfe and Dr. Furnivale..... 85
MOUNTJOIE, CHRISTOPHER, suit of Bellot v..... 33
Shakespeare hires lodgings of in 1612.....

N

NEAL, JOHN, letter to Edgar A. Poe..... 58
NYCHOLAS, DANIEL, deposition of, in Bellott v. Mountjoie.. 37

P

PHILLIPS, AUGUSTINE, his litigation as to share in Globe Theatre 104
"PIGSBROOK AND CO.," title of F. J. Furnivale's attack on Dr. Wallace Phillips and Algeron G. Swinburne..... 16
PIRACY OF MEMORIZATION, Judge Miller's decision as to.. 63
PLAYS, THE SHAKESPEARE, no early copies of brought to New England .....
Copy placed in library of Harvard University in 1725.....
"POCAHONTAS," John Brougham's play of..... 62
"POE PARK," originated by Dr. Appleton Morgan..... 57

R

"RAVENSWOOD," Scott's character of, resembles Hamlet..... 98
REALISM ON THE STAGE, Augustine Daly's contribution to advent of 64

ROLFE, DR. WILLIAM JAMES, portrait to face page..... 84
His connection with the Henry Irving Shakespeare..... 55
Tireless industry of 90
Death of .....
RUGGLE, GEORGE, his Macaronic Comedy of "Ignoramus".. 54-55-56

S

SANBORN, FRANK B., his reminiscences of Delia Bacon.... 9
SCOTT, SIR WALTER, apparently follows Hamlet in "The Bride of Lammermoor" 96
SHAKESPEARE, ANNE, must have possessed a life interest in eighteen of the plays..... 12
SHAKESPEARE'S SOCIETY, The New York, some early notes touching 17
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, friendly exchange of compliments with his fellow playwrights..... 1
Summoned as a witness in the case of Bellot v. Mountjoie.... 33
Lodges at residence of defendant in deposition to interrogatories in that case 39
Curious rumor that his grave is 26 feet deep..... 52
Changes in his versification..... 89
SMEDLEY, WILLIAM T., discovers more Baconian cryptic matters 12
SMITH, ROBERT ATWATER, disagrees with Dr. Wallace as to references 21-98
SMITH, SEBA, author of the Major Jack Downing Papers.... 59
SMITH, WILLIAM HENRY, Dr. Theobald's reminiscences of.. 8
"SOCIETY AND THE FAD," Dr. Appleton Morgan's brocure, so entitled 18
"SORDIDO," in Ben Johnson's "Every Man Out of His Humour" 1
Alluded to by the drunken turnkey in Macbeth..... 1
First speculator to corner breadstuffs..... 1
STANLEY, SIR WILLIAM, Shakespeare's alleged epitaph on... 107
STOTSENBURG, JOHN H., death of 81
SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES, lampoons, Dr. Furnivale and the New Shakespeare Society..... 14-15

T

TALMAN, ALBERT H., his "Shakespeare Questions"..... 103
THEOBALD, DR. R. M., personal reminiscences of..... 7

TRAGEDY, as unusual as unpopular in modern dramatic work... 65
TRIAL of Mexican lawsuit, resembling procedure in Shylock v. Antonio 68

U

UNCUT, Dr. Morgan suggests that books be, for benefit of the book reviewers 73

V

VERSIFICATION OF SHAKESPEARE, Bathurst's remarks upon changes in 89
VICKERY, HON. WILLIS, president of the New York Shakespeare Society, sketch of 24-180
Portrait of in library, to face page..... 1

W

WALLACE, DR. CHARLES WILLIAM, discovers record of law suit of Bellot v. Montjoie..... 33
As to Heminges et al v. Witter..... 104
Mr. Martin disagrees with, as to site of Globe Theatre..... 101
WARNER, REV. BEVERLEY E., death of..... 108
WHITE, RICHARD GRANT, Dr. Morgan's reminiscences of.... 5-6
WILL, SHAKESPEARE'S, estimate of cash and personal property disposed of by..... 20
WITTER, JOHN, defaults in payment of assessment to rebuild Globe Theatre 104
WYCOFF, CHEVALIER, Dr. Morgan's reminiscences of Henry Wycoff 19

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II. A Further Consideration of Shakespeare's Autobiography. . . . . Dr. Appleton Morgan

III. Miscellanea. The Best Exercises of the New York Shakespeare Society. The Henry Irving Shakespeare. Dr. Wm. J. Rolfe. Dr. Dr. Wallace's Discoveries Identify and Evaluate William Shakespeare with Mr. Robert Annesley Smith. Fragments of the Lost and Most Precious Shakespeare.

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VOL. IX. FEBRUARY, 1910. No. 1.

A FURTHER LIST OF SHAKESPEAREANA CURIOSA. JUDGE HOLMES NEVER RECANTED. BRIEF RECORDS OF OLD FRIENDSHIPS, RICHARD GRANT WHITE, DR. R. M. THEOBALD. WILLIAM OSCAR BATES. A PLACE AND A REASON FOR THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY. THE CHEVALIER WYKOFF. GEORGE THE COUNT JOANNES. A FURTHER CHAPTER OF DR. MORGAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(Prior Chapters, ante Vols. IV, 8; VI, 41;-95; VII, 33; VIII, 37:)

Shakespeare as a Manager and Theatrical proprietor, was (as he was perhaps obliged to be) as keenly alert to affairs: to what his fellow stagewrights produced, as is any playwright of to-day! And he kept pace with his fellows and sometimes tossed them a Roland for an Oliver. For example: Jonson, in "Every Man Out of His Humor" introduced Sordido, who was the earliest operator on record to get up a "corner" in breadstuffs. Sordido thought that he foresaw a bad harvest and bought up all the corn in sight. When the prospect changed and he saw an inevitably abundant harvest he hanged himself. So Shakespeare pleasantly makes the drunken Porter in Macbeth, who imagines himself the keeper of Hell Gate, describe one of the candidates for the Everlasting Bonfire as "a farmer who hanged himself in expectation of plenty." And there are scores of such local and innuendo and current allusion. (In The Merry Wives alone there are half a dozen) throughout the Plays. Surely if there are Shakespearean scholars—fully equipped and accurate scholars as they are—who are so mentally constituted as to believe that these great transcripts of not only Nature and of the human heart but of current and local material, are mere adjustments of text to a lot of Ciphers or Acrostic signatures of Francis Bacon, or anagrams or witches palindromes—surely these fully equipped scholars should not be

surprised that other Shakespearean scholars quite as fully equipped perhaps, as themselves, are so obscessed with contempt for what seems to them (possibly from some congenital incapacity) mere childishness and puerile folly, that they decline to discuss the matter with them at all!

In chronicling the vagaries of persons who, from various standpoints, concern themselves with Shakespeare matter I should not have omitted mention of an obscessed German in Philadelphia who in 1878 went to the extent of making a "Map of Hamlet"—That "Map" lies before me, a large sheet, twenty by fifteen inches, colored red and green and blue and yellow and pink and dove as to "Streams of Thought"! These "Streams are however, subnominated by names of the particular character that injects the aforesaid "Stream of Thought" into some other colored Stream. Thus the "Stream of Thought" named "Claudius (in yellow) pushes itself into the Blue Stream of Thought labelled "Prince Hamlet"—while the "Stream" labelled "Gertrude" in a neutral grey, laps serenely only the margin of Prince Hamlet a broad strip of Azure, Ophelia in a slight pink rivulet only touches this Prince Hamlet blue blood at one point—the scene just preceeding the soliloquy on suicide, and her pretty pink does not even suggest itself in the graveyard scene. (Which seems to me an omission, as the only positive statement in the play concerning that poor colourless little lady is Hamlet's tardy declaration that he loved Ophelia better than forty thousand brothers could have loved her, over her coffin. This map or diagram preceeded Donnelly by ten years; and if considerable at all, is only another proof of the fact that it takes a strong man to contemplate Shakespeare at all! Then followed rather an illiterate person named Church, of Detroit, who printed a pamphlet in which he demonstrated that in the New York Shakespeare Society's insignia (the earliest Herald's College tricking of the Coat of Arms) there was an undoubted reference to something occult that proved of course that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. (Whatever rubbish we get always proves *that!* And so the real and earnest study of the authorship problem, is handicapped always by the callow and half-baked, if not absolutely ignorant or crazy, persons who sieze on the apparent paradox of something "going about in other's name," to keep the Baconian Theory, which is entitled to serious examination: in the light of a gibberish to make the unthinking laugh and the judicious grieve. We must do Mr. Donnelly the credit (or discredit) to admit that for a season he impressed a sort of cipher fashion upon the public mind. Even the staid old North American Review (then edited by Allan Thorndike Rice (appealing in an editorial note, however to the motto selected for that Review by James

Russell Lowell "Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur) printed scores of pages of such rubbish as the triumphant extraction by wearying calculus, of the words "Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's Plays" from the Epitath, by a Mr. Hugh Black, to be followed by a Mr. Edward Gordon Clark who not only verified Mr. Black but elucidated as his own contribution such sentences as "Francis Bacon wrote here, Aye Aye," "Bacon raised deceased (or seedy) William" "Francis Bacon did," "Francis Bacon Hid". Bacon will narrate all Shakespeare here," and so on ad absurdum. Both Mr. Black and Mr. Clark found oracular stuff in the "Good Frend For Jesus Sake Forebeare." A. Mr. C. C. Montgomery has achieved a lot more kindred stuff out of the inscription on the mural Monument—"Judicio Pylium, etc.," and the English Siste Viator which follows. "Stay passenger why goest thou by so fast?" The only thing that arrested my attention in Mr. Clark's long screed in the North American (volume C X L V—423) was that he found the sentence "Jacques Pierre is all narrated here." Since in the Myth of ten years before, speculating as to the origin of the name "Shakespeare" I had suggested as a random thought that it may have been a Warwickshire pronunciation of the very common prenomen "Jacques Pierre." I felt rather proud to be persuaded of my second sight.

But the most elaborate and if possible the most ridiculous of all came in a big quarto at a big price "some acrostic signatures of Francis Bacon. Now for the first time discovered by Herbert Stone Booth! (This astonishing work was reviewed in New Shakespeareana, Vol. VIII, p. 108).

Having now so far as I can keep up with the Cipherists, admitted them all to this chronicle it remains to take up a few loose threads in these memoirs.

Did Judge Holmes (who after producing his "Authorship of Shakespeare" announced thus he had done with the subject "and passed on to other studies," ever recant? As to this I am favored by the kindness of Artemas H. Holmes, Esq., an eminent fellow-member of the New York City Bar, with an autograph letter from his uncle, the late Judge Nathaniel Holmes, dated November 23rd, 1899. Of this I quote the following:

"Now for the Bacon-Shakespeare matter. I must be very brief. In short I am now (I may say) pretty much done with the subject; the book has been out of print—also sold—for a year or more. I suggested a new issue with some additions, but the publisher advised to wait a while, and see if there would be any call for more to make it worth while, to which I answered, "I doubt if there will be any new issue. The book has already done its work and will continue to do so." I have thrown my more recent observations into a bound MS. volume, entitled "Bacon-Shakespeare" in

three parts (not more than thirty or forty pages of print,) one on the application of the folio of 1623 (by Bacon himself); the other on the Phoenix and Turtle by Wm. Shakespeare, and the other on the Pallas-Athena, the Spearershaker—the Speak-shaking Goddess of Athens, or the Athenia Minerva as the probable source whence Francis Bacon borrowed his nommede-plume "Shakespeare", (an Anglo Saxon word; the first appearing in the literature of the subject is in 1593). The theatre man's name was "Shaxper"—Celto-Gaelic "Chaekspeir" or "Schaeksper," from a Celtic word meaning Dryshank or Shrunkshank, and neither "Shaker" nor spear" at all; and the name was never written, spelled or pronounced "Shakespeare" by the illiterate William, nor anyone of his Gaelic family in Warwickshire (See Dr. Chas. Mowbray, the learned Celtic scholar.) As to Mr. Danish Brandes, I have only to say that his book is a superficial, shallow plausible re-hash of the ignorant immaterial stupid nonsense of all the enchanted "Shakespeare" tribe of imbeciles. I assure you (if it were the last words of my mortal life) that there is no more room to doubt that Francis Bacon was the author of the whole canon of the "Shakespeare" poetry than there is that he wrote the Novum Organum, and all the rest of his acknowledged prose writings; magna est veritas et prevalebit. Wishing you all prosperity and good health, and with kindest regards to all the members of your family, I remain Your affectionate cousin-uncle, Nathaniel Holmes."

This letter is valuable as showing that Judge Holmes did not (as I have heard it claimed) recant his heterodoxy". I do not find in any of the papers which Mr. Holmes kindly places in my hands the slightest memoranda on any of the numerous Baconian Ciphers. From which I conclude that Judge Holmes did not believe that, when we think we are witnessing a Shakespeare play, Macbeth or Hamlet or Othello or Henry the Fourth, what we are really witnessing is a Cipher announcement of the Bacon authorship, as exploited in any of the numerous cryptographic propositions which I have here faithfully (and I fear as tediously to my readers as to my self) set down.

If only from the practical consideration that early communication between Old and New England was by means of small sailing vessels whose carrying capacity was limited—the only literature by way of printed books that came to their shores in colonial days was religious: Bibles, books of devotion, sermons and scriptural commentary. The first edition of Shakespeare which can be traced as arriving in New England was a copy of Theobold's edition of 1709, in six volumes. Certainly no better edition has ever existed for its valorous and valuable notes. Of the thousands of editions,

certainly no one has ever been so little discredited (if a particle of it was ever discredited at all) or is so largely preserved in successive editions. This edition appears by a catalogue of 1723, to have been in the library of Harvard College. When that library was destroyed by fire in 1764, it is interesting to note that among the earliest acquisitions of books to replace those lost in the fire was a copy of Pope's edition of Shakespeare, which was "presented by Jaspar Maudritt, of London, in 1764."

If I were asked who was the most brilliant Shakespeare Scholar that ever lived I should have no hesitation in naming Richard Grant White. And of all his brilliant achievements, the most brilliant was his announcement that the "Old Corrector" annotations to the plays were forgeries, long before the facts about Collier came out under the microscope: and when they were tacitly accepted by Mr. Collier's London fellow critics. And this announcement he made purely from his acquaintance with the plays and with Middle-English literature. Mr. White had barely seen the old corrector annotations reported: had never seen the work itself, when he asserted that "their author has not mastered any conception of the text he annotated"—has not appreciated its beauties nor comprehended the context of the parts he glossed—that they were not made before, but after, the Restoration, when Shakespeare's contemporaries were all dead—that they violated Shakespeare's sense of Dramatic propriety—that their author was ignorant of the tastes and customs of Shakespeare's day and was aware of no tastes or customs save those of the present day; that, after inserting a new reading haphazard, the "Old Collector" had deliberately altered the syntax of the other lines in order to maintain his forced reading, etc., etc. Moreover at the time that Mr. White printed these conclusions he was not supposed to be an exclusive Shakespeare specialist. Mr. White's penchant was music—and he had written much critically upon musical and technical Grammatical subjects before attracted to Shakespeare matters at all. I knew him only in his latter days. He most courteously answered some questions I once asked him with no little trepidation, (for his reputation was that of a cynic, and manifold were the stories of his bitter rejoinders to those that approached him.) His contempt for approbation of any sort, must have been sincere, for there is no record of his having moderated to any amount of praise, however subtile or delicate. When the brothers Duyckink were preparing their excellent cyclopaedia of American Literature and applied to Mr. White for his own preferential selection, he replied "I neither claim nor desire a place in American Literature, and I would rather be omitted." (Perhaps on the principle of the celebrity who said he would rather have posterity ask why his

country had not raised a monument to him than to ask why they had.) He told Mr. Allibone when that gentleman ventured to compliment him upon his "Shakespeare's Scholar" papers in Putnam's Monthly that he (White) "would not write a page to gain the reputation of all the Shakespeare Critics that ever lived. So I drew that Mr. White was patrician in his scholarship; that he considered that only patricians should be scholars, at all, that he had the same contempt for a proletarian scholar as Coriolanus had for the Roman who would "sit by the fire and want to know what's done i' the Capitol". I sent him a copy of the MYTH, however, taking my life in my hands. His acknowledgment was courtesy itself. "I thank you for your very interesting book and for the kindness which prompted you to oblige me with it," it ran. On the impulse of the moment, I asked for the privilege of calling, etc. No sooner had my request been mailed than I would have given anything to recall it. But Mr. White fixed a date and I called. Remembering the stories I had heard I made no allusion to Mr. White's own books or to his reputation as a Shakespearean nor even added an excuse for waiting upon him. Indeed we talked for most of the time about current matters. Finally Mr. White himself introduced Shakespeare. Picking up my MYTH from the table (I remember framing it in my own mind that perhaps he had only opened it at all when the time for my call came) he said "Mr. Morgan that is a very creditable tour de force. No doubt you could do as well in proving that there was no such young gentleman as Mr. Appleton Morgan." I said, "Well, Mr. White I once thought that I would tackle a sort of Law book—one of the legal-lore, rather than text-book, sort and call it 'The Failures of Evidence' but I never got further than Shakespeare-Bacon. "I don't know that I apprehend your meaning" he said. "Why" I answered "surely assuming that Shakespeare wrote the Plays, the evidence ought to show that it was at least possible!" "And why don't you find that it does show it?" "Because," I said,—and then we, or rather I—went over as much of the familiar ground as we had time for. As we parted Mr. White asked me to call again. But I never did. He had been outgrown by his time. His death although announced in every New York city newspaper attracted the merest handful of audience attended his funeral in Trinity Chapel in Twenty-sixth Street, New York City. So retired and apart had been the life of this most able and caustic of Shakespeare's students that even in life his name even was the exclusive possession of a mighty few. I saw at the funeral Frederick Saunders, himself in the Last Leaf, and I departed with the reflection that this old world might dry and shrivel up into a desert like the moon, for all that it seemed to care whether one did some-

what or added somewhat to its stores so long as one was dead and done for!

A sort of connection of Mr. White came later. One of my fellow incorporators and Charter members of The New York Shakespeare Society was Major A. Chalmers Hinton. Major Hinton was an attache of the New York Custom House and occupied the desk at which Richard Grant White sat for thirty years. When the old building was discarded and the Custom House moved into its palace at Bowling Green this old desk was chopped into kindling wood for the furnaces. I hope Major Hinton saved a fragment of it for upon it was doubtless written the best of Mr. White's criticisms. (Mr. White was always a laborious man in his library. He was quite at leisure in the Custom House, I have been told.) Major Hinton grew to be the good White Father of the Custom House. He dropped dead on the floor of his office one morning in November, 1909, and no one was more sincerely mourned. His facial resemblance to Senator Blaine was an absolute duplication! Peace to his ashes!

Another of my delightful friendships has been that of the venerable doctor R. M. Theobold of London now in his ninetieth (1909) year, "the grand old man" of the Baconian camp. He at least is a living rebuttal of the suspicion that only half-educated and half-baked persons find in that theory the fullest field for intellectual absorption. Certainly Dr. Theobold is a ripe scholar, who has not only taken all the Classics—but all mathematics and logistics and music and, as nearly as anyone man ever came to it. Everything—for his province). In London whatever is said on the Baconian side with or after consultation with Dr. Theobold is usually treated with the deference of being let alone by the other side. When Dr. Theobold saw my comment (NEW SHAKESPEARANA Vol. VI, page 47) that, so far as I could fix upon dates from persons yet living, Mr. Emerson was the first real Shakespearean authorship doubter, he (Dr. Theobold) wrote me "Emerson and Martineau—par nobile fratres, are both present in my memory. I heard Emerson lecture at Glasgow nearly sixty years ago, was introduced to him, and walked side by side with him on his way to his hotel after delivering the lecture. My belief is that Miss Delia Bacon made a stronger impression on him than on Martineau, and that Emerson was truly a Baconian. His lecture on Shakespeare—as one of the "Representative Men"—shows how completely Shakespeare the poet was detached in his mind from Shakespeare the theatrical manager, and how impossible he found it to, "marry Shakespeare the Dramatist to Shakespeare the man of the biographies!

"Hepworth Dixon" continues Dr. Theobald, "also wrote to me in reference to the Baconian Shakespeare question, and admitted that there was a great deal to be said in its favour and that he himself was occupied with that as a branch of his Baconian studies. But nothing ever came of this, and I have never heard that he left anything which refers to the question. As Editor of the Bacon Journal, and a frequent writer on Bacon-Shakespeare questions I have had correspondents all over the world,—France, India, Germany, Africa and America, and it is not a little gratifying to me to find Baconian visitors to England careful to arrange some visit or personal intercourse with me."

"I became acquainted with old Mr. W. H. Smith very early in my Baconian career, and he was very much interested in all my parallelisms. He was then very old and feeble. Dr. Zerffi and he were on very intimate terms. Dr. Zerffi was a professor at University College, and a good Baconian, and spoke at the first meeting of the Bacon Society held at Mr. Pott's house. He spoke with a rolling, round German accent. I remember a visit to old W. H. Smith who was in bed and very feeble, and Dr. Zerffi called, and when we had exchanged greetings he put on a sacerdotal air and asked old Smith why he was in bed! "It is for your sins", he roared out, I met Mr. Moncure Conway, who was a very dogmatic Anti-Baconian, and in his Emersonian style put to himself the question "Who wrote Shakespeare?"—and supplied a fantastic Emersonian answer.—Shakespeare was the product of the age,—it was written by the soul of the sixteenth century,—the spirit of the Renaissance wrote Shakespeare,—it speaks the language of all antiquity. Homer and Virgil and Ovid wrote Shakespeare,—and so on with some such rant as this—not the same but of this type. And so I burst out,—"And therefore all the more likely to have been "penned by a man who took all knowledge into his province",—and Moncure Conway had no answer to this. I had frequent correspondence with Spedding and he lent me some of his unpublished manuscripts, but we did not discuss the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare, but were mainly concerned with his vindications of Bacon's character. It seemed to me that he had committed himself to an Anti-Shakespearean attitude, and when speaking or writing on this question,—as in his well known letter to Judge Holmes,—he spoke with less than his usual accuracy and discernment, or he never would have committed himself to such a rash assertion as that,—"I doubt whether there are five lines together which are to be found in Bacon which could be mistaken for Shakespeare, or five lines in Shakespeare which could be mistaken for Bacon by one who was familiar with the several styles and practised in

such observation." (But of course resemblances or rather the recognitions of resemblances are matters of opinion.

One of the best Baconians I ever met is Sir Francis Cruise, M. D.—royal physician in Dublin. He is a sort of pioneer of Baconianism in Ireland, and considers Father Sutton one of his best converts. He is variously accomplished, has invented a curious instrument called the Syphgmometer for registering the force and tension of the pulse, and finds unexpected diagnostic and prognostic lights given by its use. Father Sutton is a charming old Jesuit priest and as tolerant and sympathetic as any heretic living. I am sure he would not use the rack or the thumb-screw or the stake for any sinner; for the rankest he would find the excuse of "invincible ignorance" a doctrine which ought to cancel all the anathemas ever uttered by his church. Mr. Begley I did not know personally till he was fatally ill,—but we had had much intercourse by writing before that, and I was prepared to meet him with cordial friendship. He was a most learned man, and his large library was sold after his death for over £800, and was worth three times as much. I once had the temerity to write, asking a question, to Mr. Furnivall. The only answer I received was a suggestion that I should put myself under the charge of a lunatic asylum and be well taken care of till I had regained my wits. Gerald Massey whom I knew intimately in early manhood,—a charming companion and a delightful poet, but if the Baconian question presented itself his charm vanished and he ceased to be endurable. The fury of theological controversy has expired—the temper of it survives. But perhaps all orthodoxy is apt to be intolerant and contemptuous in all departments. [Dr. Theobald is of course speaking of England. There is nothing of the sort over here in America. The utmost complaint that Baconians can make of their reception over here is that they are classed with the cipherist and their arguments received with a smile or with good humored banter.

(And in leaving my proposition that Emerson and not Delia Bacon was the earliest Shakespearean authorship doubter in America—there were plenty of doubters in England in the days of Malone—I will note that Mr. Frank B. Sanborn of Cambridge, a life-long intimate of Emerson in commenting upon my proposition in the Springfield Republican, while denying its possibility, really it seems to me to make it very plausible indeed! Says Mr. Sanborn "Miss Bacon died in her insanity, which was probably hastened though not caused, by her lonely meditations on the greatest genius in literature, which she was forced to explain as a plurality in unity. That Emerson had a similar thought, without specifying any one man as the chief force

in this literary co-operative union, is what I have gathered from his writings and his talk."

In the St. Paul days when I met Ignatus Donnelly and Governor Davis —I also first met William Oscar Bates, for seventeen years the Recording Secretary of the New Shakespeare Society, who is still near me in the flesh. Other friends I made in that lovely town have arrived and "gone" across the bourne which none recross. But Mr. Bates is still with me and we are still together in warmth of attachment and wearing mutually well, summer and winter too! We can each disagree upon all the other swears to, and keep the piquancy of existence thereby, Mr. Bates has a genius for dramatic situation, if one can only induce him to indulge it. His "Little Rodney" is a genre picture so exquisite that one forgets that it is really a Stage-play. His little "curtain raiser" in which the motif and action are an auction sale of Persian rugs, is cameo-like in daintiness and that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, in a better sense than Ulysses. But is content to aggravate us by things like these and run a mere newspaper to boil his pot! The longer I live en rapport with Shakespeare matters the more I am convinced that it is only on the stage that we can have Shakespeare in his purity—Shakespeare pure and simple. Except the Bankside Shakespeare (which was printed in so limited an edition as to be practically inaccessible), there is no edition that has not some Editor with a "Theory" or a "System" or a "Purpose." Shakespeare, of all poets was the one who did not feel obliged to teach anything, no moral or immoral lesson was he conscious of. He did not even reward his good charcaters and punish his bad ones. As a rule his bad characters get off with concessions, if not with actual reward. He did not read his bible (if he ever saw a copy other than the copy of the "Bishop's Bible chained in Stratford Church, or at Paul's Cross) and seems to have almost deliberately taken his bible stories from the Miracle plays or the tapestries (the "painted cloths" of his date.) We have not half a dozen actual records of his personally all told. But one of these states that he died as did Addison, in his cups (and a very respectable way of dying it was too —in the old days of deep polations. Did it ever occur to any of the gentlemen who make so much fuss about the personal habits of Edgar Poe—that the worst thing they can say about him is that he died—as Shakespeare and Addison died—of over drinking?)

Shakespeare was a stockholder in two theatres and concerned in their management. As to what the theatres of that day were we need not read Stubbes and Northcote—we need only know that they were not considered desirable by the London authorities who time and again suppressed them un-

til they were driven to maintain themselves over on the Surrey shore. So we may conclude that at least they were not Sunday Schools, nor Shakespeare himself a trumpeter in the Salvation Army. That his plays are incomparably cleaner and purer than those of his contemporaries we do know, and if one will compare sundry of his plays—or the incidents in them with the models he worked from one will see how he cleansed and purified. One would hardly care, for example, to repeat the story from which Shakespeare drew the story of the three caskets in the Merchant of Venice to ears polite!

But it is easy to cavil at Editors and commentators. Easier still to forget that to their labors we owe the ease with which we read the plays, or read them at all—escaping all the confusion and chaos of the broken texts—expressed in careless typography and indeterminate logotypes. There is no more thankless a task than the Shakespeare scholar as an editor or commentator has chosen for his province. Were it not that labor we delight in physics pain, we would barely have any Shakespeare in our libraries to-day! The only editor that seems ever to have gotten any fun out of his hard work was George Stevens. Nothing could keep him from his little joke; and when he bethought himself of some atrocious or otherwise unprintable note or gloss of some passage that The Young Person ought not to fathom) he signed that note with the names of one or the other of two highly respectable clergymen in his vicinity whom la Dactor Fell he did not truly or immeasurably love. These two Reverend persons were respectively, The Rev. Richard Amner and the Rev. John Collins. (The notes assigned to the first named by printer's error were of course most often quoted, when quoted at all; as Steevens' "American Notes" by the way!)

I do not think that Dr. Johnson was in any respect a Great Editor of Shakespeare. His Preface, is to be sure, not only the most magnificent eulogy of Shakespeare ever penned but perhaps altogether the noblest piece of English prose in existence. But his textual criticisms were mostly finicky and of small account. One of his notes on Hamlet is "The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth") as if Hamlet was a low comedy character!

He can find no excitement in that Crispin speech of Henry the fifth on the eve of Agincourt, which few men of English blood can read even to-day without choking throats. His sole comment is "The feast of Crispin passes by without mention of Agincourt, and so the King's prophesy is unfulfilled." He "holds his farthing candle to the sun" by explaining "Now o'er the one half world Nature seems dead, etc.," to mean that "over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased." He objects to the use of the word

"knife" in the same soliloquy, because a knife "is a mean instrument used by butchers." He says that "Heaven" could not "peep through the blanket of the dark"—and so throws out that metaphor as strained, "for, who without some relaxation of his gravity, can hear of the avengers of guilt peeping through a blanket?" On such an indifferent line as, "set down your venerable burthen," he asks "Is it not likely that Shakespeare had in mind this line of the Metamorphoses—Patremque fert humeros venerabille onus Cytherius heros?" (which is remarkable when in his own Preface he had just laughed at the pundit commentators, saying "I have found it remarked that in this important sentence, 'Go before. I'll follow,' we read a translation of 'I prae, sequar'," etc., etc. I certainly think that such things as these ought to make us charitable of our Baconian fellow-students who imagine that they find exterior evidence to their postulates everywhere in and about the Plays themselves. As I write these reminiscences my attention is called to an issue of the London "Observer" of date October 17th, 1909, in which a Mr. William Smedley asserts that First Folio Shakespeare was published in the year 1623 because "the figures composing that date possess "peculiar properties whereby a scale of numbers may be deduced." To ordinary intellects, the First Folio was printed in 1623 because in that year Mrs. Shakespeare (relict of William) died, thus releasing whatever rights she had by life-estate or otherwise—in the sixteen Plays not already entered in the Records of The Stationers Company. This surmise appeals to ones common sense because on November 8th, 1623, Jaggard and Blount entered for their copy on these Registers the names of these sixteen Plays. No lawyer, with these facts before him, could conjecture otherwise that that this coincidence of dates meant or inferred that Mrs. Shakespeare had possessed some authority to withhold these plays from publication for reasons best known to herself which reasons failed or title lapsed with her death. (Possibly, being a Puritan and considering stage plays and all things theatrical as instruments of the Devil, she suppressed them by sacrisanct advice—more probably she held out for more lucrative offers—the Puritan did not always object to his neighbour being damned in the next world if the cash was satisfactory in this—which we cannot find fault with, since it has preserved to us sixteen Shakespeare plays which otherwise we would never have possessed! Her death then, having released these sixteen plays they were printed and published. Of course one cannot write much about Shakespeare things without indulging in more or less conjecture and of course conjecture that runs all fours with facts and records is to be preferred. But, between asserting that Shakespeare could not make one of his characters advise another to lay down

his burden without borrowing that advice from Ovid, and asserting that the date of publication of a book was chosen for an occult reason, I can't myself see much difference of absurdity. These Johnson notes Dr. Walter Raleigh has recently thrown all together in a book with the splendid Preface and he speaks with enthusiasm of them. But, for my part, I think Dr. Johnson exhausted his services to Shakespeare in that Preface! His notes lead one to suspect that he was either tired or bored, or what is doubtless the fact, was working at top speed to get his edition into the hands of the subscribers whose cash he had taken so long in advance that the wags had begun to take notice in such pasquindes as the well known: He for subscribers baits his hook and takes your cash! But where's the Book?

When we founded the New York Shakespeare Society there was actually a vacancy for it. The first Shakespeare Society was established in London and did noble work. Its publications are the most valuable set of Shakespeare books ever printed. But it came to an all too-early death by the ambition of one of its most trusted members, John Payne Collier. The discovery of his forgery of one set of publications at once threw doubt upon so many of the Society's Publications that the Society itself disappeared; and to-day we are absolutely afraid to quote or even to allude to that most valuable original record of the Shakespeare date "Henslowe's Diary" because the original was placed in Mr. Collier's hands for editing. As it was, it was written in many styles of chirography, and how many entries were added in the plentiful blank spaces in still more chirographies by Mr. Collier himself, there is no means of knowing short of a chemical analysis which would effectually destroy the copy itself. The immense mass of forgeries of Mr. Collier can only be appreciated by consulting Dr. Ingleby's "Complete View": The Ireland Forgeries did no harm. A few fussy old pundits were led to drop on their knees and kiss them as relics of the Great Dramatist but the best done of them all would not fool an infant to-day and did not fool anybody long even then. "Chimney sweeps and coal heavers set the critics right in five seconds," said Charles Reade alluding to the fact that when an Ireland play ("Vortegern") was mounted at Drury lane it was hooted off the stage." But Collier did Shakespeare scholarship an incalculable injury, because unfortunately he was a scholar himself. He died so utterly unnoticed that his funeral was noticed in the newspapers as "Funeral of John Payne—a Collier."

Almost a quarter of a century elapsed before a second Shakespeare Society was founded. This was the "New Shakespeare Society of London only alas to come to an almost similar end through the vagaries of one man. Only poor Collier's sin was Ambition. Mr. Furnivall's must be called by

some other name. This Society was founded by Dr. F. J. Furnivall and at once attracted an eminent membership, even Dr. Halliwell-Phillips the veteran Shakespearean of forty years becoming a member though as he was getting on in years he contributed no papers and was honored for contenting himself with a pure advisory participation in the Society's work. Dr. Furnivall without any very strenuous opposition succeeded in christening the Society "The New Shakspere" (sic) Society thus at the outset impressing one of his theories upon it.

The new Society did magnificent work, and a full set of its Papers and Publications is a desideratum always. But it had not lived long before the seeds of disruption began to sprout. One of Dr. Furnivall's precious Theories was that the dates of composition of the Shakespeare Plays could be ascertained by counting the stopped and unstopped endings, etc., (a theory not original, having been suggested by Bathhurst many a year before, and given some countenance by Spedding who however applied it to the discovery of authorship rather than of dates,) and he soon had the whole society counting syllables. Now there is no doubt at all that the earlier published Shakespeare plays were in rhyme, and that the later ones discarded rhyme and adopted in its stead the Marlowe blank verse, (which is of course tantamount to saying that Shakespeare, finding that his actors delivered blank verse more readily than rhyme wrote his later plays in blank unrhymed verse. But it was not long before Dr. Furnivall had the Society ramifying this discovery into subdivisions and sub-divisions and sub-sub divisions. Not only were there "stopped" and "unstopped" endings but "weak lines" and "run-on lines" and heaven knows what! and the spectacle of grave gentlemen counting upon their fingers-ends, could not fail to sooner or later tempt the wits of the town! To have selected any one orthography of the title name for the style of the Society was well enough (one had to be thankful that it was not called the Wilm Shaxper Society.) But to subordinate the entire machinery of a body of scholars to a single by-theory or side issue was a spectacle for gods and men. At any rate one gentleman who could not resist the temptation to laugh, was the poet Swinburne. In his "Studies in Shakespeare," he inserted a burlesque report of a meeting of the New Shakespeare Society which he called "The Newest Shakespeare Society," (the initials of the speakers being not hard to locate)—The sarcasm was good-natured and as far as possible from any truth. It is nothing worse than this sample:

Mr. B.— must remind the Society that there was a more weighty kind of evidence than that adduced by Mr. A. and to this he doubted not they

would defer. He could prove by a tabulated statement that the word "to" and "from" occurred on an average from seven to nine times in every play of Chapman, whereas in the play under consideration the word "to" occurred exactly twelve times and the word "from" precisely ten. He was therefore of opinion that the authorship should in all probability be assigned to Anthony Munday.

Mr. F.—proceeded to read his paper on the date of Othello and on the various parts of that play respectively assigning them to Samuel Rowley, to George Wilkins and to Robert Daborne. It was evident that the story of Othello and Desdemona was originally quite distinct from that part of the play in which Iago was a leading character. This he was prepared to show at some length, by means of the weak-ending test, the light ending test, the double ending test, the trifle ending test, the run on line test and the central pause test." "The president in summing up this work, adding that by such processes as had been applied they trusted in a few years to subvert all theories which had hitherto been held and to extripate all ideas which had hitherto been cherished. * * * They had with them the incomparable critics of Germany, men whose knowledge and judgment on all questions of English literature were as far beyond the reach of their English followers as the freedom and enlightenment enjoyed by the subjects of a military empire were beyond the reach of citizens of a Democratic republic. . . . Still there remained much to be done, in witness of which we proposed to lay before them at their next meeting the complete body of evidence by means of which he was prepared to demonstrate that some considerable portion if not the greater part of the plays hitherto assigned to Shakespeare was due to the collaboration of a contemporary actor and poet, well known by name, but hitherto insufficiently appreciated—Robert Armin —Author of A Nest of Ninnies!"

Certainly this was fair play. Certainly the other members of the Society only laughed—and pardoned because they laughed, as Henry IV said when he saw his constables caricatured. But Mr. Furnivall could not laugh and therefore could not pardon. His fury, unlike Ancient Pistol's could not "abate." But the crowning horror came when Mr. Swinburne actually had the temerity to dedicate his work to Dr. Halliwell-Phillips, and Dr. Halliwell Phillips (probably without asking permission of Dr. Furnivall and doubtless without ever having read the book) certainly accepted the dedication. Then followed a performance which surely was the least dignified performance which the history of Shakespearean "wars" has ever (or probably shall ever) chronicle. Without consultation of his colleagues Mr. Furnivall

printed a pamphlet. "Pigsbrook & Co." (Swine-Pigs-Burne-brook—ergo Pigsbrook. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps was the "Co." This work abounded in gems like these—"I cut him [Dr. Halliwell Phillipps] dead and threw his letter into the waste basket." "How much more manly"—[Furnivall's opinion on Manliness] "it would have been for him to stand up and fight his own battles than to go whining to our President like a little sneak at school. Please Sir Furnivall's been rapping my knuckles. I never done nothin' to him. You punish him," "Just fancy you or me going to the President of the Society of Antiquaries and saying "Here is Mr. Hall. P. F. S. A. been swearing at me. Please stop him! Wouldn't that be a joke? Mr. Hall P. was a member of our Society and hadn't a word to say against its Constitution but he gets his kunckles rapped for insolence and then all is changed." "As to myself it used to be "You're a devilish clever fellow. There are some devilish fresh and original views in that Introduction [alluding to the introduction to the "Leopold edition"] of yours. I bought four copies of it."

This remarkable pamphlet alludes to Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps as "Hell P". "I think all the Hells are altered but the best abbreviation for his name is JOHP "Mr. Hall Phillipps," "Mr. Hall P.," "Mr. H-ll O.," "Mr. Hl Phillipps," "J. C. Hell-P.," "Mr. Hll Phillipps," "Mr. J. C. Hell-P.," "Mr. H. P. Hell P.," etc., etc.

It happened that Mr. Robert Browning had been elected, much against his will, President of "the New Shakspere Society, upon Furnivall's nomination and had accepted the official honor. Dr. Halliwell Phillipps wrote him a brief and dignified note calling attention to the impossibility that the Society could exist for a moment if this sort of thing were permitted, that no self-respecting person would permit his name to be associated with it. Mr. Browning replied in a non-committal note disclaiming any responsibility for the Society of which he asserted that he was only a reluctant and sort of titular president and that the devotees of the "Gentle"Shakespeare should be gentle to each other. But Mr. Furnivall besides his other industries, had "founded a Browning Society (which led some wag to say that since no one man could understand Browning's poetry, a corporation was necessary) and Mr. Browning could hardly offend his chief incense burner! But the damage was done and sufficient resignations followed to put the Society dehors any further possibilities of usefulness and it vanished away like Mr. Carroll's Snark. "It may thereafter have a few struggling and straggling meetings, but it was as dead as a door nail. Mr. Furnivall thereafter for many years would attempt to raise the ghost of it, would occasionally get

something into print numbered consecutively after the last of its papers. But eventually the resurrection was no longer attempted. The many really valuable papers of the Society were afterwards mostly reprinted by private enterprise and are among our accessible Shakespeareana. So by disappearance of these two the room was made for our New York Shakespeare Society which has already (1909) surpassed in years either of these. Upon seeing the formation of our society announced, Dr. Barnard, president of Columbia university, wrote me that his idea of a university was that it should draw to itself all the intellectual activity of its environment and invited the society to hold its meetings within the walls of that institution. During its first years therefore, the Society held monthly meetings in one of the Halls of Columbia University at Forty-ninth street and Madison Avenue New York City. On these evenings which papers were read and afterwards debated by members or any guests present. But we soon found that the run of debates on scholarly matters even without preparation amount to very little of edification and usually one gentleman (and he the least informed) did all the talking and as these meetings were announced in the newspapers and reporters were usually present, I was on pins and needles lest this long-talker should say something so actively silly that the reporter (who at about that time had caught the method introduced by *The Sun* of reporting almost everything humorously) would report it as the dictum of discovery of the Society. At last the time came. One evening when I was in the chair other matters called my attention for a moment and a certain gentleman rose and said that he had discovered "that Shakespeare had a Hamlet side and a Romeo side to his nature"! It was not as deep as a Well nor as broad as a church door. But it was enough, it served! and the next morning one newspaper gravely announced that wondrous discovery as a sample of the work of our Society. It did us good in the end, for I resolved that only as a Publication Society could we attain any dignity or respect, and my colleagues agreed that if I could find the capital I might change the nature of the Society. I did find the capital. The society in the twenty-five years of my administration published about forty volumes including the Bankside and the Bankside Restoration Shakespeares each original in conception, besides several original works that attracted wide attention and are parcel of every important collection of Shakespeareana in any land. I have never seen an adverse criticism of any of these works, and in no case, barring the case just mentioned, was the Society or its results spoken of except with honour and respect. (This gentleman did not remain with us long. After his departure he published five volumes of Shakespearean criticism such as the

world had never seen before and surely can never hope to see again. As contributions to the gaiety of nations they should not be willingly let die. I remember at this moment only one of his passages—(he conducted his commentary according to the Perapatetic method by questions and answers. For example the student asks why Cordelia's mother is not introduced—and the Diasculos answers—(of course I am paraphrasing—not having these valuable works before me) "Why Shakespeare knew that his Play was poignant enough without any Mother in it!"

Under the charter of the New York Shakespeare Society only gentlemen were admitted to membership. At about the same time there was organized a Society, admitting both ladies and gentlemen and to avoid our title was incorporated as the New York City Shakespeare Club, November 1st, 1889. At the initial meeting of this club I was invited to make the Inaugural address and I chose for my subject "The Society and the Fad. "The Society" was, of course, a Shakespeare Society, and the "Fad" the rather prevalent appetite at the time of starting Browning Societies. The latter I claimed were not and could not be anything more than Parsing Societies that is, societies organized to find out, if possible, what Mr. Browning happened to be thinking of—what was running in his mind—at the time that he produced his Alfred Jingle dabs at sentences, and spasms of speech; and that, even if one went at this quest seriously, and dug away, there was nothing really there to reward the digging, nothing to unearth except what one amply knew before—that, for example, right was right and wrong was wrong—that to be virtuous was to be happy, and that everything was bound to come out all right anyhow and that we were in for it anyhow and—as the colored person said, "we done got along somehow."—that it was hardly worth while to incorporate Societies to let empty buckets into empty wells and be enthusiastic because we drew nothing out." I remember trying my hand at a Browning passage and I contrasted this exercise with what a real Shakespeare Society had done and could do, to wit: The difference between a gentleman of leisure who could write a poem like "the Ring and the Book," in two vast volumes and the incomparable artist that could pack ten volumes into ten words. My prophesy that the Browning society would pass away and that the Shakespeare Society would always remain and find quarry has long since been fulfilled. But that address, put into several forms went to a wide readership, and some of the comments upon it were valuable as self confessions, they were gathered together in the old "SHAKESPEAREANA" of May 1890 and make very interesting reading. Twenty years after I revised much of my opinion on Browning. One cannot write millions of words

without much that is matter for consideration. Browning's single poems, polished and perfected, are surely fine. And the Johnsonian Canon, that while one lives he is to be estimated by his worst, but after death, only by his best, will no doubt place Browning among the Immortals!

The venerable joke about Shakespeare having been written not by Shakespeare but by another gentleman of the same name which (as I write this (1909) I see welcome still in London circles anent Dr. Wallace's discoveries, appears to have been originated by the late Charles Flower senior in the year 1856. In his reminiscences of Delia Bacon Mr. Flower says "when I called upon her I made (that remark). But that Miss Bacon soon gave me to unmistakably understand that that sort of thing would not do at all." I heard that joke myself for the first time in a "Judge and Jury" on Houston Street New York City in 1867 or1868. (As these Chapters are reminiscent I may explain that a "Judge and Jury" was a mock trial held at some Chop House where the Judge and Lawyers wore the Wig and Gown and the jury were solemnly impanelled from guests as they came in, until the tale was full. At that date the fine old-English born Chop House with its "chops at twelve o'clock sir" and its "Joints at three o'clock Sir," and its pewters of Yorkshire Stingo or Old Burton (Bass's Ale had not come into general favor) abounded. Even Churchwarden "pipes were the rule at these dear old Chop houses. Cigarettes were an invention of the greaser and the cigarette case had yet twenty-five years to come to replace the snuff box of old days! (Ah those chop houses! With their tables of ebony surface polished until one's face shone in them and the stalls—"old boxes larded with the steam of thirty thousand dinners," where the good Samaritan of a proprietor spent his capital on the food instead of on the furniture and the frescos, where are they? Ou sont les Neiges d' Antin!)

Although I never heard him express an opinion on Shakespeare matter, I can't forbear mentioning a gentleman whose acquaintance I made through some of my published speculations, and who certainly had a history absolutely unique—Henry Wyckoff.

In the early eighties one could find always in the lobby of the Astor house, at from noon to three o'clock this dignified and courteous gentleman who went by the name of "Chevalier Wycoff" a title his by patent from her Most Catholic Majesty, the Queen Isabella of Spain, Castille and Arragon. To one approaching him he was oblivious. But to one properly accredited he was affable, courtly and communicative. As I remember he personally resembled Henry Villard (whom I afterwards knew in Northern Pacific matters). But his portrait in his reminiscences of an "Idler" does not show pre-

cisely the gentleman I knew. (Possibly he selected for frontispiece to that book—an earlier daugerreotype.) He most reluctantly spoke of his own past, except as to reminiscence of travel or adventure. Indeed his career was so unique and extraordinary that one can only pursue it with the reflection that truth is stranger than fiction and that it is all too strange *not* to be true. Henry Wycoff was the son of a Dr. Wycoff of Philadelphia an unusually rich man of the date (1813) who owned the entire township of Blakely-Schuylkill. Dr. Wicoff, dying, left his estates to Trustees who were guardians of his son Henry. These guardians compelled Henry to complete a College course. He therefore was matriculated at Harvard but was, for some boyish prank expelled. Application was therefore made to Union College, then under the presidency of the famous Eliphalet Nott, (who achieved so advanced an age that the Collegians had a conundrum "Why is Dr. Nott like kind words, answer because he can never die") Dr. Nott on young Wicoff's application, said "I have heard of you Sir and your career at Harvard, I will admit you in case that you comply with our regulations. But I doubt it". Wycoff did comply and was duly graduated. His guardians then insisted on his entering the Law school of the Pennsylvania University and he complied and was admitted to the Philadelphia Bar. But on attaining his majority he preferred the role of a gentleman of leisure. He travelled in Europe, in Russia, Turkey, everywhere, His delightful personality, engaging manner coupled with his wealth gave him an entré everywhere. He sought, and conquered. The lists of the friends he made actually included every prominent man in Europe at the date. He was Cher Ami with Louis Philippe, then King of France, but he also visited the Prince Napoleon, then a prisoner of state in the Castle of Ham. In England he knew everybody, including the Count d'Orsay (of whom he afterwards wrote a biography). In London he became the friend of Prince Joseph Bonaparte who asked but him to attend the ceremonies of the second funeral of Napoleon and to bring to him in London the personal relics of his brother the Emperor. This Mr. Wycoff did, and the uniforms, medals and personal plate shipped from St. Helena were intrusted to his care and brought safely to Prince Joseph. Becoming interested in Fanny Elsler the wonderful Austrian dancer whose dancing Emerson said was poetry, but which Margaret Fuller said was religion. He negotiated with a manager for an hundred nights in New York City. But the manager dying Mr. Wycoff brought her over himself, and the venture was an enormous success.

When Prince Napoleon became President of the first French Republic Mr. Wycoff was very near him in friendship. At the request of the Amer-

ican Minister at the Court of St. James he became attached to that legation when he was called to Philadelphia on business affairs. On returning to Paris he dropped into the office of the British legation where the Chargé, a Mr. Edwards, said to him: "How would you like to meet Lord Palmerston?" on Mr. Wycoff replying that he would of course esteem it, etc., etc. It was arranged that Mr. Wycoff should go to London and send his card to that distinguished nobleman, then Premier of Great Britain. The upshot was that Mr. Wycoff was invited to become a guest at his Lordship's country seat while there his Lordship said, "Mr. Wycoff how would you like to assist me in keeping the peace of Europe?" Mr. Wycoff was non-plussed of course, but the result was that he became an attaché of the British Foreign office, and (so far as I can gather from reading his autibiography spent the rest of his time in trying to discover what duties he was expected to perform.) Meanwhile—and now comes the romance—he had become engaged to an American lady, a Miss Gamble, an heiress, but living in London. Following her to Naples he was suddenly arrested for abduction! thrown into a loathsome dungeon. Regarding it however, as one of the vagaries of his lady love, he merely sent for a lawyer, expecting to be freed the next morning and not unhappy at adding another chapter to his varied experiences. But his lawyer discovered that not Miss Gamble but the British Foreign office was behind the prosecution. Mr. Wycoff was found guilty by a Neapolitan Court of abducting the lady he was engaged to marry, was convicted and actually imprisoned for a year in a filthy Neapolitan prison, suffering from heat, vermin and every other loathsome situation. He was never able to obtain any redress from anybody, or any official recognition of even the fact that he existed or had a grievance—even by the American secretary of state, he was given to understand that no diplomatic knowledge of himself or of his imprisonment existed anywhere.

There was never of course any explanation. But on re-reading one of Mr. Wycoff's volumes ("My courtship and its consequences," a copy of which he presented me). I have thought that the explanation was that Mr. Wycoff by temperament and training, was unable to appreciate Ulysses' wisdom.

"—— to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion like a rusty nail
In monumental mockery.

* * * * *

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin

That all with one consent praise present gawds
And give to dust that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted!"

In other words, Mr. Wycoff was unable to learn that first lesson of a public servant, namely that when he had been used and his usefulness was ended, he must be tossed aside like a discarded glove. Whatever use for him Lord Palmerton had, had been accomplished. But according to his own narrative Mr. Wycoff after dismissal had persistently sought for interviews with his lordship. His lordship's method of suppressing a once useful servant, one must admit was rather severe!

In my early New York City days there was an old actor, of the McKean Buchannan style that painted and dyed and strutted and out bellowed Typhon. For some reason (perhaps *that* was the reason) he had ceased to act, and advertised himself as a lawyer though—except as an attorney for himself in his various law-suits, nobody could even find that he ever had a client or any practice at the Bar. When he handed up his legal papers, which were always signed "George, the Count Joannes, Attorney," for Plaintiff, (or defendant, if he happened to be a defendant the cases were as a rule those which he brought himself against somebody or other upon some pretext or other.) The court would usually say "George Jones, attorney," upon which the seedy and stately old gentleman, (as I remember him, he had a wig and a heavy mustache both dyed-deep black but was otherwise clean shaven) would rise, bow low and say, "If your Honor please, I submit that I have as much right to my title as your Honor has to yours," I believe he never won any of his cases, however, and of course could not pay costs in defeat, and as everybody pitied the poor old man, no attempt was ever made by "His brother lawyers" (I am using his own phrase) to collect them, by precept. Whether he was in fact a lawyer or not, nobody ever knew, and it was nobody's cue to inquire. But every year, about the time of the Christmas holidays, "Count Joannes (his title of Count no more than his title of attorney and Counsellor at law and similarly was never, to my knowledge, ever inquired into,) would give a benefit to himself. He would rent a theatre for a night; get together a support and play Richard the Third or Hamlet (and perhaps other Shakespearean title-roles). On these occasions his houses were always packed. The gamin and the hoodlum enjoyed a night of pure fun. The police allowed the audiences to howl and guy and throw vegetables and aged eggs at the Count to their hearts content. But, guy as they might, they had to first pay their entrance money, and the Count

was always in funds for a while after one of these performances. Finally it occurred to him that there was a still more substantial profit to himself possible. He was willing to be guyed for a thousand dollars a night! So he hired an up-town theatre and charged the regular schedule of up-town prices. Boxes ten dollars, orchestra chairs two dollars, the rest in proportion. (I think it was Daly's but am not sure) for a fortnight. For the comfort of his supporting actors, he had a wire screen stretched in front of the stage to protect from the eggs and vegetables. It became a sort of fad to go and see the fun. I attended one night, and such bedlam I never saw before or since. The police permitted the joke and let every body howl, and pelt the wire netting with anything they pleased to throw (except of course dynamite bombs.) College students especially, had the time of their lives and the college calls were sometimes aduible in the din, (which was more than can be said of the lines of the play!) The play however was faithfully acted act by act and scene by scene. Somehow I only recall Hamlet and Richard the Third but possibly there were others. (Perhaps the Lady of Lyons or Richelieu.) The result was that the Count retired with a competence and his latter years were passed in enjoyment of at least the necessaries of life.

On one of these occasions Sothern, the actor (father of present E. H. Sothern) saw him, and forthwith produced a play, "The Crushed Tradgian" in which, with a slight plot he kept audiences roaring at himself in the title role made up exactly as George the Count Joannes himself. The latter began a suit against Sothern in the Supreme Court for libel and argued it himself, but as usual, did not prevail.

The "Count Joannes" had an imitator, who sought I suppose to also make a competency by doing his worst. James Owen O'Connor, was his name. He found engagements in the vaudeville houses of about the year 1888-1889. He would murder Hamlet, Macbeth and so on in most horrible fashion. But the audiences preferred the professional burlesque actor to the amateur George Jones, and he soon disappeared.

APPLETON MORGAN.

MARGINALIA

Our Frontispiece in this issue is a picture of Judge Vickery, the new President of the New York Shakespeare Society, in his noble library at Cleveland, Ohio.

Judge Vickery is fifty-two years old and has been at the bar a successful lawyer in active practice for twenty-four years. In 1908 he was elected a Judge of the Ohio Common Pleas Court, the highest court of nisi prius jurisdiction, besides which Judge Vickery is an officer and chief lecturer on the law of Contracts, Constitutional Law, and the law of Partnership in the Cleveland Law School, and he is also Vice-President and a Director of the great publishing house—the Arthur H. Clark Publishing Company. He is President of the Rowfant Bindery Company, formed for the Art binding of choice volumes, of which Art Judge Vickery is an enthusiastic connoisseur. He is ex-president of the Rowfant Club, one of the great Book-clubs of the United States, and a member of many other book clubs throughout the United States.

Judge Vickery has all his lifetime been a collector of rare works, mostly Dramatic and Shakespearean, and his collection of the Restoration Drama, especially of the re-written Shakespeare Plays, is especially complete. There is also in his collection the original copies of each of the First Four Folios of Shakespeare. His most notable contributions to the literature of the Drama have been a Translation of Ernest Renan's Caliban (a fanciful continuation of Shakespeare's Tempest, in which Caliban, upon the restoration of Prospero's dukedom, becomes a leader of the masses in revolt against all social regulations, but is ultimately subdued to his old state), and the first volume of the Bankside Restoration Series, (the Timon of Athens, as rewritten by Thomas Shadwell, edited by Judge Vickery in collaboration with Dr. Morgan).

It is believed by choosing a President from the great central state of Ohio that the Society will become national in scope and membership, as never before. Under Judge Vickery's administration the New York Shakespeare Society looks forward to increasing years of honor and of usefulness.

DR. ROLFE WRITES US THE FOLLOWING TO CALL ATTENTION TO OUR ERROR in NEW SHAKESPEAREANA of May, 1909, page 76, for which error we beg both Dr. Rolfe's and Mr. Oscar Fay Adams's pardon. Cambridge, October 5, 1909. Messrs. Editors: The statement that Mr. Oscar Fay Adams did not appear to have done any work on the Henry Irving Shakespeare is incorrect. As I was the means of securing his appointment to do the work, and as I was connected with it from first to last I know it to be incorrect. The facts in the case are briefly as follows: "When the Henry Irving Edition was planned the publishers the Messrs. Blaikie & Son, asked me to be one on the persons associated with its Editors Mr. Irving and Mr. Marshall, in editing a number of the Plays. On account of my plans and engagements and some minor matters, I declined to do this work, but recommended Mr. Adams (whom I had known for many years as a student and teacher, lecturer and author) for the service. I promised to help him in it as fas as possible, but my name was not to be used. This plan was carried out. Mr. Adams's name does not appear on the title page of any of the volumes but it does appear on the half-titles of the plays on which he worked, included in four or five of the volumes [I sent a list of these with volume and page in my former letter.] But cannot do it now. I am still unable to do much work of any kind. This is the first letter I have written for the past ten weeks or so. My copy of the Henry Irving edition has no mention, I think, of any American copyright for the work and I do not recollect that any such was referred to in my correspondence with the publishers."

Referring to a prior letter of same tenor which Dr. Rolfe wrote us in June last but which was lost by an accident in this office which destroyed the original make up of the September, 1909, NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

MR. ROBERT ATWATER SMITH, OF WASHINGTON, WRITES US AS FOLLOWS: Referring to Dr. Wallace's discoveries to which you devote the bulk of your December issue, may I note that in the British Dictionary of National Biography, (Article William Shakespeare) the writer explains the item "wm Shoxsper et Anna Whateley," in the marriage license of Nov. 27, 1852, (see the facsimile in NEW SHAKESPEAREANA of July 1906), as follows: "The husband of Anne (?) Whateley cannot be reasonably identified with the poet. He may well have been one of the numerous William Shakespeares who abounded in the parishes in the neighborhood of Stratford!" If there were "numerous William Shakespeares" among the few hundred men in and around Stratford, why should there not be also many "William Shakespeares" among the 300,000 inhabitants of London in the last decade of the 16th century and the first sixteen years of the 17th century? And where is

the proof that every time the name "William Shakespeare" is found in the London Public Records, or other documents, it always means "willm Schagfper" (1563-1616) of Stratford? It is an historical fact that, before 1593, (the year that "Venus and Adonis" was published with the name "Shakespeare" attached to a letter of dedication,) the name of the Stratford man is not found to have been written in that manner. It was "Shax", "Shox", "Shas", never "Shakes"-peare. Edward Malone (1741-1812), who examined the Stratford records in the 18th century, over 100 years ago, when they were in much better condition than now in the 20th century, states that the name of the Stratford man was never written with a final "e" before 1650. (See Halliwell-Phillipps' "Outlines", 1898, 19th edition, Vol. 2, p. 394.) In "Outlines", 5th edition, 1885, p. 257, Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps states: "There is also a difficulty in ascertaining if the final stroke of a word is an "e" or simply a flourish". (This statement disappears in all the subsequent editions, so far as I have examined.) Or, if that item of March 15, 1594-5, "Willm Kempe, Willm Shakefpeare and Richard Burbage, fervants to the Lord Chamberlyne" is not a forgery, as so many similar items have been proved to be, where is the proof that "Willm Shakefpeare" was willm Shagfper" of Stratford? But still other doubts accrue. In NEW SHAKESPEAREANA V. 51, you noted Sir Henry Maxwell Lytes' discovery of the entry in the Rutland House accounts for payment to "Mr. Shakespeare", for designing an effigy of some sort for his lordship (apparently the words are "about my Lord's impreso") and to Richard Burbage for "paynting and making yt". I would like to ask Dr. Wallace if *this* "Mr. Shakespeare" is identificable with the owner of the shares in the Black friars and the Globe? Or, with the variously-spelled "Shagsper" of Stratford-on-Avon?

The actual total amount of the money mentioned in the Stratford-on-Avon Shaksper's will was £366-15-4d. Very likely, to raise these amounts bequeathed in that will, it became necessary to sell off some of the property there recorded, to get sufficient cash to pay the sums mentioned in the will. As to the theatre shares, there is not the slightest evidence in the will itself that "willm Shagfper" possessed any at the time he made his will, nor is there any positive record that he ever possessed any. The will is silent as to theatrical Shares as it is to Plays. Dr. Wallace's Shakespeare drew £300 a year (about the equivalent of $25,000 to day) from theatrical properties. The Shaksper who made the Will did not have a sixpence in theatrical properties of any sort, so far as prima facie evidence goes. Is there any certainty that the theatre shares mentioned in 1598, in 1614 and other years as belonging to a "William Shakespeare" could not possibly have been the

property of some other man than the "willm Shagfper" who is accounted for every year after 1595 as a resident of Stratford?"

OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY, BACONIANA, FOR OCTOBER, 1909, NOTES that it has held itself back until January, 1910, "in the hope that an important announcement might be first made public in our pages."

And thereby hangs a tale! In November last, it was conveyed to us that several gentlemen had quietly sailed for England, impressed by a new Cipher unearthed by Dr. Owen—the exact place and nature of which he nor they proposed to reveal—until results should have accrued. By following the instructions of this cipher the party in England, it was declared, had found the secret chamber in a house which, according to the cipher, leads directly to the river, and thence to the cliff where BACON'S entire library, consisting of manuscripts and books, has been concealed from the world for nearly three hundred years."Directions were circumstantial, and the party had found so far as they had gone, everything exactly as described in Bacon's cipher. In a cave on the side of "Wasp Hill" and bordering on the river they found the ledge on the face of a cliff accessible only at certain tides. A cave, oak tree, cliff and other landmarks told of in the cipher were there, and the party is more than ever convinced that they will find the library of the great essayist, philosopher, lawyer and courtier of Elizabeth's time and perhaps the solution of the Bacon Shakespeare controversy. The party by placing a forty-foot ladder on the ledge ascended the face of the cliff. There they found a piece of red mortar, as the cipher said they would. They have already begun to dig down to the cave."

So the announcement ran. Nothing further was announced, however, until those most interested in the matter advised us that the above announcement had been, to the least, premature; and then there was handed us this item, under date January 3, 1910: "Dr. Wm. H. Prescott, of Boston, who accompanied Dr. O. W. Owoen, of Detroit, to England to search for a cavern in a cliff upon which Chepstow Castle in Monmouthshire stands, says: 'I am so disappointed by what has occurred that I shall have nothing to say for some time to come'."

If this means the utter abandonment of this last (and most plausible in our opinion of the Ciphers) we can only say that we are sincerely sorry! NEW SHAKESPEAREANA has always treated the Bacon Theory with the respect due to a working hypothesis which has enlisted the labours of thousands of earnest and serious students and whose literature embraces hundreds of volumes. And so since there are probably not ten men in christen-

dom who have absolutely no doubt to some extent or other, as to the actual authorship, auctorial or theatrical of the plays—though very few have the courage to express our unfashionable doubt, we should have been more than delighted to have chronicled something to end our dubitation forever!

Books Received

352. The Verulam Shakes-peare. The Tragedy of Julius Caesar. Edited by Edwin Reed, A. M. Illustrations by F. K. Rogers. 16mo., cloth, pp. 102. Boston: The Coburn Company.

353. Johnson on Shakespeare. Essays and Notes selected and set forth with an Introduction. By Walter Raleigh. Cloth, sm. 12mo., pp. 206. London: Henry Frowde.

354. The Man Shakespeare. By Frank Harris. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 321. London: Michael Kennerley.

355. English Spelling and Spelling Reform. By Thomas R. Lounsbury, M. D. 12mo., cloth, pp. 300. New York: Charles Scribner & Sons.

356. The American of the Future and other Essays. By Brander Matthews. 12mo., cloth, pp. 400. New York: Charles Scribners Sons.

357. Globe Theatre Aparrel. By Charles William Wallace, Ph. D., Associate Professor of English Language and Literature in The University of Nebraska Privately Printed for Presentation only. Paper, 8vo., pp. 11-12. Lincoln, Nebraska: The University of Nebraska Press.

558. The Shakespearean Stage. By Victor E Albright, Ph.D. Illustrated. Roxburge, Boards. 8vo., pp. 198. New York: The Columbia University Press, Macmillan Company.

359. The Classical Element in the Shakespeare Plays. By William Theobold. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 410. London: Robert Banks.

360. The Dream of Love—A Mystery. By Henry Abbey. sq. 12 mo., pp. 94, cloth. Cambridge. The Riverside Press.

355. We congratulate Dr. Lounsbury that his "English Spelling and Spelling Reform," does not deprive his readers of the benefits of his ripe learning by permitting his presidency of the Association for Reforming Other People's Spelling to interfere with his using the King's English quite properly orthographized. Some compensatory amenity, however, he must be permitted. And he gets it this wise:

There is no one subject upon which men, whether presumably or really intelligent, are in a state of more hopeless, helpless ignorance than upon that

of the nature and history of English orthography. No serious student of it can read the articles which appear in newspapers, the communications sent to them, or the elaborate essays found in periodicals, without being struck by the more than Egyptian darkness that prevails. * * * Many of these articles, too, contain mistakes of apprehension so gross that one comes to feel that in the discussion of this particular subject the limits of human incapacity to understand the simplest assertion have been reached.

The saintly John Bunyan said that Christian found an awful man-eating giant, who had grown so old that he could no longer devour travelers, but could only sit at the door of his cave and bite his nails and growl because he could not come at them. However, it is comfortable to know that one can any time be relieved of his "hopeless, helpless ignorance, by signing a little paper promising to use the reformed spelling "wherever convenient." Since the days of Chaucer ("A Grate man but no Speler"! as A. Ward said) English Orthography has been reforming itself. The simplified spelling Board remind us of the late Frank Stockton's story of the impatient young gentleman who set himself to work to assist Fate!

357. Although Dr. Wallace had proposed awaiting the full fruits of his search in the London Public Records office, it has become necessary—as we foresaw—to publish several matters to establish his own priority of discovery. For now that he has shown the way—of course there are plenty to follow it! This pamphlet contains a transcript of the pleadings of Joseph Taylor against John Heminges. John Garland, William Rowley, Robert Dawes and Thomas Hobbes, in Chancery, February 4th, 1612. (The Complainant, Joseph Taylor, was the actor at the Globe Theatre who, after 1619, succeeded to the Role of Hamlet when Burbage ceased playing it). The prayer of the bill is for an injunction restraining Heminges from prosecuting an action at law against Taylor for the price of certain costumes which Heminges, then of the Duke of York's Players and Manager of the Globe Theatre, sold to said Taylor and his fellow actors, Garland, Rowley, Dawes and Hobbes, but in which Heminges is endeavoring to collect the entire price of by said action against Taylor alone. The price of the costumary was to be eleven pounds; and for payment of this sum the above purchasers gave a bond conditioned in the sum of twenty pounds. Taylor alleges in his bill that he has never had the costumes at all, and prays for release from the bond and for an injunction against prosecution of the action for their price, alleging that he has no adequate remedy at common law—that he has been arrested and is held in custody for the amount of said penalty whereas the others are not arrested, alleging further a conspiracy of Hem-

inges with said Garland, Rowley, Dawes and Hobbess, to enable said Heminges to collect the entire sum of eleven, or twenty pounds, from him —Taylor. To this bill the said Garland, Rowley, Dawes and Hobbes answer that they had an agreement with Taylor to form a Company for the purpose of giving theatrical performances by reason of which they purchased the said costumary. And that they all were bound to each other to continue for three years to remain associated as a company of players in penalty of two hundred pounds, conditioned that if any one of them should leave said company that the wardrobe of said company should be the property of the remainder of the company which kept together, and that Taylor has withdrawn himself from said association and refuses to act with them in theatrical performances. Heminges for himself files a separate answer claiming that he had an election or option to begin an action for the value of the costumary against all or any one of the said purchasers; that he has brought his action at law against Taylor under said election "thinking him to be the best able to pay and discharge the same" and he denies any conspiracy "as most falsely and slanderously suggested" in the Brief of Complaint, etc., etc. The quaint pleadings (which however are precisely in form as any twentieth century lawyer would draft) are most interesting; and it is to be hoped that Dr. Wallace will be able to unearth the decree in the suit. Dr. Wallace is fully warranted in claiming that his discoveries, even as far as he has gone, necessitate a rewriting of the History of the English Stage. From out his happy inspiration to find the bottom facts as to the small phase of the Childrens' Companies, has already come upon a mass of discovery and chronicle that makes every student of the drama hope that he may be enabled to continue his researches in the English Public Records office and make it his life work.

354. Mr. Harris: as one cannot fail to discover before he reads far into this book, has written entertainingly. But it is, after all, the old Æsthetic Criticism! The criticism which requires a broken page—ten lines of prose commentary followed by an apt quotation in twenty lines of poetry. We can read either, and so such books are always easy reading. Mr. Harris, however, does what his predecessors, who make up the Man Shakespeare out of Shakespeare's delineations of the characters that move and act and suffer or triumph in his dramas. (As if Mr. Pinero or Mr. Belasco were only writing themselves into the plays they prepare for us twentieth century audiences!) don't alway do!—to wit—idolon or composite photograph. He proposes to demonstrate that, since he finds a sort of concordance in the characteristics of Hamlet, Macbeth, Romeo, Posthoumus,

Prospero, Brutus, Jacques, for example—the same trait or ur-Trait in each —that therefore that Ur-Trait must have been William Shakespeare himself! This is a refinement no doubt. But with our library shelves packed with these old and forgotten tomes of Esthetic criticism. (Gervinus, Schlegei, Elze, Ulrichi, nay, even Robert Waters, and the genius that used to write volumes under the senseless pen name of "Cleila" ("Christ in Shakespeare," "God in Shakespeare" and what not!) it is after all, vanity and vexation of spirit! The Shakespeare Plays consort some eight hundred characters. Why cannot Mr. Harris give us more combinations, Say Iago, Pisanio Parolles, or Dogberry, or Elbow Dogberry Bardolph and Pistol, or Apemantus, or Thersites Iago, and find the composite photograph of these authors to have been the Man Shakespeare?

* * *

***The Editors cannot undertake to return unused manuscript, though they will endeavor to do so if self-directed, stamped envelope is enclosed therewith.

All manuscripts submitted *must be type-written.*

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The New York Shakespeare Society

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[Continued by THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.]

Vol. IX. Contents for May-September, 1910. No. 5-8

I. FRONTISPIECE. Facsimile of the Signature of William Shakespeare in the will of Robert Greene, Worcester, May 12th, 1592.

II. Dr. Wilson advances a still more important discovery in the London Public Record Office, an entirely unknown episode in Shakespeare's Life, including Documents of interest and value to the art of Robert Greene.

III. Concluding Chapter of Dr. Shakespeare Bibliography. — Dr. Appleton Morgan.

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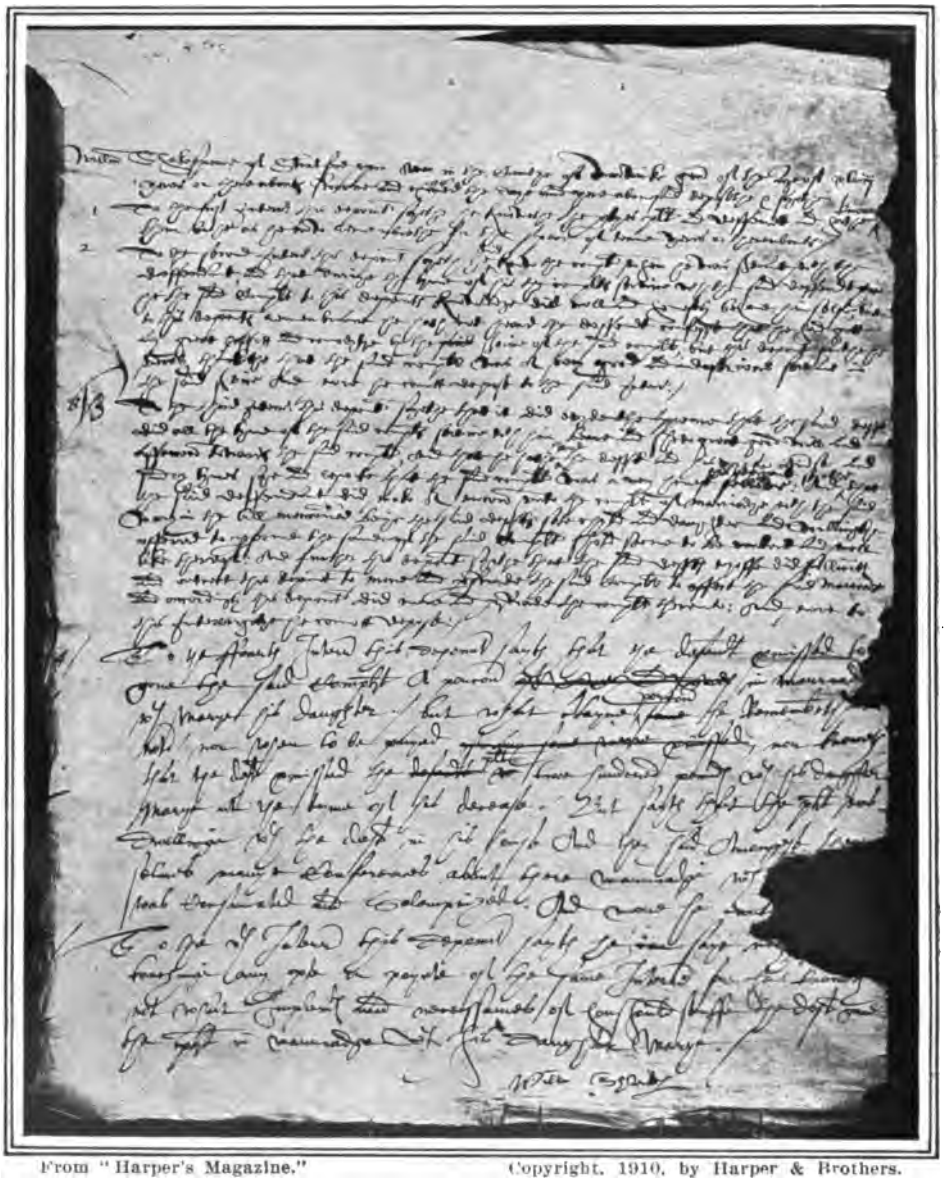

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Fac-simile of Deposition of William Shakespeare Gent., of Stratford-super-Avon Warwickshire—a witness on behalf of the Plaintiff in Stephen Belott v Christopher Mountjoie—under a Writ compulsory ad testificandum out of the Court of Requests. May 7, 1612. (Deposition dated May 11, 1616).

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NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

VOL. IX. MAY–SEPTEMBER, 1910. No. 2–3.

DR. WALLACE ACHIEVES A STILL MORE IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN THE LONDON PUBLIC RECORDS OFFICE. AN ENTIRELY UNSUSPECTED EPISODE IN SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE IN LONDON REVEALED BY HIS AND OTHER DEPOSITIONS IN THE SUIT OF BELOTT V. MOUNTJOIE (1612).

In NEW SHAKESPEAREANA of January, 1906 (Vol. V, page 1), we printed the record of a discovery by Dr. Charles William Wallace, Assistant Professor of English in the University of Nebraska and a Life Member of the New York Shakespeare Society, of the Summons, Complaint, Answer and Decree in the Chancery suit of Bendish v. Bacon, evidently a friendly suit brought to quiet title to certain real properties in the city of London. Shakespeare being impleaded as a Defendant, and were able to present also fac-similes and transliterations of the pleadings themselves. Again (December, 1909, Vol. V, page 1) we announced Dr. Wallace's further discovery of the pleadings and evidence in Osteler v. Heminges, the latter not only mentioning Shakespeare by name, but testifying to the value of sundry of his holdings in the stock of the Blackfriars and Globe theatres; the value of said shares, and so, inferentially, the amount of Shakespeare's income from his theatrical possessions. Again, February, 1909 (ante p. 30), we reported Dr. Wallace's account of the Taylor-Heminges litigation, which concerns values in both of Shakespeare's theatres. Truly the claim that Dr. Wallace's discoveries almost compel a re-writing of Shakespearean biography is not extreme! But now comes the most important discovery of all. And it could be well claimed that even had Shakespeare's name not been mentioned in this last find, the record of a romantic courtship in the Elizabethan mode, might repay even dustying one's fingers with dreary old Law records of a by-gone age!

Dr. Wallace made his first report to our neighbor, "Harper's Maga-

zine," for March, 1910 (coming as it did in the interval between our quarterly issues), and it is therefore by the courtesy of the Messrs. Harpers that we draw up for our readers the following abstract of chronicle thereof.

In the year 1612 there was living in London a Huguenot refugee named Christopher Mountjoye. He was by trade a wig maker (or "tire maker" as then styled). He had a wife and one child, Mary. He had an apprentice, also a Huguenot, named Stephen Belott. Besides this, Christopher took lodgers, and, as it happened, one of his lodgers in the year 1612 was William Shakespeare, Gentleman, of Stratford-on-Avon.

Young Stephen Belott was so exemplary and excellent an apprentice that his master Montjoie and his wife, conceived the idea that having no son of their own he, Belott, might become their son-in-law and marrying Mary eventually inherit the Wig-making business, and the worldly goods of the Mountjoies. Stephen himself seems to have had no such ambitions. And to suggest to him that a proposal for the hand of Mary Mountjoy would be accepted, Christopher and his wife called in their lodger Shakespeare and enlisted his services to endeavor to induce Stephen to propose to Mistress Mary. Shakespeare was successful. He was empowered by the Mountjoyies, it may be supposed, to mention that a dower of fifty pounds and certain worldly goods would go with the damsel, though this Shakespeare, it will be seen, does not either affirm or deny, contenting himself, like an acute witness, with merely stating that the Mountjoies promised whatever might have been promised at all.

The marriage took place, and the young couple took up their residence with the parents in a house standing at the corner of Silver and Mugwell (now Monkwell) street, London, where Shakespeare continued as a lodger. This house was within three or four minutes' walk of the residence of Hemings and Condell, editors of the Folio of 1623, and within a short distance of the houses of Ben Jonson and Thomas Dekker. The mother-in-law in this case appears to have the benign influence upon the young couple. For when Madame Mountjoye according, to the parish register examined by Professor Wallace, died in October, 1608, matters took a sad turn in the affairs of Beloit and his father-in-law. Belott and his wife left the paternal household and took a chamber in the inn of George Wilkins, whom Dr. Wallace identifies as the Dramatist with whom Shakespeare is believed to have sometimes collaborated.

Six years elapsed, the £50 dower was not paid. Belott sued his father-in-law for the fulfillment of his promises touching the £50 dower and the

household goods, and set up a claim to £200 of Mountjoye's general possessions.

In the absence of the pleadings in the remarkable litigation which followed, it is hard to understand how Belott could have maintained a chancery suit to compel his father-in-law to make a gift causa mortis or to draw a Will. However a suit of some sort was begun and tried upon Interrogatories. And it is these interrogatories and the various depositions taken in response to them, that Dr. Wallace has discovered. They run as follows, and tell the story above outlined somewhat more circumspectly.

Interrogatories to be mynistered to witnesses to be produced on the parte and behalf of Stephen Belott Compl. against Christopher Mountioye Def.

Jmprimis whether doe you knowe the parties pl. and def. and howe longe haue you knowne them and either of them.

Jtem whether did you knowe the Compl. when he was servant wth the said def. howe and in what sort did he behaue himselfe in the service of the said deft. and whether did not the said deft. Confesse that hee had got great profitt and Comodytie by the service of the said Complt.

Jtem whether did not the said deft. seeme to beare great good will and affeccone towardes the said Complt. during the time of his said service and what report did he then giue of the said Compl. touching his said service and whether did not the said deft. make a mocon vnto the said Compl. of marriage wth the said Mary in the Bill menconed being the said defendantes sole Child and daughter and willingly offer to performe the same yf the said Complt. should seeme to be content and well lyke thereof. and whether did not hee lykewise send anie person or noe to perswade the said Complainant to the same, declare the truthe of yor knowledg herin.

Jtem what some or somes of moneye did the said def. promise to giue the said Compl. for a porcon in marriage wth the said Marye his daughter whether the some of threscore pound or what other somme as you knowe or haue hard and when was the same to bee paied whether at the daie of Marriage of the said Compl. and the said Marye or whath other tyme and what further porcon did the said deft. promise to giue vnto the said Compl.

wth the said Marye at the tyme of his decease whether the some twoe hundred pound*es* or what other somes and whether vppon the said p*er*swacones and promisses of the said deft. did not the said Complt. shortly after marrye wth her the said Marye declare the truthe herin as you knowe verylie beleeve or haue Credybly hard.

Item what p*ar*cells of good*es* or houshold stuffe did the defend. promise to geue vnto the Complt. in Marriadge wth his said wiefe. And what p*ar*cells of good*es* did he geue him in Marriage wth his said wyffe, did he not geue them these p*ar*cells (vizt.) One ould ffether-bed, one oulde ffether boulster. A flocke boulster, a thine greene Rugg, two ordanarie blanckett*es* woven, two paire sheetes, A dozine of napkines of Course Dyap*er*, twoe short table Clothes, six short Towelles & one longe one, An ould drawinge table, two ould Joyned stooles, one Wainscott Cubberd, one Twistinge wheele of woode, twoe paire of litle Scyssers, one ould Truncke and a like old Trunke one Bobbine box, And what you doe thinke in your Conscience all these said parcels might be worth at the time they were delivered bt the Defendants appointment to ye Plaintiffes Declarecthe truthe herein at Lardge.

The Return is as follows:

Depositiones Capt apud Westmonasterium undecimo die maij An Regni Jacobi Regis Angl decimo et Scotiae xlv ex parte Stephanii Belott ver Christopherum Mountjoye defendentum

Johane Johnson ye wyffe of Thomas Johnsone of the Parish of Elinge in ye County of Middlesex basketmaker of the age of forty yeare or thereabouts sworne and examined the day and year abouesaid deposeth and say.

I. To the first Jnterrogatory She knoweth the plain and known him about eight yeare and the defendant about eight yeare

II. To the second Jnterrogatory, this deponent sayth she did knoe the pl when he served the deft And sayeth he behaued him self well and in good sort when he served the defend for she was servant to the defennt at that tyme. But she never heard the def confesse and saye that he had great benefit and Commodytie by the Plaintffs seruice. And more she cannot depose

III. To the thirde Interrogatorie this depon*e*nt sayth that the defend

semmed to beare greate good will and affection towardes the plff when he served him, geuinge him reporte to be A verry good servaunte for pl his service. But that the deft moved the pl to Marrye wth his daughter Marye she knoweth not. But sayth that there was a shewe of goodwill betweene the pl and def daughter Marye wh the defs wyffe did geue Countenaunce vnto and thinke well of. And as shee Remembereth the def did send and prswade one Mr Shakespeare that laye in the house to perswade the pl. to the same Marriadge. And more shee cannot depose.

To the iiij^th^ Jnterrogotory this deponnent sayth shee never herd her the deft. proffer the pl. any some of money in Marriadge [w^th^] his daughter Marye, but yt was Reported in the house that the pl. was to haue wth her in marriadge the some of ffyftye pounde*s*. but what tyme of paymen^t^ was therof appoynted or agreed vppon shee knoweth not, nor of any promise of any other or further porcon to be payed the pl. eyther at the tyme of marriadge betweene them, or at the tyme of the def. deceas but they after married togeather. And more shee cannott depose.

To the vth Jnterrogatory this deponn. sayth shee knoweth not what parcelles of goode*s* and houshould stuffe the defend. promissed to geue vnto the pl*a*. in marriadge wth his wyffe. But sayth the deft. gaue in marriadge wth her to the def. the seuerall parcells goode*s* in the Jnterrogatory mencioned. but the valewe of them she certaynlie knoweth not, but thinketh they were woorth some Eight pounde*s*. or thereaboute*s*. And more shee cannot depose.

X [Her mark].

Danyell Nycholas of the parishe of S^ct^: Olphadge w^th^in Criplegate London gent of the Age of ffyftye twoe yeres or therabout*es* sworne and examyned the daye and yere aboue said deposeth and sayth

I. To the ffirste Jnterrogatory this deponn. sayth he hath knowne the pl. about twenty yeres and def. about twelue yeres

II. To the seconde Jnterr. this deponnent sayth he knewe the pl. servaunte vnto the def. who behaved him selfe verry well in the defend*antes* service for any thinge he euer herd to the contrary. And hath herd that the deft. proffited well by plaints services for anything he euer with him. And more he cannot depose.

III. To the third Interrogatory this deponent sayth he herd one Wm. Shakespeare says that the def. did bear A good opinion of the plaintiff and affected him well when he served him And did move the plain. by him the said Shakespeare to haue marriadge between his daughter Marye Mountjoie and the plaintiff. And for that purpose did sent him the said Sh to the Plff. to perswade the plain. to the same, as Shakespeare tould him this deponn*ent* was effected and Solempnized vppon p*r*omise of a porcion with her. And more he cannot depose.|

IV. To the iiijth Jnterr*ogatory* this deponn*ent* sayth that the pl*aintiff* did Requeste him this deponn*ent* to goe wth his wyffe to Shakespere to vnd*er*stande the truthe howe muche and what the de*fendant* did promise bestowe on his daughter in marriadge wth him the pl*aintiff*, who did soe. And askinge Shakespeare th*er*of, he Answered that he promissed yf the pl*ff*. would marrye Marye his the onlye daughter, he the defend*ant* would by his pr*o*mise as he Remembered geue the pla wth her in marriage about the some of ffyftye pound*es* in money and Certayne Houshould stuffe.

V. And more he cannot depose touchings the said Jnterr*ogatory* to his Rememberaunce for he remembereth not any daye sett downe for pay-m*en*^{t} of the porcion or deliu*er*ye of the household Stuffe, but only that he would geue her soe much at the tyme of her marriadge.

VI. To the vth Jnterr*ogatory* this deponn*ent* Can saye nothinge more then he hath alreddye deposed.

Daniell Nicholas

[Recalled.]

I. To the iiijth Interr*ogy*. this deponn*ent* sayth that the defendt. did never send him this deponn*ent* vnto the Complt. to make mo*c*ion of Marriadge betwixte the Complat and the said Marye Mountioye beinge the defendantes sole daughter and Childe but Mr William Shakespeare tould him this deponn*en*t that the defend*an*t sent him the said Mr Shakespeare to the plai. about suche A marriadge to be hadd betweene them. And Shakespeare tould this depon*en*t that the defen. tould him that yf the pla would Marrye the said Marye his daughter he would geue hime the pl*f*. A some of money wth her for A porc*i*on in Marriadge wth her. And that yf he the pl. did not marry wth her the said Marye and shee the pla*ff* shee should never coste him the deft, her ffather A groat, wherevppon And in Regard Mr Shakespeare hadd tould them that they should haue A some of money for A porcion from the fath*er* they weare made suer by Mr Shakespeare by geuinge there Consent, and

agreed to Marrye, [*geuinge eache others hand to the hande* stricken out in the original] And did Marrye. But what some yt was that Mr Mountyoye p*ro*mised to geue them he the said Mr Shakespeare could not remember, but said yt was ffyftye pound*es* or or th*er*aboute*s* to his beste Remembrance. And as he Rememb*er*ith Mr Shakespeare said he p*ro*mised to geue them A porc*i*on of his good*es*: but what, or to what valewe he Rememberithe not And more he Cannott depose.

The third deposition, coming before the recall of witness Daniel Nichols, is that of Shakespeare himself. It is given in fac-simile as our Frontispiece. The original has now been mounted and glazed for exhibition at the Public Records Office in London. It reads as follows: William Shakespeare of Stratford super Avon in the County of Warwick Gentleman of the age of forty-eight years or thereabouts sworn and examined the day and year abovesaid deposeth and sayeth

I. To the first interrogatory this deponeth saith that he knoweth the parties plaintiff and defendant and hath known them both as he now remembereth for the space of ten years or thereabouts

II. To the second interrogatory this deponent saith that he did know the complainant when he was defendant's servant and that during the time of his said service with defendant, he said complainant to this deponents knowledge did well and honestly behave himself, but to this deponents remembrance he hath not heard defendant confess that he hath got any great profit and commodity by the service of said complainant, but this deponent saith he verily thinketh that said complainant was a very good and industrious servant in the said service and more he cannot depose to said interrogatory

III. To the third interrogatory deponent saith that it did evidently appear that said deponent did all the time of said complainants service with him bear and show great good will and affection towards said complainant, and that he hath heard defendant and his wife divers and sundry times say and report that complainant was a very honest fellow. And this deponent saith that defendant did make a motion unto the complainant of marriage with the said Mary mentioned in the Bill herein being the defendant's sole child and daughter and willingly offered to perform the same if the complainant should be content and well like thereof. And this deponent further saith that defendant aforesaid his wife did solicit and entreat this deponent to move and persuade the complainant thereunto And more to this interrogatory he cannot depose.

IV. To the fourth interrogatory this deponent saith that the defendant promised to give the said complainant a portion in marriage with his said daughter Mary. But what certain portion he remembereth not, nor when to be paid nor knoweth that defendant promised the plaintiff two hundred pounds with his daughter at the time of said defendants decease But saith that the complainant was dwelling with the defendant in defendants house And that they had amongst themselves many conferences about their marriage afterwards consummated and solemnized And more to this interrogatory he cannot depose

V. To the fifth interrogatory this deponent saith that he can say nothing touching any part of said interrogatory for he knoweth not what impliments or necessaries of household stuff the plaintiff gave the defendant in marriage with his daughter Marye. [Signed] WILLM. SHAKS.

After Belott quitted his father-in-law, he himself set up as a tire-maker, and took an apprentice of his own one William Eaton. William Eaton is also served with interrogatories and gives some remarkably hearsay evidence. It will be noticed that he is only administered the third interrogatory, and has to be twice checked, and finally brought up sharply by the Master in Chancery as too willing witnesses are apt to be.

To the III Intrr. this deponent saith he hath herd one Mr. Shakespeare saye that he was sent by the defen. to the plf. to move the plf. to haue a marradge betweene the plf. and the defendts. daughter Marye Mountjoie and herd Mr Shakespeare saye that he was wished by ye deft. to take proffer of a certaine somme that the def. said hee would guie the plf. wth his daughter Marye Mountjoye in marriadge but he had forgot the some [And Mr Shakespeare tould the pla.—this is stricken out and the witness instructed to wind ur with] And more he cannot depose touching the same Interr.

Wm. Eaton.

VI. Not the least interesting and instructive feature of Dr. Wallace's discovery is the new signature which, like the signature to the mortgage deed and the last Will signature, being made under process of Law must be authentic.

In NEW SHAKESPEAREANA (Volume viii, page 49 seq) we gave plates and enlargements of eigth signatures or assumed signatures, including the Boston Public Library signature the two secured recently by Marsden J. Perry, Esq., and the Gunther signature of which Mr. E. P. Vining's elab-

orate report, tracing it historically from the year 1689 through all its possessors down to Mr. Gunther in 1886 is probably the most elaborate and circumstantial report upon so difficult a question that ever saw light anywhere. The new signature suggests almost all of these, but most closely approaches the mortgage deed signature and the first and second Will signatures. The so-called Pastell and Savare signatures owned by Mr. Perry seem confirmed by it, also though the last named is a bit too faint to yield the same confirmation.

The question as to whether the whole deposition is in Shakespeare's handwriting, which arises in the case of the Will, cannot fortunately be pressed here as by Statute 13, Jac. 1, 1661, depositions must be taken down by the Master or his scrivener from the lips of the witnesses.

The result of these depositions—which are largely hearsay, and which probably the Defendants counsel moved to strike out for that cause—can only be conjectured. It is not improbable that the suit was settled out of court. All that Dr. Wallace has discovered is that the Court ordered a reference and selected as Referee the pastor and or other authorities of the French (i. e. the Huguenot) Church of which both parties were members. This no doubt accounts for the absence of the pleadings and decree from the files. As the Court ordered that the decision of the Church be the decision of the Court, the absence of the decree or of a judgment toll reinforces the suggestion that the matter was probably settled out of Court.

What is to be the effect of this new matter upon our Shakespeare biographies? Who can tell?

At present we Shakespeareans are holding our breath. That after proclaiming for some two hundred and fifty years that all was known about Shakespeare that ever could be known; and writing and re-writing libraries about the smallest item of gossip or alleged gossip, for Dr. Wallace in four years to produce the records of four lawsuits that concerned themselves with Shakespeare or Shakespeare environments is a little bit too stupendous! We shall get used to it in time! As we stated before (Vol. VIII, p. 137) English Shakespeare scholars have not accepted any too graciously the advent of Dr. Wallace, whose patient work has lifted from under their very noses documents of priceless importance while they were contenting themselves with re-writing and re-writing again, and yet again, all that their predecessor Shakespeareans had re-written to tediousness. Language was given us for the purpose of concealing our thoughts. But there are said to be two classes at least that speak the truth. And we fancy that the real sentiment as to

Dr. Wallace in England is about summed up in the following from The London "Evening News":

"The moral of all this is that English scholarship and research has [sic] been once again distanced and humiliated by an industrious stranger. Our wealthy nation cannot afford to waste the price of a single motor-car's upkeep upon such toys! Therefore we have been beaten again even as we were beaten in the race to the North Pole. The Pearys and the Wallaces are at work while we keep our hands in our pockets. Dr. Wallace is at work beside a window in our own Public Record Office, while our own experts are idle."

To our eternal regret Shakespeare did not in his deposition state his occupation, as did "George Wilkins Lisenced Vitualer." If he had only added "Playwright" "or Dramatist" (as indeed would have been the requirement later in English practise!) what reams of yet to accrue controversy would have been prevented? As it is, even Dr. Wallace's fortunate discoveries will not silence the Clenhams or gentlemen, like our esteemed correspondent, Mr. Robert Atwater Smith, who will still "want to know." However certain matters seem to be settled, viz.:

I. By describing himself under oath as "Gentlemen" Shakespeare's social status seems assured. Those were days when it was lese magesté to offend precedence or sumptuary regulations. We have noted elsewhere a case where a Knight was imprisoned for addressing an Earl as "Sir" (quare. What would have happened had Shakespeare addressed either my lord Southampton or my lord Pembroke as "Mr. W. H.?")

II. The spelling is "SHAKESPEARE" and not any other form.

III. By describing himself as "of Stratford on Avon Warwickshire" he identifies himself with the Shakespeare whose grave and monument are in Trinity church and who lived at the great house at New Place. Otherwise a William Shakespeare who did live at New Place might have questioned the descriptive.

For whatever of absolute certainty we get, may the lord make us truly thankful!

CONCLUDING CHAPTER OF DR. MORGAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY: DR. CHARLES WILLIAM WALLACE. PROFESSOR CHURCHILL OF AMHERST. DR. ISAAC HULL PLATT AND HIS ANAGRAM OUT OF SHAKESPEARE'S LONG WORD. MR. W. H. MALLOCK'S TITLE-PAGE PROOFS OF THE BACON AUTHORSHIP. A FORGOTTEN CONTEMPORARY OF SHAKESPEARE:

GEORGE RUGGLE'S MACARONIC COMEDY—OPENING SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE. DR. INGLEBY FAVORS THE PROJECT—NEW LIGHT UPON MISS DELIA BACON—SHAKESPEARE WAS OF THE OLD FAITH. JOHN PYM YEATMAN. JOHN NEAL AND POE. "MAJOR JACK DOWNING" OF MAINE. MR. DE VINNE'S ESTIMATE OF THE COST OF A FIRST FOLIO. MARK TWAIN. SOME OLD FRIENDS AND YOUTHFUL MEMORIES. JOHN BROUGHAM. LAWRENCE BARRETT. AGNES ETHEL. CLARA MORRIS, AND OTHER COMETS OF THE AMERICAN STAGE. SALVE ET VALE!

(Prior chapters ante Vol. IV, 8:VI-41, 95; VII, 33; VIII, 37; IX-1).

In filling up gaps in these memorabilia, I am tempted to touch upon the latest item first, and to record my pleasant privilege of knowing Dr. Charles William Wallace, whose wonderful success in unearthing vestiges of Shakespeare in that mildewed old omnium gatherum, the London Public Records office, has so recently astounded us all. Fortunately Dr. Wallace was created, not only with the zeal and ability of the true scholar, but with—what rarely accompanies them—that mental poise and phlegmatic temperament which enabled him to grin with good-natured impurtability at covert opposition and red-tape, and to patiently clear both away as he proceeds to his results. He has been fortunate, too, in having a competent assistant in his wife and so spared the suspicion of possibly disloyal alien assistants. Most of us are fortunate if we can do our work with plenty of faithful clerks and stenographers, and typists and facilities galore. Dr. Wallace has worked in the midst of annoyance and fussy interruption and has literally drawn his success out of real nettles! His achievements are a blessed contrast to such abject and callow sycophancy (for it is hard to call it anything else) of that recent young Professor Churchill of Amherst college, who described to Germans the hopeless condition of American Shakespeare scholarship brought about by the immortal achievements of the German Shakespeare Society which, by their very magnificence, discouraged emulation over here. (NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, V. 147, VI, 76). I am exceedingly sorry to say an unkind word of anybody living in these memoirs. Like Antony I had rather wrong myself or wrong the dead than I would wrong such honorable men. But, so far, Mr. Churchill's only response to the fault found with his German performance has been to describe those of his fellow-countrymen who criticise him, as "neither scholars nor existing for scholarly purposes (the innuendo being that Mr. Churchill exists for both!) My object in these re-

flections is, however, not Mr. Churchill, but to suggest that, if, no matter what our American scholars accomplish, American College Professors go on teaching generation after generation of undergraduates that no scholarship is worth while, or of the least account, unless it arrives on our shores from some European precinct (from the heart of the Black forest or anywhere, if only European), I see no hope at all for American scholarship. And I submit, in all seriousness, that the hundreds of millions of dollars that our billionaires are pouring out upon American universities are sheer waste of money if the learned professors in those universities calmly go on teaching the youth committed to their lectureships that anything developed therein is Naught.

It is too soon to guess whether Shakespeareans or Baconians will find the more awkward, Dr. Wallaces discovery that Shakespeare lodged at a Wig makers at time that Domine Ward says he was spending at the rate of a thousand a year at New Place! But perhaps it were the wife and daughters who were doing the spending while the lord and master lay at Mountjoie's trying to make both ends meet! Nor was it a lordly billet for the applause, delight and wonder of the stage—the darling of the Court, the alter ego of Southampton, the confidante of State and camp and diplomatic secrets! But here are the facts—not to be dodged this time by the "another gentleman of the same name" plea, for here he is described under oath as "Mr. William Shakespeare, gentleman of Stratford super Avon Warwickshire!" Well it is the whirlgig of time bringing in his revenges indeed when an American scholar crosses half a continent to traverse an ocean to exhibit to Englishmen that which has lain under their very noses for three centuries! Matters that would have solved mountains of doubt and oceans of spilled ink, and saved the good names of Ireland, Cunningham and Collier! But Dieu dispose and the honors were left for Dr. Wallace who came from three thousand miles beyond what was the ultima Thule of Shakespeare's date—the still vexed Bermoothes! Had Shakespeare been a new comer in London nothing would have been more probable than that, desiring lodgings his fellow-townsman Field who had married Jacquenetta Vautrollier, also of a Huguenot family, might have recommended him to take lodgings with the Huguenot Mountjoies. But in 1612 Shakespeare had filled out the limits of achievement—his plays had been the successes of two theatres, his companies had played before the Queen and her court. Southampton had loaned him a thousand pounds! He had flirted with the Queen's maids of honour at least with Mistress

Mary Fytton as well as with his friend Field's wife Jacquenetta, whose name he gave to a none too proper little soubretta in his Loves Labours Lost. We cannot agree with Dr. Wallace that he called his herald of Agincourt Mountjoie after his landlord wig-maker ("tire-maker" as the term was then). But the delicious scenes where the Regal lovers Henry and Kate of France, talk pigeon-French in Henry Fifth might well have been echoes of Shakespeare's own sittings with Jacquenetta Vautrollier and Mary Mountjoie. Mountjoie seems to have been a sort of generic name for a King at Arms in France, just as Rouge Dragon, Garter, Clarinceux, Lyon, etc., were names for an English Roi d' Armes. But anything that turns up in re Shakespeare is always exasperating!

As to the Cryptograms ciphers parallelisms and acrostics, our Baconian friends discover I admit their startling character. But our Baconian friends, I think, forget that in every field of human industry there lurk coincidences that the only safety is to contemplate them, nay, even to expect them, anywhere, and not to be obscessed when one finds the most startling things. No matter how wonderful anything is, there is always something still more wonderful somewheres else!

Not even Mr. Donnelly, with his arithmetical cryptogram, or Mr. Booth, with his Acrostic signatures, can approach the marvelous things that experts can do with a pack of cards, or if either of these gentlemen had simply represented Bacon by the digit 1, and Shakespeare by the digit 9, they could have added the Shakespeare digit to any digit they chose to represent, all or any of the other claimants and they would have brought out the Bacon digit every time. Thus:

$$0 \times 9 + 1 = 1$$
$$1 \times 9 + 2 = 1\ 1$$
$$1\ 2 \times 9 + 3 = 1\ 1\ 1$$
$$1\ 2\ 3 \times 9 + 4 = 1\ 1\ 1\ 1$$
$$1\ 2\ 3\ 4 \times 9 + 5 = 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1$$
$$1\ 2\ 3\ 4\ 5 \times 9 + 6 = 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1$$
$$1\ 2\ 3\ 4\ 5\ 6 \times 9 + 7 = 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1$$
$$1\ 2\ 3\ 4\ 5\ 6\ 7 \times 9 + 8 = 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1$$
$$1\ 2\ 3\ 4\ 5\ 6\ 7\ 8 \times 9 + 9 = 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1$$
$$1\ 2\ 3\ 4\ 5\ 6\ 7\ 8\ 9 \times 9 + 10 = 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1\ 1$$

And as for optical illusions, they occur in all fields. In architecture where architects avail themselves of them sometimes to offset actual prob-

lems. The only safety is to expect them. Again, the field of Historic Doubt is absolutely unlimited. Archbishop Whateley's "Historic Doubts as to Napoleon Buonaparte" was only a logical tour de force intended to answer Hume's Dictum that miracles were impossible because they were improbable, by so arranging the story of Napoleon as to demonstrate the improbabilities of sundry facts in his career judged by prior human experience. But there are always substantial errors of statement in any actual chronicle enough to satisfy any tourist of the improbable without arrangement of them. Omar did not set fire to the Alexandrine library, he merely ordered the books distributed among the public baths to be used for fuel (and according to the Nuremberg Chronicle (1493) they served to keep the furnaces going for six months). Moscow was not burned except that the granaries or anything essential to support life were destroyed. It is well not to be obscessed by little things like these. A Colonel Easton of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, surprised the garrison at Ticonderoga (a fortress that was in the habit of surrendering itself whenever its surrender was demanded, and that, like Crown Point, never fired a hostile gun). "I clapped the commandant on the shoulder and demanded his surrender in the name of America and he complied," writes Col. Easton. But several years afterward in Ethan Allen's narrative he described himself as demanding and receiving the surrender in the name of "the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" (a demand which, if made, dated from May 10th, 1775, before there was any "Continental Congress," and according to Allen himself, who printed an illiterate book, "great Jehovah" was "a Jewish myth." I might be in a position myself to prove that the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly was no Shakespearean, but a poet, since in Sartain's Magazine for January, 1850, on page 16, there is a poem "The Dream" by "Ignatius L. Donnelly." And what volumes could be written upon such a speck of evidence as that).

But nobody goes crazy over the marvels of Mathematics. Why then, in the million of vocables in the First Folio, should nothing suffice but that because somebody has suggested a doubt, multitudes of otherwise sane gentlemen and ladies should select the first folio for figuring out cryptograms and ciphers? The twenty-six or twenty-four letters of the alphabet would have served their purpose quite as well as the first folio.

Something of this sort came into my mind when in the winter of the year 1900 I received a letter, dated from the Players' Club, New York City, signed "Isaac Hull Platt." It enclosed me a pamphlet setting forth that he, Dr. Platt, had discovered that the long word Honorificabilitudinitatibus in Love's Labours Lost, was an anagram, the reading being "Hi ludi, tuiti sibi,

Fr. Bacono nati." "I suppose, like Gallio, you care for none of these things," he wrote. My reply, whatever it was, led to one of the endearing friendships of my life. I have found him the real investigator—the, perhaps too nonchalant—but always the receptive enquirer, who constantly puts jesting Pilate's question, but, unlike Pilate, will patiently await an answer!

Having already drawn down upon myself the wrath of both contestants by remarking that the Bacon ciphers, silly as they were, were no sillier than the Furnivall "verse-tests," I was chary of rising to Dr. Platt's temptation. But I soon met him and discovered his attitude. The long word does indeed occur in many places antecedent to Bacon's date, and even in Bayley's Dictionary is given as legitimate Latinity (meaning "the giving of honour to whom honour is due," or "by the power of making for honour," which Shakespeare might well have translated "Suum quique is our Roman justice"). And it is substantially scribbled upon the Northumberland MSS. fly leaf. When Dr. Platt found it in that scene of the Love's Labours Lost adjacent to such sentences as "I know the man as well as I know you," "Do you understand me, Sir?" "Praise God, I understand well," "Do you see who comes?" "I see and rejoice," "Wherefore?" And (in answer to "Wherefore," come this long word),and most of all, the curious conundrum "What is a-b spelled backward with a horn on his head?" which can only be answered "Bacon." Certainly Dr. Platt or any other searcher after the answer to jesting Pilate's question was as entitled to search the long word with anagramatic impulse as to search in any other direction. The upshot of our meeting was a proposition to de novo debate the whole matter, in which, to bring out the facts, I should assume the orthodox, and Dr. Platt the destructive, position, and we set about preparing for it con amore at once. One of Donnelly's claims for his Arithmetical cipher was that it was proved from the fact that the four folios were identical replicas of each other—all the apparent errors of pagination preserved in order to preserve the cipher in the first folio dependant thereon; and all the typographic eccentricities (hyphens where not needed, etc.) repeated, verb. lit. et punct. through all the four. This, Donnelly submitted, would have been impossible in days when no art of stereotyping existed, had not some watchfulness decreed it to preserve something cryptographic existing in an otherwise senseless state of affairs in the 1623 Folio. The Players' Club possesses original copies of all four folios. And we had them placed in an upper room for our consultation. But five minutes dispelled the claim!

The second folio is apparently printed from the type of the first, the

irregular pagination upon which Donnelly based all his arithmetic and many of the vicious typographics, being corrected. But the third and fourth are each entirely re-set.

With the Donnelly cipher thus cut out (it was the only "cipher" at that time) we determined to urge our Debate to some sort of a compromise. My father, Judge Morgan, used to say that the best lawyer was the lawyer who could compromise a case so that each side would believe that he had gotten the better of the other, and so we proposed a Protocol. And, whatever the rest of mankind think of the so-called Morgan-Platt Protocol (which, by the way, I must admit that neither Dr. Platt nor myself have ever adhered to in our later divagations), it really seems to me a satisfaction of the controversy, and as safely all fours with my old suggestion in the "Myth" of thirty-five years ago, that Shakespeare produced and stage-mounted the plays, taking his material from wherever he saw fit—from the Miracle Plays—the legends and the lore of the friars and monks turned out homeless by King Henry's raid on the religious Houses—from North's Plutarch—from Holinshed, Montaigne, Boccaccio, Bandello! Or even, if he found what he wanted in Bacon, from Bacon himself! Nothing so far discovered by Dr. Wallace makes impossible this suggestion, and Shakespeare is just as much Shakespeare by this theory as was Boucicault, the author of "The Shaughran," although (as Lester Wallack said) the "Shaughran" had in it a little bit of every play that was ever written! Still, for all Dr. Platt's nonchalance, I suspect that he would give all his old boots if Bacon could only be proved to have written Shakespeare."

The first report of our Debate and Protocol was printed in "The Conservator." Within a few weeks there appeared in the Pall Mall Magazine two remarkable papers by W. H. Mallock, who seemed to have suddenly become a Baconian of the Baconians and a Cryptogramatist of Cryptogramatists! Many years before, Edwin Reed's attention had been called to a remarkable title-page to an edition of the Novum Organum (the word "Novum," by the way, is used most unintelligibly with its context, in that very scene in the Love's Labours Lost) which showed Bacon restraining a woman (evidently the Muse of History) not over-clad in a goat's hide, climbing to the summit of what seemed to be Parnassus, and clasping a sealed book! Mr. Reed showed it to me just before starting for Wolfenbuttel to investigate the Manuscripts of the duke of Brunswick, as I have elsewhere related. Mr. Reed says that I exclaimed "Is it possible that your infernal Theory can be true?" Mr. Mallock produced this and seven other title-pages and illustrations from the Gustavus Silenus Crypto-

menytices (NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, Vol. II, plate IV). These plates we purchased and used in a new Edition of the Debate, which was printed in the April-July, 1900, issue of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA (Vol. II, p. 9). But I am informed that Mr. Mallock has since been convicted of sin and is no longer a Baconian.

In an earlier chapter of these memoirs I stated it, as my deduction from the facts, that it was Emerson's lecture on Shakespeare, in which he said that he "could not marry the man to his verse," etc., which led Miss Bacon directly to announce her version of the non-Shakespearean authorship theory. A corrolary of that proposition was, of course, that her insanity was of a period after, and not earlier than, her lectures. [For it is impossible to suppose that her lectures upon History, the renown of which has not even yet been forgotten, should have been delivered by an insane lady or by a lady of unsound intellect.] Still, as there is a goodly number of orthodox people who still maintain that the Delia Bacon Theory came out of an insane mentality, despite the facts that there was a doubt as early as Malone's day, that it appeared in Walpole's writings—in Disraeli's Calamities of Authors, and had been cropping out constantly for years. [The mention of it in Hart's Romance of Yachting, unearthed by Mr. Wyman, I showed was probably also an echo of Emerson.] I was particularly glad to find in the "Springfield Republican" of November 1, 1909, a letter from Mrs. Caroline Healy Dall, a surviving friend of Miss Bacon's, which sanely set out the facts which Donnelly so perfervedly and imperfectly describes in one of the appendices to his monumental folly "The Great Cryptogram," missing, however, the real moral of the story: all of it that really concerns, if it concerns at all, posterity.

Mrs. Dall states that Miss Bacon became engaged to a young Theological student at Yale College, named McWhirter, who was ten years her junior, but very desperately in love with her. McWhirter was a young gentleman of abundant means, but it happened that his father's Will, under which he enjoyed his wealth, provided that if he died unmarried, his fortune should go to students preparing in Yale College for the Congregational ministry. The innuendo is, that the Authorities of Yale had not been unable, by representing to the young theologian that it was inexpedient for him "to marry his grandmother," and by other arguments, to save the bequest to themselves. At any rate, somebody procured the breaking of the engagement on the young man's part, and, as he was by this time a Congregational clergyman, the affair grew into a scandalum theologicum magnatum. A charge of sin was brought before a Council of the Congregational

Church, which was actually composed of Professors in Yale College, and, with great cruelty, Miss Bacon herself was summoned as a witness before this council. The answer of this interesting young theologian was, that Miss Bacon had "entrapped" him, and, ridiculous as it may sound, these fussy old parsons actually put their frosty pols together to look into a love match and construe it, no doubt, according to historical precedents of the days of Jereboham and Rheoboham. Mrs. Dall says that the Council, not without a weather eye to the interests of Yale College, found the young man justified in breaking off the engagement, although Miss Bacon's testimony fully established the fact that it was the young man who sought and pressed for marriage, and that it was Miss Bacon herself who pleaded ineffectually to induce him to give up the match by reason of the disparity of years. As it happened, one of Miss Bacon's nearest friends was Miss Catherine Beecher, daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher—a leading Congregational Clergyman of the day—and a sister of the famous Henry Ward Beecher of later renown. Miss Beecher was so indignant at the cruel examination and cross-examination of poor Miss Bacon by a ponderous council of Yale College, which was interested financially to a large amount in the breaking of Miss Bacon's heart, that she (Miss Beecher) left the Congregational communion and joined the Episcopal church, and moreover wrote a book, "Truth Stranger than Fiction," in which she handled the Yale-Congregationalist parsons sans gloves, and—in short—stirred up all New England as only a Beecher can stir up things generally.

Lover's quarrels and broken engagements are not rare. But that a daughter of the great Lyman Beecher should apostasise from the congregation and seek an Episcopal communion, was of ecumenical importance in days when New England drew its meat, drink and oxygen from theological disputations; when the seven points of Calvinism were a recreation, and a heresy trial the public idea of paradise! At any rate, all Theological New England was in a ferment, and poor Miss Bacon went crazy.

It was this, and not Mr. Emerson's teaching that he could not reconcile Shakespeare in his Plays with Shakespeare's Stratford-on-Avon biography, that led to Miss Bacon's madness. She wrote her book, indeed, after the cataclysm of her affections. But it is unfair to say that the conception of the theory (we have shown that she did not conceive, but acquired it, from Emerson) was the adumbration of a mind diseased. Whatever else it is or is not, we should be fair to the facts!

In or about the year 1884 there was in some quarters considerable agitation of a proposal to open Shakespeare's tomb. Dr. Clement Mansfield

Ingleby (a friend of Dr. Halliwell Phillipps and a Member of the New Shakespeare Society as well as of the New York Shakespeare Society, who is best known for his comprehensive volume on the Collier Forgeries,) rather championed the idea as an aid at least to the Shakespeare Iconography, since enough of the mortal remains might yet have survived to reveal dimensions, if not semblance, of the Dramatist! Dr. Ingleby published a book "Shakespeare's Bones—With Some Accounts of visits from the Living to the Dead" (viz. re-interments, such as that of Schiller under the superintendence of Goethe of the Emperor Charles the Fifth and of several Kings), arguing that there need be no irreverence connected with the proposition. The Baconians—among them Dr. Bucke the friend and biographer of Walt Whitman, were strenuous for it, and Dr. Bucke wrote me several letters asking me to initiate a petition to the proper English authorities to permit the exhumation for literary and memorial purposes. Several other gentlemen (among them a Mr. Deeth, whom I never saw, but who wrote one or more admirable conservative letters to "the Conservator," a monthly journal edited by Mr. Horace Traubel, Whitman's literary executor). In the course of time I answered Dr. Bucke and the proposition at once. I need not add that the Baconians wanted the tomb opened because ever since Miss Delia Bacon's alleged nocturnal attempt to open Shakespeare's "Tomb" the theory had been that the secret of the Bacon authorship would somehow—in some not very clearly defined way—would be by the exhumation revealed. And Mr. William D. O'Connor (who was always én tapis for anything crazy or ridiculous, and who could never entertain but one idea at a time on any subject, was actually under uncontrolable obcession at the prospect)! Thus appealed to, and mostly because at least Dr. Ingleby was sane, if the others were not, I prepared a brief which I suppose was the last of it. I mentioned in the first place that Shakespeare was not buried in a "Tomb" at all, but in an ordinary grave dug in the loam under the chancel pavement, and so that the story told by the old sexton to Washington Irving (the Sketch Book—Startford-on-Avon), that he (the sexton) in digging a grave adjoining Shakespeare's had accidentally broken in a bit of the wall and, looking in, had seen nothing but a handfull of dust—(upon which Irving comments, "It was something I thought to have seen the dust of Shakespeare!)" was pure fiction. (No grave has ever been dug next to Shakespeare's anyhow!) Again the surface of the pavement of the chancel of Trinity Church is barely seven feet above the level of the river Avon that laves its terrace in the rear, and that, therefore, nothing—either the manuscripts that Miss Bacon is said to have sought,

or the mortal remains of a person there interred, could have remained intact, in loam, hard by a river for three centuries—and so that even if it were possible to get all the authorities—the English Crown—the Diosecan, the Vicar, the Wardens and Vestry, Dean and Chapter, and so on ad finitum to concur in permission to dig there, nothing physical or material could possibly ensue. I may mention as another proof of the half-cocked vagaries of Mr. Donnelly, that he asserts in his book that Shakespeare's grave was dug twenty-six feet deep for some unexplained reason. He found that statement in a letter which Dr. Halliwell Philipps (who kept a standing advertisement in the English newspapers for contemporary MSS. touching Shakespeare matters) had unearthed, which made such an assertion. But Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps gave the letter for what it was worth, and a moment's reflection should have shown Mr. Donnelly that to dig a grave in Trinity Chancel twenty-six feet below the level of the Avon would have necessitated the use of hydraulic machinery—pumps and cassions, and what not,—in the Church itself, and that these old sextons who remembered under the stimulus of two and sixpence, such extraordinary things for tourists consumption, would not have forgotten such an occasion as hydraulic rams in the Collegiate church even if hydraulic machinery had been invented or existant in Stratford town in those days which it had not been! As I have never heard of the project since, I suppose my brief disposed of it. The only thing that might, in the cause of Shakespearean chronicle, be done, would be to carefully lift the present slab—with the "Good frend, etc.," inscription—and examine the original slab so inscribed, which sank about seventy years ago and over upon which, without disturbing it, the present slab, was superimposed.

I suppose I might mention while upon the subject that the late Charles Flower, once Mayor of Stratford, told me that the yarn about Miss Bacon having visited the Church at midnight and attempting to move the stone over Shakespeare's grave was not only a fiction, but absolutely impossible. The Church was hermetically sealed at night—could only be entered burglariously with jimmies. The stone weighed at least half a ton and was imbedded in mortar forty or fifty years old. Crazy as Miss Bacon might have been, she would about as soon have attempted to carry off the Church as to open that grave, and if she had opened it she would have only found another stone to remove. As a matter of fact nothing of the sort was ever attempted, nor did Miss Bacon ever leave her lodgings at midnight during her residence in Stratford-on-Avon. And yet, somehow or other, the story existed, and the very first time I ever heard of Bacon, or of Bacon-Shakes-

peare matters was once, when I could not have been ten years old, I heard my father tell somebody that a Miss Bacon, of Connecticut, had tried to open Shakespeare's tomb at Stratford-on-Avon!

In my early days in New York City the Quai Voltaire of the United States was Nassau Street from Pine to Beekman streets. Here every shop or so on both sides of the street was an old book store. I haunted the street all day in my first enthusiasm at actually seeing the books of which I had learned the names in my College lectures on English literature. I used to wonder if among all these hundreds of persons who inspected these volumes exposed for sale there were any purchasers. The most interesting old bookseller of all was William Gowans, a tall, gaunt man, who had a shop extending from the west side of Nassau street to an alley in the rear. The interior was not only lined but packed with books; stacks of them dumped on the floors and on the counters, heaps in disorder. It was common opinion that nobody knew, least of all old Gowans himself, what books were on his premises. It was said that mischievous little boys would sneak around into the alley, grab a lot of Gowans's own books, and come around and sell them to him in the front! At any rate, he was reputed to be a book-miser, and to much more willingly buy than sell books. I know I once asked him if he had a copy of Frankenstein (Mrs. Shelley's novel) and he said "come around to-morrow or next day." When I called again he seemed rather disappointed, but showed me a copy, and was very much interested to talk about the scarceness of that particular edition, etc. But when I wanted to buy it he said he didn't know what it was worth and that he would have to think about it!" (I never was able to buy it.) But one book I did buy of him. And thereby hangs a tale.

When in college I had kept scrap books. Those were days when daily newspapers were not as now, scrap books, dealing not only with the news of the day, but with bits of everything. One of the features of my scraps, it seemed, was a number of the curious things called "Macaronics," that is, doggerel, vers-de-societe, or trivial poems, in more than one language. I found in Gowan's place a slim book scarcely twenty pages in stiff cover, "Sandy's Specimens of Macaronic Poetry." Remembering that I already had a lot of these in my scrap-books, it occurred to me to make a book myself. If Sandy's, why not Morgan's "Specimens?" Cherchez et vous le trouvera! When I seriously began to search, I found them everywhere, dozens in rummaging in the Astor Library where Frederick Sanders, the Librarian, gave me an alcove privilege and used to bring me anything of the Macaronic sort that he found (and I suspected that his interest came from

his own two little books "Salad for the Social" and "Salad for the Solitary" (which he afterwards put into one volume, "Salad for the Social and the Solitary." Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes sent me several which even my enthusiasm could not make me forget that the proprieties would prevent my using. Richard B. Kimball, then returned from a sojourn as U. S. Consul at Paris, where he wrote "St. Leger" and "Romance of Student Life in Paris" (two books worthier to have lived than many later books that have lived)—furnished me several. Through a reference to it in Sandy's, I set out on a hunt for an entire comedy written in Macaronic Latin, English and French, "Ignoramus," by George Ruggle. Sandy's book did not refer to the circumstances or the occasion of its composition. But I can tell the story here, and not only Shakespeare students, but lawyers, ought to be marvellously interested in it. This is the story.

On November 3, 1575, there was baptized at Lavenham, in Suffolk, England, George, fifth and youngest son of Thomas Ruggle, a tailor. This George after passing through the Lavenham Grammar school matriculated at Cambridge. June 2, 1589, he takes a scholarship at Trinity college of that University and thereafter is A.M. and A.B. and finally a "Taxer" of thereof. In 1605 upon the occasion of a visit of King James to that University he was made A.M. of Oxford also. In the year 1611-12, there arose a dispute at Cambridge as to whether the Mayor and the town or the Vice Chancellor of the University should take Precedence, and the dispute was carried into the local Court of the shire.

The Mayor employed a London barrister, Francis Brackin. The Vice Chancellor entrusted his side to Ruggle, who won it. At this time all law pleadings and probably all arguments were in the barborous Law Latin of the time a jargon made up of Norman French a little English and of much dog. Latin (quite arbitrarily, as it would seem, as for instance a writ of 1632 is issued "de negligentii pipum vini carrienda," that is, for damages for negligently carrying a pipe of wine). Mr. Ruggle could not, with his accurate university scholarship fail to be impressed with Mr. Brackin's very professional pleadings, and it occurred to him to utter a Lampoon upon Law latimity and upon Lawyers generally. He produced a Comedy written in absurd Macaronic travesty, if it could be travestied, of this law-Latin, which he named "Ignoramus" the title roll being delineation of Mr. Francis Brackin himself, but the Comedy itself being along conventional lines, with men and women—a love story—etc., etc.

On the evening of March 9, 1635, on the occasion of a visit of King James to Cambridge the Comedy was performed by students in the Royal

presence. One John Chamberlain, writing of the matter, says, "the play was full of mirth and variety with many excellent actors, but more than half spoiled by its extreme length of six hours." Again, in the same year, at another Royal visit the play was performed on the evening of May 13th, having been made still longer by a Prologue, spoken by "Davus Dromo," one of the characters.

That the King should a second time attend this lampoon upon the legal profession was resented in London. To quote Chamberlain again: "The second audience of the king so nettled the London lawyers that they are almost out of all patience and my lord Chief Justice Coke both openly at the King's Bench and in divers other places hath galled and glanced at scholars with much bitterness. And there be divers Inns of Court men have made rhymes and ballads against them which they have answered sharply enough, and, to say truth, it was a scandal rather taken than given. For what profession is there in which some particular person may not be charged without imputation on the whole?" Of these "Rhymes and Ballads" one was addressed "To the Comedians of Cambridge who in three acts before the King abused the Lawyers with an imposed Ignoramus." Another was "The Souldiers counterbluff to the Cambridge Interludians of Ignoramus" (Harleian MSS. No. 5191). Another was "A Modest and Temperate Report of the Schollars of Cambridge for slandering Lawyers with that barbarous and gross title, 'Ignoramus.'" This spoke of the many learned and just men, such as Sir Francis Bacon, who are Lawyers, "The Case and Argument against Sir Ignoramus of Cambridge," London, 1648, shows that the feeling between the lawyers and the students did not very soon subside, and, in that year, the poet Cowley cautions poets "not to quarrel with scholare and another 'Ignoramus' make."

Editions of Ignoramus were many. They are dated respectively 1659, 1707, 1731, 1736 (Dublin), and 1737. The edition of 1787 is elaborately edited by Hawkins. Besides these there are translations by Coddington and Ravenscroft, the latter under title "The English Lawyer." The editions of 1631 and 1637 carry an Introduction and a fifth act by some other hand written for the students at Westminster school, where for many years it was customary to produce the play, performances there being recorded almost annually up to as late as 1787. I was fortunate enough to secure an ed copy of the edition of 1737, the rubicated title page of which runs IGNORAMUS| COMOEDIA|| coram Rex JACOBO PRIMO et Totius Angliae Magnatibus| ab ACADEMICIS CAntabrigiensibus| habita Auctore

Mro RUGGLE Aulae Clarensis M|A| Editio prioribus omnibus emendiator| WESTMONASTERII MDCCXXXVII|.

In my Specimens of Macaronic Poetry (Hurd and Houghton, New York, 1872) I give abundant samples of this capital book of Ruggles, which undoubtedly Shakespeare saw and enjoyed since it was town talk in London in his day. (It ought to be reprinted for the enjoyment of the Lawyers to-day and I am rather sure it is to be.)

But it would unduly trespass upon my limited space here to largely quote—the Marriage settlement which Ignoramus makes upon Rosabella runs thus:

Si possem vellam pro te Rosa, ponere pellem:
Quidquid tu vis crava et habebis singula brava;
Et dabo, fee simple, si monstras love's pretty dimple.
Gownas silkcoatas, kirtellos et petticoates,
Farthingales bigges, stomacheres et periwiggos
Pantofflos, cuffos garteros Spanica rufflos.
Buscos et soccos tifanas et Cambrica smockos
Pimpillos, pursos, ad ludos ibis et ursos (anglice Bear Garden)
Annon haec sunt bona in lege—

The dialogue runs like this:

IGNORAMUS Quota est clocka nunc?

DULMAN Est inter octo et nina.

IGNORAMUS Inter octo et nina! Ite igitur ad mansorium cum baggis et rotulis. Quid it est videam hoc instrumentam mane petit dum calceo spectacula super nasum? O, ho, ho, scio jam! Haec indentura facta &c inter Rogerium Rattledoke de Caxton in comitatu Brecknocke &c O, ho, Richard Fen adsum John Den. O, ho! Buzzard Plaintiff, adversus Peakegoose-defendant. O, ho! vide hic est defaulta literae! Emenda, emenda! nam in nostra lege una comma evertittotum Placitum Ite jam copiate tu hoc ingrossa—tu Universitatis trussate sumptoriam po pro journea." Et comme ca! It is outrageous to so lampoon the stately Latin. But it doubtless had its effect, and the absurd macaronicism of the Law jargon may have dated the beginning of its disappearance from Ruggle's comedy.

To the episode of my Macaronic Poetry I assign my privilege of meeting Mr. Henry O. Houghton the noblest and courtliest and kindest gentleman I have ever known. And it was to his friendship that we owe the existence of the Bankside Shakespeare, my summa bona. Without his

friendship for, and his faith in, me such an illustrious work could never have been accomplished. Bold as he was to typographical possibilities he hesitated when I outlined to him the plan of that work, but he said, "That is a very ambitious plan But if you will do your best we will do ours!" Each of us did the best and The Riverside Press has never exceeded its work on the New York Shakespeare Society's Bankside Shakespeare, in which the first and last sixteenth-Century texts of Shakespeare's Plays: errors, logotypes and all, there stand paralleled for studious and scholarly comparison!

One day when the Bankside was being printed the New York House of Houghton, Miffln and Company wired me to see Mr. Miffln at the Grand Central Station at a certain train on an important matter. I went up there wondering how I was to know Mr. Mifflin whom I could not recall except that I had met him for a moment at Riverside more than twenty years before. To my surprise, he came up and addressed me by name. When I asked him how he knew me, he said, "They told me to watch for a man that looked like Aldrich" (meaning the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich) When I met Mr. Aldrich at the Booth-Daly dinner, I told him the story. We stood up together before one of the big mirrors in the great Delmonico dining room and certainly we were twins indeed; not only in physiognomy but in figure build and I believe avoirdupois. We were even, I believe, born in the two nearest neighboring towns of New England; he in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and I in Portland, Maine,—which were—and are to-day I believe—almost twin cities.

I was born at No. 3 Gray Street, Portland, Maine, in "the beautiful town that is seated by the sea" a stone's throw from the house where the poet Longfellow (whose second wife was a cousin of my mother's) was born. Portland was the home of many distinguished men in my childhood. I remember walking out with my grandfather, General James Appleton, a soldier of the war of 1812; of standing holding his hand when he reviewed one-fourth of July the soldiers from Fort Preble and of his presenting me to John Neal, then a considerable literary character. Mr. Neal, I remember as the blackest gentleman I had ever seen. He was dressed in black, cap apie, black clothes hat, gloves and stock in lieu of collar. That he was a literary power of his day seems vivid when he could write such a letter as this to Poe (I copy from the original which came into my hands amongst other Poe memorabilia at the time I founded Poe Park (ante, NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, Vol. VII, p. 19).

The letter is postmarked Portland, Me., June 9, 1840, and is as follows:

Portland, June 8, 1840.

My Dear Sir—Yours of June 4 directed to New York reached me but yesterday. I am glad to hear of your new enterprise & hope it may be all that you desire, but I cannot help you. I have done with the newspapers—have abandoned the journals—and have involved so many of my friends of late by becoming editor or associate editor of so many different things for a few months at a time—and always against my will that I haven't the face to ask any person to subscribe for anything on earth. But as I have said before I wish you success &—to prove it—allow me to caution you against a style which I observe to my great alarm is prevailing at the South. You say "I will be pardoned" for "I shall be pardoned," "For assurance that I will fulfil," &c. Are you Irish? The well-educated Irish I mean. They always make this mistake & the South too sometimes, and you I am persuaded are either connected by blood or habits with the Irish of the South. Forgive me this liberty I pray you, & take it for granted that I should not complain of these two little words if I had anything else to complain of.

Yours truly,

John Neal.

Mr. Edgar A. Poe, Philadelphia, Pa.

Another letter postmarked June 9, 1846, at Phillipps, Maine, is before me and I copy it here because I have not seen it in any of the Biographies so far, and because it contains an echo of what may have been contemporary criticism:

Phillipps, June 9, 1846.

Sir—I ought perhaps to have immediately acknowledged the receipt of your letter enclosing my money. I now gladly do so and still more gladly own you a gentleman throughout the whole business, although, with some reason as you will admit, I half believed for a while that you were playing the rogue. Well, I have the long wished for Poems by Edgar A. Poe, Esq. I am pleased to see them in just the plain neat dress that they are in. I hope soon to meet with the remainder of your tales, your essays and criticisms and that—what shall I entitle it?—that work on the New York Literati from the same library of American Books. I don't believe the Raven can be beat in versification and but a precious little beyond it to my mind can anything go in beauty of conception. Isn't there a false idea though in this? "whose faint footfalls *tinkled* on the *tufted* floor?" I don't see anything very irrelevant in the last stanza and that Hartford Review

man was a fool to think that he could. There might be more ways than one fixed so that the lamplight streaming on the Raven would cast a shadow on the floor within the room. And it might be explained without the aid of Waldo Emerson. There is as much poetry (to me) in "The Valley of Unrest," barring perhaps the four first lines—in The Sleeper and The City in the Sea as in any pieces of the same length which the volume contains. I can see vividly as in a nightmare those trees stirred by no wind that palpitate like the chill seas around the misty Hebrides. Passingly sad yet soothing is the whole tone about the Sleeper. It almost sets the brain whirling to read the City in The Sea. Why didn't you give us more scenes from Politan? That Magazine I'll take if you please.

G. W. Eveleth.

Edgar A. Poe, Esq., City New York, N. Y.

Both these letters bear the evidence of their passage through the mails, being not only postmarked but marked with the rate—twenty-five and ten cents respectively on the outer sheet folded in lieu of envelope.

And the City of Portland is entitled to another memory too, that is of considerable interest. I think I have already remarked that since our earliest settlers were contemporaries of Shakespeare and heard the la vernacular that he heard spoken, they brought that vernacular to these shores. And that these first settlers, and for a long time their descendants, being isolated from books and cultivative influences would, and did, naturally, better preserve that vernacular than it would be preserved even in England itself. It happened, in the year 1830, that in Portland a gentleman, Seba Smith by name, had begun to edit and print a small local newspaper there. Searching for material to fill it, he happened to attend a session of the Maine Legislature then held in Portland. While sitting there it occurred to him to report its sessions as they would strike a raw backwoodsman.

He invented a backwoods youth "Jack Downing" and printed humorous reports of the sessions in the form of letters which this Jack Downing "writ to the folks to hum." These Downing letters proved a success and were largely read in there limited vicinity. At about that time occurred the rupture in President Jackson's Cabinet—its members resigning for divers alleged reasons, but really as it was understood because the wives of the Cabinet objected to a certain Mrs. Eaton, wife of General Eaton of Derne renown, which lady although a favorite of President Jackson's was not supposed by the Cabinet ladies to have always been any better than she

should have been!) It instantly occurred to Mr. Smith that these Jack Downing letters could be made of national as well as of local interest. So Jack Downing writes home that he is indignant that President Jackson should be deserted by his cabinet, and that he, Jack Downing himself will go to Washington and be Jackson's Cabinet all by himself. Accordingly he starts at once for the Capital. President Jackson welcomes him. Jack —now commissioned Major Jack Downing, becomes the President's adviser in all political and social matters, etc. It can readily be seen what an opportunity for smart and sage comments upon public matters and politics. (The United States Bank affairs, etc., ran high just then) this humorous framework afforded, and the Major Jack Downing letters were a huge success everywhere, quite duplicating Artemus Ward (he Mr. C. F. Browne was also a native of Maine) or even more, the fun of "Petroleum V. Nasby," which President Lincoln enjoyed. But the enduring point—surviving the dead history of party squabble—is, that these letters are written in the backwoods "Yankee" dialect of a disappeared civilization, and that the student of history in words or even the serious lexicographer as well as the preserver of Americanisms, must to-day go to these Major Jack Downing letters, since he can go nowhere else for his authority. A catalogue of these Yankeeisms will, and does, reveal many actual unconscious Shakespeareanisms used in the plays themselves. The same is true, as the late Col. Elam (a member of the New York Shakespeare Society from Virginia) has shown, of the negro dialect of the South. For the negro from generation to generation of course preserved the first speech he imitated from his first masters. The New England Yankee has departed forever. The negro patois may yet be traced perhaps. And if traced, many real Shakespeareanisms, such as "burn daylight" will be found. (In at least one instance under my own experience, we discovered the meaning of a vocable by means of Major Jack Downing. The question was asked me as a native of Maine if I could find out what "niggering" logs meant in the statement "We niggered the logs." I found that to "nigger" logs was to save the labor of chopping them into lengths, by piling them up, crossed at points where it was desired to separate them. By building fires under these crossings several logs could be burned into sections at once. Because "a nigger" was supposed to be lazy, this lazy man's way of cutting logs into lengths was, naturally enough called "niggering." If there is any practical purpose in by-the-way information like this, then I can see some practical use of literature after all! There is not much use of tons of it otherwise, unless to make what Poe called "trunk paper!"

"Macaronic Poetry" was not my only book on the side as the saying is. To register a confession I once wrote a novel.

But I did not have to hunt for a publisher. I was legal adviser to a publisher and confided to him that I had a tale and wanted to tell it. He said, "go ahead"— The tale was prepared in chapters and sent to his printers. At just the time it had been stereotyped, the stereotypers failed and I happened to be appointed Receiver of the establishment. So I actually sold to a publisher of works of fiction the plates of my own novel! One day (to tell the truth it was my wedding day, and the place was New Orleans!) I received by mail a copy of a certain New York daily newspaper in which was a five-column notice of this novel with copious extracts, and there was this suggestion as to the author, "Whoever he is, his success will lead him to write another, and his secret will then be out." When my wife and I reached Washington I found at the Arlington a copy of the book awaiting me. After dinner I read it aloud to my wife. As it happened I had told in it an incident of which only my wife and I could have known, and had forgotten that it was there. So I stumbled upon it and was accused point blank of the authorship. Of course I had protested, but it was no use and the secret was writ in my face! But my wife agreed to faithfully keep my secret, and she did until her death. Some months after returning to New York City from my wedding trip, I happened to meet the publisher of the story at some public dinner, and he said to me: "John Brougham is always coming into our place and carrying off armfuls of novels in searching for material to make into plays. Among others he took the one you have the copyright of. (It had turned out to be a "best seller")—and he wants to see you, I said: "I should be charmed to meet Mr. Brougham for any purpose. Pursuant I did meet him in his parlour at (I think) the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He was just the same off the stage as upon it. After talking anying but shop he took up my book, and flipping over a leaf or two mechanically, he slapped it on the table saying, "Mr. Morgan you're too sombre. You're too sombre," and said he had read it. "But," said I, in my character of Receiver, "I am not the author." "Oh, certainly not," he replied, "You fellows that write books never are." And so, the ice being broken, we got along famously. All the same he did not make a play out of my novel.

More droll speeches and stories that have passed into common property were actually original with Brougham than can ever be estimated. For instance, the one that has been hitched to so many, but which he tacked to Lester Wallack, and which Mr. Wallack laughed at with the rest, but did not wholly enjoy. I mean the story about Wallack's application to St.

Peter for admission to heaven, which was denied because actors were not admitted there. But which was reconsidered on the plea that "Lester Wallack was no actor!"

Brougham's greatest success (I am speaking, of course, only of that part of his career, of which I happened to know) was his burlesque on the episode of Powhatan and Captain John Smith in 1607. "Pocahontas."

All the world went and his wife went to see "Pocahontas." One of its alliterations

> Well roared my royal Tuscaroras
> Most jolly corps your king encores the chorus

became a town catch just as, in the days of "The Black Crook," one heard anywhere "There's blood upon the face of the moon, our queen's in danger!" The Black Crook by the way is supposed to have perpetuated itself on the stage as few plays ever have done, by its spectacular naughtiness. But it was something more than naughty. It was written in a really sonorous and ear-filling diction. Such lines as "Grant me to live, dread Master!" were not the usual garb of catchpenny stagecraft!)

Brougham was not only a wit himself, but a cause of wit in others. Unlike Boucicault, who was bitter and sarcastic off the stage, Brougham bubbled with fun both on the stage and off! On one evening during the run of "Pocahontas" the leading lady ("Pocahontas" herself) disappeared at the last moment. There was no understudy and it occurred to Brougham to fill her part by the aid of what he remembered of her part and his ready wit. The Manager announced the unfortunate disappearance to the house with the usual offer of money back at the box office, but added "otherwise with your permission, Messrs. Brougham and Walcott' will attempt to fill Miss Hodson's part. The announcement was met with screams of delight, and that audience saw, what never could be done again on any stage. When Brougham would make a speech that called for a response from Pocahontas he would say "Pokey," were she present, would say—"And then Walcott would say—And if she did, I would say"—and this went on interspersed with the impromptu jokes of Brougham until the audience's sides were sore. "Where is Pokey anyhow?" "Frozen on an iceberg in Broadway," and so on! When the time came to give Pocahontas in marriage Brougham seized a broomstick from the wings somewhere and forcing it on the blushing bridegroom cried "there she is, take her my boy and be happy!" Thousands of people came to see the fun repeated, but of course it would have staled in another night. And a Pocahontas was duly provided thereafter.

As the Cadi, in "The Veteran," I think that if possible Brougham was funnier than anywhere else. In trying the cow case, where the arguments for plaintiff and defendant respectively were in bags of coffee and of figs the Cadi wavers and cogitates until there are mountains of figs on one side of him and of coffee on the other, and then when he learns that the cow is an exceptionally good milker and, pending a determination of the case, has been sent to his honorable stables—he announces that "Coort is closed and the Courrt resarves its decision!" "Alas poor Yorick," seems to me the epitaph I should write on all these wonderful actors who have done so much to make our lives tolerable!

In dismissing the chronicle of my printer's ink days I may urge that no Copyright law that I ever heard of is worth the paper it is printed on. Especially in our English language, but surely to some extent in any other one could and does if he sees fit, paraphrase, and no law can prevent that. As long as one can say either, "the sun rises" or the "orb of day ascends the horizon": that evidence is inadmissible," or "such testimony cannot be received," where is there any protection? I once wrote a treatise on Copyright, and it was reproduced exactly by this sort of paraphrase, perhaps making my chapter one, his chapter ten, etc., etc., and I had no redress. Even my attack on the old time theory of the courts, that piracy if achieved by memorization was no piracy at all, since the faculty of memory could not be enjoined. (This was the dictum of Buller, J., in Macklin v. Richardson. Amb. 604.)

My argument was that the delicacy of the method of a piracy ought not to protect against damages for the results of the piracy, and I believe it has come to be the rule of all courts to-day—even this argument of mine was not overlooked in the paraphrase. And while upon the matter I should like to add that one of my books, a treatise on certain modern phases of American Railway law—handled the old forgotten theory of Act of God, and showed that the arrival of modern machinery and modern improvements had co-operated to remove it from the books and make a plea of Act of God almost, if not quite, impossible at present. Mr. Donnelly, who was lying in wait for me at about that time, because I had not approved and endorsed his "Cipher," either had not seen the book or had only read into the book far enough to get the statemnt of what the old theory of "Act of God" was, or perhaps he had only read that far himself!) At any rate he denounced me as an enemy of labor, as well as of the travelling public in that I demanded that Railways should not be mulcted in money damages for their workmen or their passengers maimed or killed. Mr.

Donnelly was a good friend and a good enemy. But when the latter, he was not particular about his weapons!

No human institution keeps such an accurate history of itself as does the Stage and it would be supererogation in me to attempt a chronicle of the small segment of its course that has come under my brief cognizance. But it has been the one great amenity of my life. I know of no pleasure so nearly without alloy and if I had the fortune of a Rockefeller I would rather acknowledge my gratitude by endowing the profession to which I owe so much absolute happiness than to found acres of public libraries. I think that I can recall the very date and the very play in which it dawned upon me a l' instant that old things in stage craft had passed away and that all things had become new; that the day of the painted actor and of unreality had gone and that the Stage was actually holding a mirror up to nature. The play happened to be the slight one of "Monsieur Alphonse" and the place Daly's Theatre. It was in that play that it flashed upon me that the actors (especially one particular actor, I forget which one) might have stepped out of the audience so exactly was he a gentleman of the date without paint or imitation. At any rate that happened to be the moment that I for myself noted the difference. But then Mr. Daly was unique in the reality, which he insisted upon. No cloth of frieze was permitted to masquerade as cloth of gold on his boards. I don't know about stage money. But certainly silk was not dowlas, and colored water was not champagne. I once happened to be behind his scenes and saw workmen digging a pit underneath the stage forty feet or so deep, so that the balloon in "The Great Ruby" might actually rise far enough to fill the requirements of a single scene! My cycle has been one of great stagewrights and of great actors, but not, I think, of great Dramatists. Ibsen alone has been a great dramatist in my day. Possibly next to him Rostand. But Sardou, in France, and Pinero, in England, perhaps Bronson Howard, in America, while wonderful as playwrights hardly will be called dramatists. Their impulse came from the Restoration, not from the Shakespeare days. It may sound strange, because contemporary, to say that I think what we in New York called the Harrigan and Hart episode will be as years roll on, an episode worth high record. In their actual staging of a certain phase of low New York City life these men actually did what Aubrey said Shakespeare did, "Gathered humours of men daily" (I sometimes wonder if all our libraries of eulogy and commentation upon Shakespeare have added anything to old Aubrey's estimate of Shakespeare). But the most original of playbuilders in my day—most

original in kind if not in degree—was Mr. Charles Hoyt. To begin with he invented a nomenclature.

Not that of the Pilgrims Progress—Mr. Faithful—Mr. Worldly Wiseman, etc., nor that of Sheridan, Mr. Surface, Mr. Sneer, Mrs. Candour, etc., nor the idem sonans of Dickens whose names suggested—as "Vhoules" suggested Ghouls, or Pickwick suggested the making of absurd trivialities into matters of paramount importance, but an absolute new line. Thus "Vilas Canby" was "vile as can be!" "Welland Strong" was a hypochondriac "Well and Strong," the midget "Willie Grow" was, of course, "Will he grow?" and so on. I do not remember anything in stage lore quite so spontaneous as his humor, which was really wit and humor combined. The Editor of a newspaper who brought in three new subscribers and only used one barrel of his shot gun, the jury who were locked up with a bottle of whiskey marked Exhibit A, to decide what was the contents of the bottle, and who asked for "instructions," to wit, that Exhibit A might be refilled—the heavily weeded chief mourner at a funeral who on learning that he was not mentioned in the Will tore off his habiliments of woe and started for the Ball game—such flashes as these were continuous in the Hoyt plays. It was not comedy or farce, or burlesque, it was HOYT. Three new kinds of stage play ("Interludes" the Elizabethians would have called them, from the Interlude in the didactic miracle plays when even the priest-managers allowed the audience an interlude of sport between the devil, the sin and the vice, until the performers started out for themselves to give the people nothing but "interludes"). And in my day there have arisen many of these Interludes. Opera Bouffe, of which I like to fancy that I see the fore-adumbration in the transformation scene in the last act of The Merry Wives of Windsor, (where Falstaff disguised as Herne the Hunter merrily takes the leading part in his own discomforture and recognizes Dr. Evans disguised as a fairy who is pinching him with a "God deliver me from that Welsh fairy;)" might have served as a model for the Opera Bouffe. The play of the hard handed men of Athens in Midsummer Nights Dream and of the Pedants in Loves Labours Lost might have been the model for the Gilbert-Sullivan Opera, of which I saw the first: and the many interpolated monologues, such as that delivered by Launcelot Gobbo in the Merchant of Launce in the Two Gentlemen of Verona might have well suggested the "monologue"—still popular in Vaudeville.

Tragedy, per se, is, it seems to me, a buried possibility in Dramatic lore. For the pompous and deliberate Tragedy is substituted the Comedie Humaine, with its constant touches of the tragic, laughter mixed with sobs.

And this is surely what we mean by Realism. For the web of our life is a mingled skein, of good and ill together.

What a whirligig—what a boomerang it all is! The priests that conceived the idea (or borrowed it from the Greek priests) of teaching religion by plays, builded better than they knew, and brought amelioration rather than discipline to billions then to be born and to billions yet to be born.
born.

During my day, too, I think the New York City stage has brought out more brilliant actresses than actors. Miss Agnes Ethel in or about 1867 leaped into celebrity and for a single season was created a furore. But she married a rich man (named Terry, I think) and disappeared. Except for the limitations of a delicate physique she was a wonderful (as the term came in with her) "Emotional Actress." She was succeeded by Clara Morris, who in Madeline Morel, Alixe and Kate Sylvester (in "Wilkie Collins's Man and Wife") made even Miss Ethel's laurels pale. Then came Fanny Davenport and Ada Rehan, who added to all the powers of these two abundant physical powers; and their careers are well inscribed on the rolls of the Stage. I saw each of these, as it happened, at their first appearances in New York City. Fanny Davenport as Maria in Twelfth Night so overshadowed the rest of the cast that one rather pitied them. After her triumph Mr. Daly (according to his test for actresses) put her into a minor character part, where she stained her face and entered only once or twice as a ragged old crone. She stood the test, and Mr. Daly made her great. Miss Rehan's first appearance was I think, as one of the throng in a ball-room scene in "The Royal Middy" in 1877, with Catherine Lewis as The Middy. Miss Rehan walked in around the procession on the arm of a cavalier, and as she would near the footlights would smile to her partner and say a few words in audible sotto voce. The next I knew she was Mr. Daly's leading lady and so continued until he died, after which she never acted again so far as I know, though often advertised to appear. But her heart would fail her at the last moment and the engagement would be cancelled. I speak of these here because what interested me most was to see wherein the requirements of the Shakespeare Drama differ from all other acting requirements. Doubtless, in all Shakespeare's eight hundred characters, there are certain minor parts that any actor or actress can fill. But Miss Morris, though her great parts, seemed to lead up to it—could not play Lady Macbeth. She attempted it at the solicitation of her management, and against her own judgment, and scored her only failure. Miss Davenport played Cleopatra in Sardou's, not Shakespeare's, version. Miss Rehan was Katherine in the

Shrew Rosalind in As You Like It, and Helena in Midsummer Night's Dream, to perfection in the Shrew and very good in the others (though Mary Anderson was a more piquant Rosalind in the flirtation parts). Had Mr. Daly lived he was to have played Miss Rehan as Prince Henry in an arrangement of the two parts of Henry fourth as one play, using mostly the Falstaff parts and, sparingly, the court scenes. James Lewis was to have been Falstaff, a part he did not covet, but which he would have taken if Mr. Daly had insisted. But he died, too, and Mr. Daly wrote me, in the last letter I ever had from him. "Yes, Lewis is a great loss. But we must not bury the living with the dead!"

(I can only permit myself to speak of departed actors whom I knew in life. For as to the living Miss Marlowe, Mr. Sothern, Mrs. Fiske and so many others, I should only echo superfluous praise).

I first saw Shakespeare acted at Booth's magnificent presentation at Booth's Theatre, corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third street, New York City, and where I doubt if the management itself was a more constant attendant than was I. Indeed I counted that day lost when at matinee or evening I was not sitting there rapt at those wonderful performances whose splendor ended in bankrupting that noble and illustrious proprietor. I can shut my eyes and see that graveyard scene in Hamlet. The grave was nightly dug and earth was thrown upon what was green turf. Years after, when it was claimed that Irving first gave opulence to Shakespeare on the stage, I used to think of those days and wonder at the fleeting memory of mortal men. Sir Henry Irving was my friend and I treasure many memorials of his attentions. He was of melodramatic superiority. His Vanderdecken, Louis XI, Shylock, Matthias, Dubosq, were splendid. Even in á Becket and Dante a certain melodramatic (or as the phrase is "character") superiority made him unsurpassable. But in Hamlet—well Booth is to me Hamlet and Hamlet is to me Booth forever more!

I find among my interesting letters this from Mr. Barrett:

"COHASSET, MASS., June 14, 1890.

Appleton Morgan, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: Will you think me urging the autograph mania beyond its present too ample limit if I ask for your name in your own hand to place upon the blank page of my "Bankside Shakespeare"? It will greatly increase the value of my copy to me, and I shall regard it as a gentle courtesy from a man whom I hated when I was reading the "Shakespeare Myth," and

whom I have learned to respect and love in studying his later works, although I have never looked upon his face.

The Bankside is very precious to me, and will be greatly useful to all lovers of Shakespeare. Let me note that the paper by John T. Doyle was born of a conversation which took place in a country home in California where we were both guests. I was so much struck by his novel statement of his experience that I requested him to put it in print. He consented to do so if I would allow him to address it to me in the form of a letter. It so appeared originally in the "Overland Monthly," and at my suggestion our mutual friend Furness reprinted it in the Variorum "Merchant." It will gratify my friend to see himself quoted here by Mr. Reynolds again in volume third of the Bankside. If I have the happiness of knowing you, I have a question or two to ask, which are the proofs of my ignorance. There is one salve for a man's feelings when contemplating his lack of knowledge in the field of the great master's text, and that is that the consensus of all that has been discovered by all the scholars in nearly three centuries still leaves much to be learned by their successors. It is well that the public is content to accept the actor's presentation without requiring his reasons, for he would find himself—"fobbed"—I fear.

Pardon the long letter. I took courage when I found that I could ask a favor of a stranger, and have buttonholed him too long.

With sincere respect,

I remain yours very faithfully,

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

The paper above referred to by Mr. Doyle, whom I also knew, was an account written by the late Hon. John T. Doyle, an eminent member of the California Bar and one time President of the California Vitriculture Commission, which devoted itself to the improvement of California wine industry. Mr. Doyle was once in Mexico representing certain clients resident in the United States. While there he was hailed before a Mexican court—assumed to be in loco clientis (I am coining the Latin if it is Latin) and the court proceeded to trial and judgment to the satisfaction of the plaintiffs by a procedure which even Mr. Doyle's indignation could not prevent him from recognizing as much resembling Portia's monstrous and summary ouster of poor Shylock's right to his worldly goods, his religion, and his life, all at once, in punishment of his having dared to assert legal rights against a Christian! If, as has been claimed, I was, in the "Myth," the first to call attention to Portia's outrage upon all law and justice, even Venetian law and

Venetian justice, I hope it was not ungallant in me—I notice that the votes for Women people have nothing to say about Portia at all.

One of the questions I asked Mr. Barrett was: Apart from any testimony of witnesses of the date or any chronicles would you say from the plays alone as they stand in our libraries to-day (that is, as they stand in the first folio) that they could have been mounted without practicable scenery? Mr. Barrett suggested that he take time to answer the question, but that on the spur of the moment he should say No. He agreed, at my request, to write something full upon the matter in the shape of a letter—and as the New York Shakespeare Society was editing "Shakespeareana" (the Philadelphia quarterly) at that time we could print it as correspondence there. But unfortunately he never found the leisure. He died very suddenly in March of the next year at the Windsor hotel, which had its own tragedy to come. It went up in smoke in an hour. Although a massive building it took fire at two o'clock one afternoon on the afternoon of March 20th, 1891, and at five o'clock literally not one stone was left upon another.

At the grand midnight dinner at Delmonico's, given by Augustin Daly and A. M. Palmer to Edwin Booth, in honor of his founding of the Players' Club, I met for the last time Dion Boucicault.

Nobody who had the privilege of being Mr. Daly's guest at that dinner will ever forget it. The one great table of the shape of a star, the interior star a bank of Jacqueminot roses, to which we sat down promptly at midnight, March 30th, 1889, and the speakers were Mr. Booth, Mr. Daly, M. Coquelin, pere, Mr. Boucicault, Mr. Edward Harrigan (of the famous and never-to-be-equalled firm of Harrigan and Hart.

At this dinner, too, I first met Dr. Horace Howard Furness (and many others whom I have since delighted to honour). Best of all, I met here William Winter, not only the Dean of all Dramatic critics (by which, I suppose, is meant the most eminent, which Mr. Winter concededly is), but the writer of the purest English in America! Second only to Washington Irving will William Winter be placed, I am sure, in our American Republic of Letters. One day in my early childhood, playing around my father's knee on the deck of a day-steamer on the Hudson, an elderly gentleman put his hand on my head and said some pleasant word. He alighted at Irvington (or, as I think, the landing must have been then—Tarrytown) and I was told afterwards, when it meant something to me to know it, that the gentleman was Washington Irving. So I can claim to have met personally the two writers of the finest and purest English (and purest in more than one sense) in America. At this dinner I saw for the first time the late Mr.

S. L. Clemmons, who delighted to be known as "Mark Twain." When called upon for a speech Mr. Twain drew from his pocket a manuscript, and announcing its purport as "The Long Clam," he proceeded, apropos des bottes to read something to the effect that the eating of long clams had given somebody an Indigestion! We hung our heads hoping that it would soon be over, and without comment the toastmaster announced the next speaker!

Nil mortuis nisi bonum. And I am sure that nothing unkindly can ever be said of Mr. Clemmons unless his too partial friends should claim too much for him. I see, for instance, that my friend Dr. Brander Matthews places Mark Twain in the same class as Cervantes (possibly this judgment is all the more generous because there was a time, if I remember, when Mark Twain did not treat Dr. Matthews's writing very generously). But the dictum seems to me somewhat premature. Cervantes has, next to Shakespeare, fascinated three centuries with the rapier-like delicacy and penetration of his wit. Twain has certainly entertained his own contemporaries—though, I suppose, nobody would quite call his wit delicate or penetrative. And his humour is local if not parochial. One can hardly imagine the posterity of three hundred years hence enjoying an essay on "The Long Clam," or Bob Sawyer's method of whitewashing a fence. Had Dr. Matthews said that Mark Twain was Rabelesian he might have been nearer the truth. But it is to be doubted if the next ages will find anything in the backwoods cracker-box joker of our already disappearing trans-Mississippi civilization that it will not willingly let die, if it happens to be alive at the time! Our Baconian brotherhood will revere Mr. Twain because he said (in the last book he ever wrote, "Is Shakespeare Dead?") that Shakespeare, as we have him biographically to-day, is like a Dinosaur in a museum of Natural History, "One bone and a thousand pounds of plaster of Paris! That sentence may perhaps be immortal! Dr. Matthews pronounces "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg," a masterpiece. To me it is an exceedingly tiresome exegisis of the obvious, whose proposition is perfectly evident some fifty pages before Dr. Twain arrives at it by tedious circumstantiality. I wonder if anything can be "Immortal" which nobody would ever think of reading a second time? I cannot imagine anybody reading "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg" a second time. In searching for an American Cervantes, has Dr. Matthews perhaps forgotten Washington Irving?

Dr. Matthews is at present a staid professor of Literature in Columbia University where such things as Un-orthodoxy is taboo. But we were youngsters together and used to dispute as to the authorship of Shakespeare. I remember once when he was supposed to be an assistant in the

office of his father, the late Edward Matthews, I came in, and Brander and I were soon deep in the toils of that important controversy. Suddenly the door of the private office of Mr. Matthews, senior, opened. Mr. Matthews was a gentleman of elegance and of silent presence. "Brander, are you busy?" said he, and Brander said, "No, sir." When Mr. Matthews had given some directions and retired into his private office, I said, "Why did you tell your father a fib? You should have said, 'Yes, sir, I am busy finding out who wrote Shakespeare.'" As these were my "Macaronic Poetry" days I handed Brander a copy, and he wrote a lovely review of it, headed "Motley's Your only Wear" in the New York "Evening Mail" (the "Mail" of to-day, after many aliases) which, so far as I know, was the first essay in print of the learned gentleman whose fortieth volume is announced as I write these lines.

Book reviewing (or what is called book-reviewing) is doubtless of value to the publisher, but I doubt if it is ever of much comfort or value to the author of special or studious works. The best review is a sort of substitute for the book itself and so unfair to the author who looks for royalties—the worst is not delightful reading to the student who has spent twenty years upon it only to have his book valued in twenty minutes by a young gentleman, who, as Huxley said, "gets his information from the books he values as the Abysinian cuts his steaks—from the ox that carries him." The term "Book Reviewer," I regret to say, has come to mean, in most cases, anybody connected with an editor's office who happens to be at leisure. Fortunately Shakespeare was not bothered by Book Reviewers. For my part, I have taken my chances (coming, I will not deny, to know about what any certain newspaper would say, whether favorable or unkind, etc.). Only once did I talk back. And that was when the reviewer, assuming that my "study in The Warwickshire Dialect was anti-Shakespearean (it was not, but the reverse) proceeded to unload upon me all the orthodox damnation so richly deserved by Baconians. Then I did write as follows:

To the Editor of ———:

SIR.—I beg to thank your reviewer for an exceedingly kind and temperate review of my "Study in the Warwickshire Dialect."

But I hope you will not think me captious if I express a disinclination to be credited at my time of life with writing another book to exploit the threadbare and preposterous theory of fifty years ago—viz., that Shakespeare could not have written his works because the curriculum of the Strat-

ford grammar school—like that of the rest of the Elizabethan grammar schools—was "mere babblement and notions," a travesty and a delusion!

I must have expressed myself very unfortunately to have given your esteemed critic such an understanding of my book as that.

Its purpose was to show that, if necessary, the Shakespearean (or at least a Warwickshirean) authorship of the plays can be proved by

(1.) Finding in every one of these plays occurrences of the Warwickshire dialect of their date.

(2.) Finding, in almost every one of them, puns, which depend for their intelligibility to Elizabethan and Jacoban audiences upon the idem sonans of certain vowels as pronounced in Warwickshire (an arbitrary pronunciation, by the way), as I tried, by grouping some twenty pages of specimens, to make clear.

My suggestion that, since neither this dialect nor this pronunciation could be traced in the first poem ever printed with a dedication signed "William Shakespeare," his authorship (or a Warwickshirean authorship) of this particular poem could not be proved by this same method, was only a minimized and subordinated argument (if an argument at all), and only collateral in any event to the gravamen of the book.

And I only recurred to the utterly useless and rubbishy exercises in Stratford grammar school in order to lead up to the proposition that young Shakespeare could have actually learned his noble and stately English outside of that institution and even outside of his own home—namely, in the Liturgy of the English Church. The reading of this Liturgy he was obliged by law to attend under a penalty of one shilling for every Sunday's absence, and in it he was obliged (also by law) to be catechised by the parish priest once a month during his nonage. (The statutes which enforced these obligations your critic will find cited verb. lit. et punct. in Part Fourth of the book).

I have the honor to be, sir, your very obedient servant.

I can't help thinking that this particular reviewer had mislaid his paper-cutter or that the thermometer oppressed him (it happened to be an unusually hot July). And thereby a suggestion, why continue to issue books uncut? It was all very well once when books were rarities. But when they come by millions, life is too short. Book reviewers have always done rather well by me. I can't remember but two unpleasant ones in all my forty years including the one above alluded to. And admitting my heterodixy, I got less

than I deserved. But if I ever publish another book the leaves shall be trimmed in the bindery to oblige the book reviewers!

Still another question I debated was, "Was Shakespeare of the Old Faith?" My conclusion that he was, as were his family before him, seems to have attracted the attention of Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman (who at the time had an office at No. 68 Broadway adjoining the suite occupied by the New York and Palisade Railway Company, of which company I was at the time President). Mr. Stedman used to come into our office after business hours and talk it over. I handed him a full brief—the one printed by Father Hughes in "The Catholic World" and reprinted in NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, Vol. I, p. 84), which, he said, convinced him. As to the entry in the Stratford town records that John Shakespeare "comes not to church for fear of process for debt" Mr. Stedman argued that that and not John Shakespeare's horror of protestant worship was the cause why he, even in the face of the fine of one shilling for neglect of Sunday attendance, avoided the services at Trinity Church, then a conformist establishment. "Why, my dear Mr. Stedman," said I, "No process for debt can be served on a Sunday." And was not John living on any other day than Sunday? John Shakespeare's loyal friends doubtless tried to, and perhaps succeeded in, voiding his fines by that entry. But if one could avoid paying one's debts by the simple process of not attending church, our reverend clergy might have more complaints than at present about "empty pews."

The late Father Hughes printed that brief in his "Catholic World" under the caption "What a Thinker says," and John Pym Yeatman of Lincoln's Inn, Esquire Barrister at Law, dedicated to me his The Gentle Shakespeare, thus:

"TO APPLETON MORGAN, A. M., LL.D.

"President of the Shakespeare Society of New York.

Sir: I am happy to dedicate this book to you in gratitude for the very kind manner in which you have acknowledged the value of my labours to clear the memory of our greatest writer from unmerited reproach and calumny: a man in whom all English and Americans alike (with all those, wherever resident, who have a Gaelic, a Kymric or a Celtic descent) are proud to claim a common kinship. And I have the greater pleasure in dedicating my book to you because, so far as I know, you alone upon the American continent have discovered and advocated the Truth about Shakespeare's religion—long before I (in ignorance of your views) adopted the same

theory. And you have done this fearlessly notwithstanding that this view would be even more unpopular than it is in England.

JOHN PYM YEATMAN.

(Lincoln's Inn Chambers, London, 10th July, 1904.)

To my mind, the fact that Shakespeare was a Catholic accounts for many of the otherwise unaccountable things in his history, for much of the mediaeval lore in the Plays may have been read in the Scriptoria by the brothers before they scraped it off the palimpsests. The change from the Old Faith to the New in England was mostly political for at least two generations after Shakespeare. The Parish priests conformed but the same ministers (the same "Vicars of Bray"), and the same churches, the same liturgies, were continued, and the mass of the people probably knew or noted little difference.

While I never felt that I could die happy if I could once see Shakespeare (as Miss Blimber felt about Cicero) I did feel deeply the privilege of seeing almost the next greatest writer of English fiction, Charles Dickens, (By the way, I have never solved myself nor have I ever found any one else who could solve the question. Who next to Shakespeare)? But in the winter of 1867 it was my good fortune to hear Mr. Dickens and surely it was next to seeing Shakespeare to me.

Of course nobody cared what he wore. But had it not been Dickens I doubt if a New York audience would have enthused much over a man who would confront an audience in full evening dress arrayed in a velvet sacque suit, the coat thrown open to show some lengths of gold watch-chain with an enormous locket hanging in its bight. Still even Thackeray, much as his books prate about matters of taste, certainly was at least once guilty of shocking bad taste. I allude to that sketch of his in which he lampoons and makes sport of the second funeral of Napoleon. I have often wished that paper, as well as the ridiculous pictures, could be discontinued in printing editions of his books. If there is anything removed from joke it is that last road we must all take; and take alone!

One of the most important of the Baconian arguments has always been that, at the date, 1622-3, when the First Folio appeared, there was utter forgetfulness of Shakespeare and his works. He had not left to his family, and his family were Puritans who thought plays the works of the devil, and so did all that they could to suppress them. As to the players, (Shakespeare's old comrades and successors,) they were living from hand to mouth. Who, then, disbursed the very considerable amount of money necessary to

print the first folio? I went to the seven or eight copies in the Lenox Library, (a larger number than any other library in the world possesses,) and drew exact specifications of the number and size of pages, printer's lines, types, logotypes, borders, &c., and sent the result to Mr. De Vinne, probably the best living authority on the printer's art, with a request for an estimate. Mr. De Vinne studied the matter and wrote to me as follows:

300 West Seventy-sixth Street,
New York, April 4, 1901.

Dr. Appleton Morgan, President New York Shakespeare Society:

Dear Sir: I find that our estimate of the cost of the manufacture of the Shakespeare folio of 1623 is more difficult than I had supposed. The items are:

Typesetting, 578 pages, including make-up and proof-reading, about 400 days at 10d per day	£8 6
Press work, 145 days for two men, or 290 days at 8d per day	4 17
Paper, 300 reams, (not counting outside of retree sheets at 30d)	19 00
Binding in leather at 14d each, 500	14 12
	£46 15
This is actual cost of labor and materials.	
To this the printer added one-half more for incidentals and profit	23 08
	£70 03

This £70 3s is probably what the publisher of the book had to pay; £70 makes the cost per copy (500) about 2s 9d. The folio book in 1623 (of four thicknesses) sold for from 10s to 12s. This may seem an enormous advance. But it should be recollected that the book was slow of sale. If I recollect rightly, it took more than forty years (1623-1664) to sell two editions of Shakespeare. Yours very truly,

THEODORE L. DE VINNE.

"Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his Outlines, ninth edition (Volume I., Page XXI.,) says: 'In balancing the Shakespearean and present currencies, the former may be roughly estimated as from a twelfth to a twentieth of the latter in money, and from a twentieth to a thirtieth in landed or house property, and even these scales may be deceptively in favor of the oldest value, on account of a then fictitious value of money.' Upon this basis the first folio, allowing only 500 copies, cost to manufacture from £840 to £1,400 —that is, from $4,200 to $7,000." Who paid or undertook to pay from five

thousand to seven thousand dollars to print this First Folio? We remember that but a short time before Shakespeare had purchased New Place for Sixty pounds, that is, on the same reckoning, about a thousand dollars less! Dr. Hall, the executor, could only have made such a disbursement by order of the Court, and no such order was entered.

I have already argued, from the date of Mistress Shakespeare's death and the publication of the First Folio being identical, that the good lady did consent to the use in that volume of the sixteen non-folio plays. Even Dr. Hall might have not found his Puritanism so strenuous as to remonstrate with her for putting sinful things before his weak brethren for a cash consideration. But a matter of disbursement of seventy pounds for a venture would not have been justified of an executor whose duty then as now was to conserve and protect values.

But, as Mr. De Vinne says, the First folio could not have sold very rapidly. Its welcome was not enthusiastic. It was thrown out at the Bodleian. Indeed that Library has only within the last five years recovered the copy thereof which was bodily cast out of its doors (ante Vol. IV, p. 129).

In filling up the gaps in this memorial I must not omit to record a pleasant letter from the then venerable William Henry Smith, who, at almost the same moment as Delia Bacon's Putnam article appeared, wrote his letter in much saner language to Lord Ellesmere (then President of the Shakespeare Society of London) claiming the Baconian authorship, etc. Indeed, there were charges of phlagarism both ways. Hawthorne, in prefacing Miss Bacon's "Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays Unfolded," directly charged Mr. Smith with phlagery. But Mr. Smith was quite able to prove that he had never seen Miss Bacon's Putnam Magazine article—which was her first printed exposition, if it was an exposition of the matter at the date of his letter.

A distinguished German diplomatist, the Count Vitzthum d' Ecklested, wrote me anent Donnelly's Cipher that I could safely accept the fact (or the suspicion) that there was a cipher lurking in the first folio, at least if, as I had claimed in my "Myth" (which he did me the honour to say had introduced the Baconian Theory into Germany) Lord Bacon was the author. If Bacon was the author why should he not have done the most natural thing and claimed authorship. As a matter of fact I did not claim, etc. But let that pass. Count Vitzthum's allusion was to Dr. Carl Muller's fine translation of the Myth into German (in 1885) and to Mr. David Asher's statement in The (London) Athenaeum that June 6th in the same year that the Theory had taken root in Germany through my "objective" (as he was

pleased to call it) handling of the matter. By the way Dr. Miller never forgave me for my "recantation" in "Shakespeare in Fact and In Criticism"—as he considered it. At any rate I sent him a copy of the latter book, but never heard from him again.

Although (as I have related) I was as disgusted as Richard Grant White himself at the beggarly array of scrubbed up squalor which the British government, or the "Birthplace Trustees, parade at Stratford-on-Avon as relics of mighty Shakespeare, I did not stand silent and awed at the vestiges of New Place. Here came the mighty Dramatist, once driven before the constable as a vagrom, back in wealth and honor to live in the largest mansion in his native town.

Here

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis
Ut prisca gens mortalium
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,

And, even if we are obliged to complete the Horatian quotation:

Haec ubi locutus foenerator Alphius,
Jam jam futurus rusticus—
Omne redegit Idibus pecuniam
Quaerit Kalendas ponere—

Let us remember that even great Shakespeare was not sure that he could keep the wolf from the door with that expensive family of his, members of which even now and then were hailed to court for irregularities (to call them by no worse a name). What a vivid stretch of imagination it would have been for me to imagine when I contemplated for the first time those minute vestiges of New Place that I should live to protest against a second and more potent set of Gastrells and Mr. Sapseas composing the Stratford Board of Aldermen, who proposed to destroy and did destroy as many vestiges of Shakespeare as they could lay hands upon (NEW SHAKESPEARANA, Vol. III, p. 6, "Heating a Library at William Shakespeare's expense—The Stratford Alderman In Action") in the year 1903?

And so adieu! Parting in such sweet sorrow! In my retirement I shall sorely miss my old friends—the gentleman who knows the exact repository of parchments proving that Rutland wrote the Plays, offering to smuggle them out of the hands of the British crown if I contribute half the expense

(say one thousand dollars); the gentleman who can prove the Dark Lady of the Sonnets to be that Scarlet Woman, the Papacy, that Bacon was Hamlet and is so stated to have been in the nonsense words in All's Well that Ends Well; that the poor little princes in the tower died of diphtheria, and that Shakespeare himself died of malaria caused by that sterquinarium opposite his paternal residence on Henley street; that because Bacon was a renegade Freemason (the "good enough Morgan" of his date) the Bacon authorship theory is kept down by a conspiracy of Freemasons; that the "Winter's Tale" the winter solstice, "Midsummer Night's Dream" the summer solstice; "Tempest" the vernal equinox, and "Love's Labor Lost" the autumnal equinox; the "Comedy of Errors" sign of the zodiac Gemini; "Measure for Measure" Libra, and "Twelfth Night" Capricornus, the cross gartered Major Domo being the Goat!

Well, God be with them all, and with all Christom souls! And so—Salve et Vale in saecula saeculorum!

APPLETON MORGAN.

MARGINALIA

MR. ROBERT ATWATER SMITH DOES NOT YET FIND HIMSELF ENTIRELY satisfied with Dr. Wallace. He writes us again: "An inexcusable fault of Prof. Wallace seems to me to be his mis-spelling of proper names. Neither he nor any one else ought to enjoy a license in copying archaic documents to spell a proper name in any way than as it appears in the original. In the fac-simile on page 134, line two, Vol. VIII, NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, 'Will*elmus* Shakespe*are*' as Prof. Wallace writes, is really 'willm Shakefper'. In line 3, 'Will*elmo* O*s*teler' is actually 'will*o* O*f*teler'. Several other names are also printed incorrectly, such as 'Joh*ann*es hem*y*ngs' for 'Jones hemings', in line 2."

"These remarks are only concerned, however, with the name 'Shaksper', as the five signatures of 1612 and 1616 were written, as illustrated by photographic reproductions and enlargements in Wm. H. Edward's 'Shaksper not Shakespeare'. If the reader will carefully note the final 'e' of the first word of the fac-simile, viz.: 'anglice', he will see that what Dr. Wallace calls an 'e' in the word 'Shakefper' is not a final 'e' at all, it is merely a flourish after the final 'r' of 'Shakefper'. This habit of calling a flourish a final 'e' when it suits one's convenience, is noted by Edmond Malone (1744-1812), Dr. Halliwell-Phillips (1820-1889) and Wm. Henry Edwards (1)."

"It may be recalled that in the period between 1840 and 1850, Dr. Furnivall and others, when they became convinced that the name 'Shake-speare' as it appeared on the plays 'Richard the Second' and 'Richard the Third' in 1598, (the first year that any of the plays appeared in print with the name of 'Shake-speare' as the author), could not by any possibility be found in the famous five signatures, attempted to adjust the difficulty by spelling the name (so plainly printed 'Shake-speare') as 'Shakspere'. Possibly the boldness of the attempt had its part in the disruption of the New Shakspere (sic) Society of which Dr. Morgan gives an interesting account in the Chapter of his Autobiography in your February issue. Whatever scholarly purpose there is in insisting on connecting the 'willm Shagfper' of Stratford, or the 'willm Shakfper' of the Will with the 'William Shake-speare' of the Plays is of course subserved—if not accomplished—by these attempts. But those of us who see no gain whatever to scholarship in them (and I confess myself one of those) still doubt their efficacy as well as their logic."

It is established by the records of Stratford that "willm Shagfper" (he of the marriage of 1652 and the will of 1616) lived in Stratford after 1595 and not in London. Dr. Wallace's assumptions only seem to muddle the question still further. I should like to know if Dr. Wallace can inform us which one of the numerous "William Shakespeares" mentioned in the British Dictionary of National Biography of 1896, (or is it either Mrs. Stopes's William Shakespeare the grain dealer of Stratford, or the soldier "William Shakespear") is the "willm Shagfper" (1563-1616) of Stratford. These questions are repetitive. But they will probably be asked until somebody answers them.

May I call your attention to an error in my communication printed on page 118 of your October issue? It should read the Tenth instead of the ninth edition of Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps's "Outlines".

* * *

IT IS WITH ESPECIAL GRATIFICATION THAT WE FIND OURSELVES ABLE TO commend in the highest terms the Ben Greet Company's late mounting of Marlowe's Dr. Faustus at the Garden Theatre, New York City. Especial gratification, because we have never been able to approve of this Company's methods of presenting Shakespeare, and we want to praise rather than condemn. Shakespeare is not a Resurrection nor a Curiosity to this age, but is entitled to all the splendour and perspective that this age can give him, just as much as he was entitled to all the splendour and perspective that his own age could give him. On the contrary, Marlowe's Dr. Faustus IS a Resurrection and a curiosity. And the Ben Greets treat it as both. The title roll was

done with all the empressment the reading permits, the broad comedy satisfied every tradition. And the work of the Prologue—more important in Marlowe's day that even stage setting—was as good as it could be. The scenes in Rome were properly omitted. It is hard to imagine that they were not left out in Marlowe's own day when the Church was paramount and would not have tolerated such lese magesté. The Episode of the "Seven Deadly Sins" was treated as broad comedy which doubtless was what Marlowe intended. He could hardly have expected the Devil, as a foretaste of the rapture and magnificence and power that Faustus was about to receive as quid pro quo for his soul, to dilate on such awkward things as Sins! Besides there are no such thing as Sins when one has sold out to the Father of Sins!

Such exhibitions as the Faustus and the Everyman of this Company are Education in its best and highest sense, and worth a bushel of the persistent treatises on Archaic and Formative Drama that tumble all the time from the press.

The Ben Greet players make up a version from the Quarto of 1604 with two scenes omitted and one borowed from the Quarto of 1616 (The play was written probably circa 1588 and there was a first Quarto in 1600).

The stage is such a portion of such a hall as might have been found in London or in Marlowe's native Canterbury in his day. In this hall is a canopy which represents Dr. Faustus's Study, and the Emperor's Court, which backs on a gallery used for the good and bad angels in the one and the Imperial throne in the other. What we call wings are furnished by booths in the hall outside the canopy, from and to which the actors enter and retire, as also do the furniture-shifters who carry in and out of the canopy the properties required therein from time to time in the course of the play, in full view of the audience. And in all else was the play fitted to its date.

* * *

By courtesy of Judge Vickery, President of the New York Shakespeare Society and ex-vice president of the Rowfant Club of Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. William H. Arnold, of Nutley, New Jersey, a member of the Carteret Club of Newark, New Jersey, exhibited his fine collection of Tennysoniana at the house of the Rowfant Club in Cleveland. The people of Cleveland were delighted with the exhibition; and, to reciprocate the kindness of Mr. Arnold, Judge Vickery has consented to give his lecture on "The Four Shakespeare Controversies" before the Carteret Club at Newark at an early date. It was very gratifying to the friends of Judge Vickery as showing him not only a Shakespeare scholar but a sound lawyer as well that the Reviewing Court recently handed down an opinion sustaining the

findings of Judge Vickery in the leading case of the City of Cleveland vs. the leading trunk-line railroads with terminals in Cleveland. The suit was a noted one, having been twice tried in the Circuit Court, and the Court of Appeals, the U. S. Court, and decided adversely to the city, and in favor of the railroads each time. When it was sent back to the Ohio state courts where it originated in 1893, Judge Vickery heard the case and decided it in favor of the city of Cleveland. The case involved some novel legal questions, from twenty to thirty million dollars worth of property, and the right of the railroads to maintain their terminals on the land occupied by them, and also involved riparian rights along the great lakes.

* * *

WE CHRONICLE WITH DEEP REGRET THE DEATH OF HON. JOHN HAWLEY Stotsenburg at New Albany, Indiana. Judge Stotsenburg was for forty years a prominent lawyer. He was a member of the Indiana Legislature from 1861 to 1865, covering the momentous Civil War period and was a Union man when all even, in the loyal state of Indiana were not. He was a Commissioner to revise the Indiana Statutes and for many years an official of the city of New Albany. He is best known by his important "Impartial Study of The Shakespeare Text," which struck out a new line of investigation in that harried field. Dismissing the Shakespeare Authorship as unworthy of consideration, Judge Stotsenburg discussed the claims of every possible contemporary claimant. The work carries a wide research in, and familiarity with, the vocabulary and style of the Elizabethan dramatists, and will always be a part of the Shakespeare Library of conjecture.

* * *

George Barrie & Sons, Philadelphia, publish a noble edition, sumptuous in pictorial illustration, of the novels of Harrison Ainsworth, who did for England and London what Balzac and Dumas did for France and Paris; and of whose Fiction Macauley said, "When I devour the pregnant pages of Ainsworth I am amazed that his wonderful historical novels have not an abiding place in every English home."

BOOKS RECEIVED

352. The Verulam Shakes-peare. The Tragedy of Julius Caesar. Edited by Edwin Reed, A. M. Illustrations by F. K. Rcgers. 16mo., cloth, pp. 102. Boston: The Coburn Company.

356. The American of the Future and other Essays. By Brander Matthews. 12mo., cloth, pp. 400. New York: Charles Scribners Sons.

558. The Shakespearean Stage. By Victor E. Albright, Ph.D. Illustrated. Roxburge, Boards. 8vo., pp. 198. New York: The Columbia University Press, Macmillan Company.

359. The Classical Element in the Shakespeare Plays. By William Theobold. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 410. London: Robert Banks.

360. The Dream of Love—A Mystery. By Henry Abbey. sq. 12mo., pp. 94, cloth. Cambridge. The Riverside Press.

361. The Elizabethan People. By Henry Thew Stephenson, Associate Professor of English in Indiana University. Illustrated. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 412. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

362. The Life of Edgar Allan Poe, Personal and Literary, with his Chief Correspondence with Men of Letters. By George E. Woodberry. 2 vols. pp. xii + 383; viii + 481. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1909.

363. A New Light on the Renaissance Displayed in Contemporary Emblems. By Harold Bayley. Super Royal 8vo. 420 illustrations. Cloth, pp. viii, 270. London: J. M. Dent & Co.

364. The Awakening of Spring. A Tragedy of Childhood. By Frank Wedelkind. Translated, With Introductory Essay, "A Proem for Prudes," from the German by Francis J. Zeigler. Cloth, pp. QO. Philadelphia: Brown Brothers.

365. The Social Position In London of William Shakespeare. By Henry Pemberton, Jr. Philadelphia: The Numismatic and Antiquarian Society. Paper, 8vo, pp. 20.

366. The Life and Art of Richard Mansfield. By William Winter. Two vols. Cloth Royal, 8vo., pp. 300, 324. New York: Moffatt, Yard & Co.

367. Bacon Cryptograms In Shakespeare and Other Studies. By Isaac Hull Platt. New edition. 12mo., cloth, pp. 130. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

368. The Mystery of Hamlet. By Robert Russell Benedict. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 120. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

352. This is the second volume of the edition of the plays annotated from a Baconian point of view which the late Edwin Reed projected. It is also, we understand, the last one he completed. We presume the edition will be taken up and carried to completion by other hands.

558. This is, in book form, Dr. Albright's Study of The Shakespeare Stage, the publication of which in pamphlet we have already reviewed. Dr. Albright's work is full of meat. But we must continue to dissent from much of his conclusion. He, to our thinking, makes the Shakespearean stage to

have been too elaborate. We think the facts are that it was not specific, except as to the well-known details of balcony and recess below the stage for 'tiring (that is, attiring—or perhaps retiring—) room. To minimize the value of De Witt's sketch is to accept the very plan we object in in the Baconians, for example, to reject contemporary testimony in favor of modern surmise.

361. This admirable and careful volume is a fitting companion to Mr. Stevenson's Shakespeare's London, which was by far the best of the many volumes (Besant's and others) on the antiquities of Shakespeare's metropolis. We reserve it for future and extended review which this volume deserves. It is copiously illustrated with rare pictures and cannot be dispensed with in the working library of an Elizabethan or a Shakespearean scholar.

360. That Henry Abbey is a true poet this book reveals. There are poems in it that remind us of Longfellow and of the dainty diction of Poe. Mr. Abbey, as he matures, discards out much of his tendency to the merely descriptive of his earlier pieces and is more and more of—to use a hackneyed in lack of a better word—"an Impressionist."

364. We think Mr. Ziegler's "Proem For Prudes" could have been well omitted. No one reading this tragedy will need enlightment as to what it means. The problem it discusses is an awful one, but a very near one to the race of man. No one can read it without a horrible admission of its truth. The simple innocence of two children, leading to suicide in one case and to death in the other—contrasted with the cramming of young brains with fifty thousand facts about paralellepipidons and the Peloponessus and the wanton gods of mythology—the fussy deliberations of a lot of old octogenarian dotards composing a school-board who are convoked to deal with an awful case of immorality between children, and who get to quarreling among themselves because one of them wants a window open and another doesn't—the mother whose daughter is dead, moaning that she only brought her daughter up as she herself had been brought up by her own mother. The lie of the high-priced physician and the solemn falsehood on the grave stone —all these are conjested into a grim and horrid humour that out Ibsens Ibsen. The author, Frank Wedekind, is hailed in Germany, the introduction tells us, as the forerunner of a new Drama, one that shall be the re-making of the Stage—making it a High priest of salvation to the race! Certainly we would not ourselves care to either affirm or deny its usefulness. The Play introduces as Epilogue a character "The Masked Man," who like "The Strange Passenger" and "The Button Moulder" in Peer Gynt, is easily inter-

preted. To him this "Masked Man"—the author, Wedeking, dedicates his terrible Tragedy.

* * *

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(Conducted by THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.)

Vol. IX. Contents for December, 1910. No. 4

I. FRONTISPIECE—Portraits of Dr. Wm. J. Rolfe and Dr. F. J. Furnivall.

II. Doctor Rolfe and Doctor Furnivall—Appleton Morgan.

III. Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott—Sir James Crichton-Browne.

IV. The Site of the Globe Theatre—William Martin, Esq.

V. MARGINALIA—More About Mrs. Gallupp's Cipher—Other Records of Llewellin Involving Theatrical Haggings in Shakespeare's London found by Dr. Wallace—Mr. Denison as to Barrard's and Burrard's Bay—Shakespeare's Epitaph on Sir William Stanley—Death of Rev. Dr. Beverly E. Warner—Death of John Pym Yeatman, Esq.

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DR. WILLIAM J. ROLFE

DR. FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL

NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

VOL. IX. DECEMBER, 1910. No. 4.

DOCTOR ROLFE AND DOCTOR FURNIVALL.

On July 1st, 1910, there died in London the famous Dr. Furnivall, who for more than a generation has been the English Shakespearean per se—hardly a work touching Shakespeare or Shakespeare material having appeared for that length of time (certainly none since the death of Dr. Halliwell-Phillips in 1890) without either being written, edited, prepared for the press, or accompanied by what he delighted to call "Forewords" by him.

On July 6th, 1910, there died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Dr. William J. Rolfe, who on this side of the water, has been known as the most popular editor and teacher of Shakespeare, having since about the year 1871 practically devoted his entire life to that branch of literature.

It is interesting to compare the Shakespearean publication of Dr. Furnivall with those of Dr. Rolfe. To the former a Shakespearean play was a problem to be solved; to the latter it was mainly a textbook to be taught to pupils. The former was a speculator, a daring originator, the latter was an earnest educator.

Born at Newburyport, December 10, 1827, William James Rolfe spent most of his boyhood at Lowell, where he prepared for college. Having entered Amherst at the age of seventeen, he was already showing the talent for languages which distinguished him through life, when lack of means compelled him to cut short his college course and look for work. An institution known as Day's Academy, at Wrentham, had gone bankrupt; and Rolfe was offered the use of the premises rent free if he could resuscitate it. As the only master he was forced to hold some sixteen classes daily, and to teach pupils of all ages between ten and twenty-five in subjects ranging from elementary grammar to the college entrance requirements in Greek and Latin; and at the end of a day of this he would teach Spanish and

Italian to private pupils. One may marvel that a pedagogue so situated should have been inspired to introduce another subject, unrequested and hitherto untried, into his overloaded curriculum. But Rolfe found time to do so, and in the act he unwittingly laid the foundation for the work in which he spent most of the remaining sixty years of his life. The subject was the systematic study of the English language and literature through direct contact with English classics; and this enterprise attained such importance in the schools throughout the country that its originator was called on to devote himself exclusively to the preparation of texts to facilitate it.

To-day, when such instruction is admittedly essential in every school curriculum, one is likely to be surprised at finding that it was an innovation as late as 1850. When he went to Dorchester to take charge of the Public High School, there was some opposition to his scheme. Harvard gave no entrance examination in the mother tongue, and the pupils feared that the time spent on their own language would impair their familiarity with that of Xenophon or of Lucan. So Rolfe wrote to Prof. Felton of Harvard, asking whether some knowledge of English might not redeem the possibly resultant deficiencies in Greek. The answer illustrates a movement in American education which, for good or bad, has not yet spent itself: "Go ahead with the English, and let the Greek take care of itself."

In the years following Dr. Rolfe served as principal in the high schools at Lawrence, Salem and Cambridge, until, in 1868, his English editorial work began to demand so much effort that he definitely gave up the ferule for the pen. Cambridge was his home for the remainder of his life, and though he left it as many as eighteen times for trips to Europe, he was almost ceaselessly at work on the editions of the English classics which his innovation had made necessary.

The demand that followed his edition of "The Merchant of Venice" in 1870 induced his publishers, The Harpers of New York City to undertake the complete Shakespeare which he edited in forty volumes before 1883 and thoroughly revised twenty years later, these forty volumes including not only the thirty-six canonical plays, but "Edward the Sixth," and "The Two Noble Kinsmen," which Dr. Rolfe with a catholic spirit not entirely consistent with the orthodoxy he demanded elsewhere, saw fit to admit. His edition of Craik's "English of Shakespeare" had preceded this; his "Shakespeare the Boy" and his very creditable but somewhat timid "Life of William Shakespeare" followed it.

It may be doubted whether any school edition of Shakespeare has sur-

passed that of Dr. Rolfe in usefulness, and it is fairly certain that any that may ever do so will owe much of its success, directly or indirectly, to his example. If his work is not so original as that of Furnivall, neither is it so erratic. If it is frankly compilation in the main, it is among the sanest compilations. And if as compilation it is again over-shadowed by the work of Dr. Furness, it is easily differentiated by its purpose; it is a work for students, not for advanced scholars. Its especial purpose it probably serves as well as any edition of Shakespeare has ever served a particular aim. It is certainly better than any other school Shakespeare.

The deaths of two octogenarian Shakespeare scholars in a single week appear to challenge a comparison between them. But if that question be limited to a consideration as to which of these has rendered the greater services to mankind—or to that fraction of it which cares for Shakespeare matters—I think the answer would not be far to seek. From the beginning to the end of his career, Shakespeare matters were only incidental among Dr. Furnival's activities. The early English Texts (i. e. those texts that long preceded that "middle English" of which Shakespeare is exemplary) really received the best industries of his long and laborious life.

Born February 4, 1825, Frederick J. Furnivall was early sent to school at Englefield Green. At sixteen he was sent to London to study medicine; at seventeen he entered Cambridge to study mathematics and aquatics; and at twenty, after taking his degree, he entered Lincoln's Inn to study law. And in due time was called to the bar. While at Cambridge he built the fastest sculling boat that had ever been built in England, and thus entered on his lifelong career as an oarsman; and while at Lincoln's Inn, his zeal was for civic reform. With Frederick Demson Maurice and others he built a Ragged school, which was soon filled with ragged and verminous children. They washed the children, got them clothes, and took them on trips to the country. They cleaned out tenements, agitated for fresh air and sanitation, advised labor-unions, founded workingmen's clubs, instituted a kind of employment bureau, effected a new system of work and wages for longshoremen, interviewed Palmerston, Disraeli and the Prince Consort and finally managed to erect a workingman's college. They enlisted the ardor of such men as Ruskin, Rossetti, Millais, Burne-Jones and Holman Hunt; and Charles Kingsley. The young reformers had at last found their occupation, and they had their hands full to take care of the inrush of students. Maurice was the first principal. Maurice was followed by Thomas Hughes and the latter by Sir John Lubbock; and Professor Dicey. But even all this was not enough for

Dr. Furnivall's energies. Forsaking the law he launched a dozen further enterprises in the interest of health and education. Several sculling clubs, a military corps, a botany club and a cycling club, the Ballad Society, the Early English Text Society, the Chaucer Society, the New Shakespeare Society, the Shelley Society and the Browning Society.

When Dr. Murray launched his large New English Dictionary (which is not yet completed), Dr. Furnivall became a member of its editorial board, and suggested that as half of the quotations therein were to come from unpublished manuscripts he started an association for printing texts that would explain the dictionary. Thus the Early-English Text Society arose to put forth its six-score or more volumes. Among these being his editions of Stubbes' "Abuses," Harrison's "England," the "Ballads and popular Tales," the "Handlyng Synne," the "Babees Book" and "Child-Marriages."

In appearance, although the reverse of imposing, Dr. Furnivall was one of the most striking figures in London. He was peculiar in his dress to the point of picturesqueness; and there was a look of mingled keenness, kindliness and roguishness about his face—especially in his marvelously piercing eyes—that left a lively memory in the mind of any man who saw him.

Irritating as was his slap-you-in-the back style of writing, one must agree that at least it was not pedantic. A purist when it came to annotation in his composition he spelled as he pleased, wrote a "t" for "ed", etc., and into the profoundest excursus would run mention of a friend or an acquaintance by name, or allude to a regatta or athletic prize captured by one of his sons or cronies or anything else that occurred to him. Of the dignity of any subject he never seemed to have any confidence or care. He described himself as a "christian socialist" and it is notable that the first announcement of his death mentioned him as "a Civic Reformer, a teetotaler, and an athlete," with not a word of his claim to be that which we have oftenest regarded him as in these pages, a Shakespearean scholar.

Indeed, it may be doubted whether Dr. Furnival added anything at all to our Shakespeare quarries. He was a man of strong opinion, impatient of contradiction, apt to even be violent when one did not agree with him, and with an infirmity of temper that tempted his neighbors to permit him to enjoy his opinions entirely without contradiction on their part. He was apt to pre-conceive opinions or to accept and adopt them according to his personal likes and dislikes of those holding or advancing them. And I believe there is no record of an occasion upon which he even ever admitted himself mistaken or changed his mind. It is related that, being a pro-

nounced "Pembrokeite" or "Southamptonite (I forgot which) in the controversy as to whether Shakespeare dedicated his sonnets to Lord Pembroke or to Lord Southampton, he was once shown a scrap of writing, found in some ancient garret, which appeared to be evidence to the contrary of his opinion, and he immediately threw it into the fire, or otherwise destroyed it, saying, "Well *that* argument is out of the way anyhow." (My memory is that this is somewhere related by Dr. Furnivall himself!) A later instance was when a Diary was discovered about eight years ago, written by one Sir John Mennes. In this was the ambiguous sentence "I remember Will Shakespeare's father, a red cheeked old man who said he durst crack a joke with him any time." This Dr. Furnivall immediately interpreted to mean that the father, John Shakespeare, was "a red-cheeked old gentleman." And on being shown proof that this Sir John Mennes was not born until after John Shakespeare died, he (Dr. Furnivall), replied "I don't care. I shan't give up my red-cheeked old father."

So far as is known, Dr. Furnivall attempted no research otherwise than in libraries, and no labor on the text except etymologicaly or commentatorially. He certainly attempted no search for vestiges, origins or data as to authorship, such as we now call "The Higher Criticism," (that is, criticism *higher up*, i. e. towards the source of a thing) and such as distinguished Malone, Collier or Halliwell-Phillipps. Still less did he explore the muniment rooms and Public Records office for parchment, as our Dr. Wallace has so lately done. Dr. Furnivall's work was, as one might say, adoptive and opinionative. And his greatest fault was that if he adopted the opinion or point of view of a prior commentator he advocated it so strenuously as to run the risk of producing it ad absurdum. A notable example of this was the item of the "Verse Texts."

In 1858 Charles Bathurst wrote his "Remarks upon certain changes in Shakespeare's Versification." These changes were also noticed by James Spedding, who, however, only used them to speculate as to an alien authorship of certain occasional lines as passages in the play. But Dr. Furnivall took hold of them, and in a thrice, he developed an elaborate system of "stopt-endings", "unstopt-ending" (sic) "run-in-lines," "weak-endings," etc., etc., and upon them constructed an entire chronology for the plays. And he actually founded a society to exploit these "verse tests," and the spectacle of a lot of grizzled old gentlemen counting lines on their fingers brought so much ridicule on the society that although it did much really great and clever work aliunde, it finally came to an abrupt explosion and disappeared forever. Although the name had nowhere in printed literature, from its

first appearance in 1598, been spelled otherwise than S-H-A-K-E-S-P-E-A-R-E, (except that in several instances it was hyphenated between the "Shake" and the "speare"). Dr. Furnivall announced that the true spelling was "S-H-A-K-E-S-P-E-R-E," and as to this he stoutly threw down his gauntlet and fought all comers. And the Society he founded was therefore "The New Shakspere Society," although its predecessor had been "The Shakespeare Society."

Nobody can deny that he was a picturesque figure in recent English literature. And in actual life too those who have seen him, with his strong Jewish cast of countenance and peculiarity of garb—not unlike a Jewish Gaberdine—drinking weak tea with a coterie of old ladies of both sexes at the London luncheon hour, will admit his attractions. But his chiefest failing was an utter lack of any sense of humor. He saw nothing ridiculous in gravely dividing Shakespeare's Plays into "groups" (the "Sunny-and Sweet-Time" group, the Unfit-Nature-or-Under-Rurden-Falling Group," etc.) and to the cachinnation which these, and to the ad absurdum limits to which he carried his "Verse-Tests," invoked, he was absolutely impervious. He even once gravely announced that he had discovered what "Scammels from the rocks" (which Caliban had offered to fetch for Trinculo) were! And when it was pointed out to him that every Variorum Shakespeare already contained the information, he was unable to see why his announcement of his "discovery" was anything less valuable. Dr. Rolfe on the contrary was a really constructive scholar. Hardworking, exquisitely conscientious, he repressed himself always. His only star was the text, and his only aim to illuminate it. He once told me that he sometimes would go through the entire Barton Collection of Shakespeareana in the Boston Public Library, three or four times de novo in editing a single page of a Play! Modest and diffident and scholarly as he was, his sense of humor was acute, and though he never yielded to it in his printed matter (as Dr. Furness, I am delighted to say, often does, and the world is all the richer because he does!) I rarely if ever had a letter from him in our twenty-five years of intimate correspondence in which he did not take some droll view of something or other. He always had especially some funny allusion to my "Shakespearean myth" (a book which I wrote about thirty-five years ago to objectively estimate the Bacon-Shakespearean question, in which I was, no doubt justly accused of letting the Whig dogs—i. e.—the Baconians—get the best of it! I ought to have been pardoned, however, for at the most I only suggested that "Shakespeare" like "Homer" was a noun of multitude! Neither Dr. Rolfe nor Dr. Furnivall had any disposition for the Baconian

theory. But their respective positions to it differed as widely as did their treatment of the plays. Dr. Rolfe was willing to traverse the Baconian evidence to it. Dr. Furnivall would only tell its apostles to apply for admission to the nearest asylum for the insane. (I have been told that the utmost Dr. Furness will say is "I thank God I don't know who wrote Shakespeare!" But this I note as hearsay only.) The treatment of either of them, however, was preferable to that of Mr. George Brandes, who only could sneer that the Baconian theory was "American," (not a fact, by the way, for it originated in London in or about the year 1800 (New Shakespeareana, Vol. VI, page 42.) Mr. Brandes, by the way, is not even an American, but a native of the little state of Denmark which decorated Dr. Cook. This is about the size of a respectable peanut and so whether Mr. Brandes uses the word "America" as meaning the Continent or the United States his comment suggests the three tailors of Tooley street, who styled themselves "We the people of England.")

Dr. Rolfe and I had many conversations upon the dear old authorship theory. I suppose I annoyed the good doctor by my somewhat inconsistent attitude. For I never regarded it at all except pour s'amuser avec le moutarde, whereas Dr. Rolfe took it very much to heart. But all our conversations ended in perfect good nature and agreement to disagree usually by my saying "Well, if Bacon had signed his name to the Plays, nobody might have believed that he wrote them!

Poor Bacon! He had Mr. Whistlers gentle art of making enemies in high places to perfection, and when he got to be Lord Chancellor his enemies worked his downfall, and he has been unfashionable ever since. I know of nothing quite so unpopular on earth as the Baconian Theory, which is perhaps why I can't help a sneaking fondness for it. I should lose confidence in it myself, or in any other of my personal opinions perhaps, if I found it grown to be the opinion of the market place. But I doubt if in all Dr. Rolfe's long life, he ever spoke an unkind word of a fellow student, or of any body else, or connected a criticism, however strenuous, with the personality of the critic. He died, I believe, as he had lived, with nothing but friends to survive him.

Dr. Furnivall left behind him (I am speaking of him now as a Shakespearean) an edition of Shakespeare, the Leopold, in which the plays are arranged in a chronological order, constructed according to his bizarre Verse Tests (the value of which, to say the least, is not universally conceded) which, in view of the fact that Shakespeare is a household work for reference and constant use, is much as if a lexicographer should re-arrange

the alphabet, on the theory that an M was invented before an A, a Z before a B, etc., etc." To look for the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," as following the "Tempest," as the first folio editors placed it in 1623, when in a hurry to verify a quotation and to be compelled to absorb Dr. Furnivall's theory as to when that play was composed in order to get at it at all, is somewhat calculated to irritate; at least it does not lead us to induce us to mention the name of Furnivall in our prayers. Dr. Rolfe left behind him, probably, millions of men and women to whom his little books had rendered Shakespeare available. His small volumes in paper covers at twenty-five cents or so, in stiff board at a few cents more, appealed to everyone at this price. But the price was the only cheap thing about them. They were beautifully printed, scrupulously edited, contained of each play a glossary, an exemplary selection of comments upon the particular play—statement of its sources, the authorities followed in its composition, indexs to all these, indeed everything the student could possibly need. Beyond even the enormous demand for these booklets, was the high testimony of sedulous imitation in England and Germany. (Many in England and at least one in Germany copying the arrangement and method for readers as well as for elementary scholars.)

Dr. Furnivall left behind him a record of quarrels, attacks upon fellow scholars, at least one libel suit in which he was mulcted in costs, and besides the Leopold Shakespeare, above noted, a great many "Forewords" to separate plays written in a finicky, phonetic and freaky style, interspersed with remarks upon almost anything that happened to pop into Dr. Furnivall's head. Criticisms not always appreciated by them or his friends and his enemies, and so on. Curiosities perhaps, but certainly interruptions for all practical purpose. On the other hand, no one need fear to waste a moment in consulting Dr. Rolfe's little books. If the consulter knows what he wants to find he can turn to it in a moment in Dr. Rolfe's admirable little volumes and absorb the information he seeks almost at a glance. And if he does not know, Dr. Rolfe will gently, nine cases out of ten, lead him to it.

Not the least valuable criteria of comparison between these two learned Thebaus would be the contemporary criticism their works invoked. Probably there was little if anything that Dr. Furnivall wrote (other than textual annotation or comment of course) that escaped adverse or captious criticism. I believe it safe to assert, on the other hand, that nothing of Dr. Rolfe's work failed to elicit high and generous approval. In short while nothing of Dr. Furnivall's (except as above parenthasized) lacked

some personal flavor, all of Dr. Rolfe's work was suppressive to elimination of any personal flavor whatever. Everybody must admit that in these fields Dr. Rolfe was a godsend and a public benefactor. Distinguished as Dr. Furnivall was, and manifold as were his activities, we can hardly imagine anyone applying those epithets to him. Neither Dr. Rolfe nor Dr. Furnivall could perhaps have been called "brilliant." But Dr. Rolfe was something better than brilliant. He was safe, absolutely accurate and safe. I do not hesitate to say that since the "printers" who printed the Quartos (without which we probably would never have possessed any "Shakespeare" at all) Dr. Rolfe has done more for the propaganda of Shakespeare's Play, than any man that ever lived. Both Dr. Rolfe and Dr. Furnivall founded and energetically engineered Browning Societies. But both soon sheathed their swords for lack of argument. The remark of the witty person that, "since no one man could understand Browning, only corporations could undertake the job," may be true. But it appears that these corporations soon found that, while Browning would supply plenty of field for digging, the yield would not justify the labor. To toil all day to unearth only a nugget of conventional optimism or a statement that two and two made four was discouraging, or that to be good was to be happy, or that it was wrong to tell lies. Both Shakespeare and Browning were optimists to be sure. But whatever may ultimately become of the Shakespeare Societies it is a patent and potent fact that all the Browning societies have disappeared.

But the greatest service which Dr. Rolfe did to Shakespeare readers, was in his delicate and judicious expurgation of the plays. It was inevitable that they should be to some extent expurgated for modern ears. Any literature that persists through several centuries must necessarily be prepared for the latest general reader, if worth the general readers' while. Moreover, in Shakespeare's day, his civilization was not complex. That which we now call "wit" and that which we now call "humor" (those words respectively meant merely "knowledge" and habit, inclination or whim or fancy then) were quite as common to mankind then as now. But unfortunately there was little but the relations of the sexes for their objective, and so even for the modern stage it is necessary to eliminate a certain coarseness, etc. A certain Dr. Bowdler had once attempted this expurgation of Shakespeare. But he had done it so absurdly that his "Household Shakespeare" is a comic monstrosity, and the name "Bowdler" a synonyn for anything absurdly prudish and mawkish. Dr. Rolfe did his expurgating so carefully that it is doubtful if what he eliminated is ever missed at all, or if without considerable study, the expurgated matter could be supplied. He

did it without altering a syllable that Shakespeare wrote or interfering with the burden or the significance of the context (and by the way, if anyone wishes to see the difference between Shakespeare and the Shakespearean Dramatists, how immeasurably cleaner and purer his drama was than theirs, let him try this expurgation process upon these Elizabethan Dramatists, or upon any one of them. I doubt if he could expurgate one of them without destroying not only this context but the very fibre of their work.)

As Dr. Rolfe proceeded in his work of editing the plays, his own scope and appreciation of the Plays enlarged. As we have seen, he was not at the outset a Shakespearean student. But a teacher of English who tries to be a conscientious teacher of English does not proceed very far without arriving at the conviction that the English language is Shakespeare, and that Shakespeare is the English language!

Dr. Rolfe himself tells us in a preface to his edition that the suggestion of it came from his publishers. Dr. Rolfe had prepared a little edition of Goldsmith for his (Dr. Rolfe's) pupils, and the system was so admirable and proves so acceptable, that his publishers proposed to take each Shakespeare play separately and handle it in precisely this way. That his success with "The Merchant" led to his publishers encouraging the entire series have already noted. The Rolfe edition as now printed has been revised and collated with itself, so to speak, so that the user of it does not perceive (nor is it necessary that he should, it would interfere with his purposes and the value of the edition if he should perceive it) this various enlargement. But one who possesses the original editions, as it appeared, one volume at a time in those small russet cloth bindings from the press of the Messrs. Harpers, will see how habitude produced dexterity and how Dr. Rolfe's editorial work constantly increased in richness and value from the "Friendly Edition" of 1885 to the present edition published, I think, by the American Book Company. Dr. Rolfe would not concede that Shakespeare was of the Old Faith. He even maintained that John Shakespeare, the father, was a Protestant and we went over the long question on proper aim over our cups and our cigars many a time and oft. I think while stoutly disagreeing with me about this as about almost everything else, he rather conceded that I was right about that diplomatic entry on the Stratford town records, that "He (John Shakespeare) cometh not to church for fear of process for debt on Sundays,) when I showed him that Sunday was actually the only day on which a man could come out of his house (an Englishman's castle) without danger of civil process at all.

As to the common place argument as to Shakespeare's want of author-

ities, opportunities, references, etc., etc., Dr. Rolfe fell back upon the miracle. But admitting the miracle I would urge with all reverence that even the new testament miracles presupposed a substance to work upon. There must have been water to turn into wine. A loaf and a fish to multiply to feed the multitude, a cadaver to be raised from the dead, etc.

Genius might achieve principles, but not the accepted terminologies. Pascal as an infant worked out the problems of geometry. But he knew not the word "lines" and "circles", but called them "bars" and "rounds." But Dr. Rolfe like Gallio cared for none of these things, not even when referring to his achievement of making the study of English recognizable in the curricula of American universities and colleges. "My dear Doctor," I used to say, how you and I have ransacked the old chronicles without being able to discover that (in the days that Shakespeare as you assert, was a pupil in the Stratford grammar school) it ever entered into anybody's head that an English boy ought to study his mother tongue. You yourself did not assert that he ought to until 1845 or 1850, and you know how hard it was for you to convince a college president that anything besides what one's ancestors did or thought ought to be done or thought. Did it ever occur to you in all these thirty years that you have been editing and teaching Shakespeare's English, that Shakespeare himself never studied English? Would such a suggestion appear to you to have any bearing on the Bacon or any anti-Shakespearean authorship question?" But it was no use. The utmost that he would say, "I see that you are an incorrigible heretic and I believe you will die in your sins." And as in Mr. Dobson's "Curé's Progress" our dispute

> "Would ended be with a "Ma foi, Oui!"
> And a pinch from the Curé's box."

Only it was apt to be a drop from a bottle of my rare old Whiskey, rather than a pinch of snuff, that ended our loving warfare.

But Dr. Rolfe nevertheless would admit, if pressed hard, that, firm as was his faith, many really learned men of profound and sincere scholarship had succumbed to Shakespearean heterodoxy and that "Baconianism" was no longer a synonym for intellectual night! In its estimate of Dr. Furnivall the London "Athenaeum" remarked "He was the most striking personality [of his day?] in the ranks of English Scholarship. * * * Regarded as a scholar he was historical rather than scientific; attracted by the human interest in books where the scientific student sees only nice prob-

lems in philosophy. His adoption of what he thought a simplified spelling, was the result of the mysterious attraction that the apparatus of a scientific method has for an unscientific mind. He had a retentive memory, an enormous industry and the rapid judgment of a scholar combined with the high spirits and slangy speech of a school-boy. * * * No student of early English literature can go far towards its sources without coming upon his work," which, allowing for the somnolent fossilification of the "Athenaeum" diction, is fairly just to the memory of one of its oldest contributors. I have remarked above that it was doubtful if Dr. Furnivall ever added a morsel to our knowledge of Shakespeare. I suppose I should have said "It is certain that he never added anything to our knowledge of Shakespeare." Frankly neither did Dr. Rolfe. But, whereas Dr. Furnivall clouded counsel and strewed pitfalls in our pathways, Dr. Rolfe certainly has made Shakespeare easy going to millions of young Americans.

APPLETON MORGAN.

SHAKESPEARE AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

It is claimed that between Shakespeare and Dickens, English Literature has added but three characters to Fiction, Sir Roger DeCoverley, Old Mortality and Dominie Sampson. Fortunately it is not possible for some of our literary muckrakers to show that Shakespeare did not steal these from himself. Whatever our claim, we must admit that the following paper contributed by Sir James Chrichton-Brown to the February Contemporary Review is a refreshment in convertable Shakespearean criticism.

Swift truly said: "If I light my candle from another, that does not "affect my property in the wick and the tallow." Scott had an unlimited supply of wick and tallow of his own, but he sometimes lighted his dips (and dips he called his novels, for he once triumphantly exclaimed to Ballantyne, when contemplating a cheap and popular issue of them, "We must have dips for our wax candles"), when he had not a spunk of his own handy, at the taper or torch of someone who had gone before him. It seems to me that in the case of "The Bride of Lammermoor" he derived illumination more than once from Shakespeare's inverted torch of "Hamlet," lurid and brilliantly flaming, and that he did so under circumstances of rare psychological interest.

"Hamlet" is, at any rate in the popular judgment, the greatest of Shakespeare's plays, and "The Bride of Lammermoor" is by general con-

sent the greatest of Scott's novels. "It is to my fancy," said Lockhart, "the "most pure and powerful of all the tragedies that Scott ever penned." Mr. Gladstone told Lord Ashbourne that "The Bride of Lammermoor" was his favourite amongst the novels of his favourite novelist, and Lord Lytton said, "There are three masterpieces in narrative which can never be too much studied—the " 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' the 'Bride of Lammermoor' and 'Tom Jones.' "

Many other eminent authorities might be cited to bear testimony to the primacy that "The Bride of Lammermoor" holds in the Waverley group, a primacy analogous to that of "Hamlet" amongst Shakespeare's plays. Of all Shakespeare's plays "Hamlet" has most of the amplification of the novel, and of all Scott's novels "The Bride of Lammermoor" is most dramatic in its treatment, and both of these great works have exactly the same tragic touch. In both there is the same fierce conflict of vengeance and remorse, love, hatred, with supernatural terror brooding over all. In both the action sweeps on, and one feels it from the first like a torrent, hurrying on its dark and resistless course all the personages concerned, the good and the wicked, towards a catastrophe not brought about by human will, but dug by destiny.

It is not, however, instinct or tendency—that of all noble tragedy since the trilogy of Æschylus—that I would suggest relationship betwixt "Hamlet" and "Lammermoor,"—but in a number of particulars, a few of which I will enumerate, leaving it to the remembrance of those who know the play and the novel to fill in my rough outline.

The scene of the play and the novel are strikingly alike. "Hamlet" is mainly enacted on the battlements and in the halls of the Castle of Elsinore, a rugged Danish stronghold commanding the entrance to the Baltic, perched high above turbulent waters and probably visited by Shakespeare. "The Bride of Lammermoor" is mainly enacted on the battlements or in the halls of Wolf's Crag, a grey, half-ruined fortalice, placed on a projecting cliff that beetled on the German Ocean—in reality Fast Castle, which was well known to Sir Walter Scott.

But more significant than the scenery is the human element in "Hamlet" and "Lammermoor," and that is often in close agreement in the two. Hamlet and the Master of Ravenswood are twin brothers; intellectually they are akin; Hamlet soars into the loftiest region of human thought, and Ravenswood is the most highly gifted and reflective of all Scott's heroes. Each is under a vow to revenge a murdered father, and in both the vow has a supernatural sanction. Hamlet was under commandment of his father's

ghost. Ravenswood, after witnessing his father's dying agonies and hearing the curses he breathed against his adversary, secretly at midnight cut a lock from his hair, and as it consumed in the fire, swore that his rage and revenge should pursue his enemies until they shrivelled up like that scorched symbol of annihilation. For both the times were out of joint, and both, pushed on by events, found that the impossible was required of him. Both were in love, each with a woman lovely, soft and yielding, wanting in power of resistance; and each found in his love his ruin and frustration. The one was the counterpart of the other in form, feature and attire; Hamlet is described as of princely form and manly bearing, was clad in "inky "cloak and customary suit of solemn black;" and the Master of Ravenswood, of majestic mien and regular features, wore a loose mourning cloak thrown round him, and a Montero cap with a black feather that drooped over his brow.

Ophelia and Lucy Ashton are twin sisters. Both are young, fair, inexperienced girls, and it is their innocence, sweetness and weakness, in the straits in which they are placed, that move our profound pity. Both fondly open their hearts to a young love that rends them. Both sacrifice their love to paternal authority, and both, by this and by their lover's reproaches, are maddened with a madness that runs into babbling, despair and death. One cannot hear Ophelia's "To-morrow will be Saint Valentine's Day," without thinking of Lucy Ashton's "Tak' up your bonny bridegroom." Both were buried with maimed rites.

"Must there no more be done?" asks Laertes at the funeral of Ophelia.

"No more," the priest replies.

> "We should profane the service of the dead
> To sing a requiem and such rest to her
> As to peace parted souls."

"The melancholy ceremony," says Sir Walter Scott of the funeral of Lucy Ashton, "was performed in the misty dawn of an autumn morning "with such moderate attendance and ceremony as could not be dispensed "with. Here in a coffin, bearing neither name nor date, were consigned to "dust the remains of what was once lovely, beautiful and innocent, though "exasperated to frenzy by a long tract of unremitting persecution."

With Laertes, Ophelia's brother in "Hamlet," Colonel Ashton, Lucy Ashton's brother in "The Bride of Lammermoor," had much in common. Both took it upon them to avenge what they considered their sister's wrong,

and both had an encounter with him who had wronged her, as they believed, over that sister's grave. Hamlet fell in a duel with Laertes; the Master of Ravenswood was engulfed in the quicksand while hurrying sword in hand to a duel with Colonel Ashton.

I could carry the comparison between characters in "Hamlet" and "The Bride of Lammermoor" further, but do not wish to labour the case. I should like to point out, however, some structural resemblances. In both there is supernatural machinery: in "Hamlet" the ghost of his father, majestical, armour clad, beckoning away and delivering its dread secret and charge; in "The Bride of Lammermoor," the ghost of Blind Alice at the Mermaid's Well, shrouded and wan, appearing to Ravenswood at the hour of her death, and the crisis of his fate, with warning hand and mutterings of withered lips. In both there is a picture scene, "Look here upon this "picture and on this," and in both a churchyard scene, with an interview between the hero and a sententious grave-digger.

Not incomparable with Shakespeare's supreme touch in Hamlet's last words: "the rest is silence" is Scott's closing incident of the finding by Caleb Balderston on the Kelpie's flow of the large sable feather, the sole vestige that remained of the vanished Master of Ravenswood.

> "He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow
> And his name shall be lost for evermo'e."

There are, no doubt, other reflections of Shakespeare in "The Bride "of Lammermoor." The sudden and passionate attachment of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton, intervening in the hereditary feud of their families, recalls Romeo and Juliet, and the three village hags are reminiscent of the witches in "Macbeth;" but it was assuredly "Hamlet" that haunted the corridors of Sir Walter Scott's brain while he was inditing this "Tale of a "Landlord," and high psychological interest attaches to the question how the Hamletular infusion took place in the circumstances under which "The "Bride of Lammermoor" was written? It was composed in April, 1819, while Scott was passing through an acute attack of an intensely painful and prostrating malady from which he suffered at intervals for years. The malady was called cramp of the stomach, or spasms, but, looking back on it now in the light of modern experience, there is no difficulty in recognizing it as gallstones, a malady which did not finally carry him off, but which caused him the utmost distress, and must have absolutely disabled any man of less buoyant temperament and less resolute will, a malady, let me

add, of which he could now have been promptly relieved. He was emaciated and broken down, with scarcely muscular strength enough to hold himself upright, lying upon a sofa, sick, and often turning himself upon his pillow with a groan of torment, as he dictated to Laidlaw and Ballantyne "The "Bride of Lammermoor." His sentences were sometimes interrupted by cruel pangs, "but," says Laidlaw, "when duologue of peculiar animation was "in progress, spirit seemed to triumph over matter, he arose from his couch "and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and, "as it were, acting the part."

And very remarkable was one of the consequences of the mental effort under such adverse conditions. The book, says James Ballantyne, "was "not only written but published before Scott was able to rise from his "bed; and he assured me that when it was first put into his hands in a "complete shape, he did not recollect one single incident, character or con-"versation it contained. He did not desire to convey that his illness had "erased from his memory the original incidents of the story, with which "he had been acquainted from boyhood. These remained rooted where "they had ever been, or, to speak more explicitly, he remembered the facts "of the existence of the father and mother, of the son and daughter, of the "lovers, of the compulsory marriage, and the attack made by the bride up-"on the hapless bridegroom, with the general catastrophe of the whole. All "these things he recollected, just as he did before he took to his bed, but "he literally recollected nothing else—not a single character woven by the "romance, not one of the many scenes and points of humour, nor anything "with which he was connected as the writer of the work. For a long time," he said, "I felt myself very uneasy in the course of my reading, lest I "should be startled by meeting something altogether glaring and grotesque."

That Scott's mind was in a state of abnormal exaltation when he produced "The Bride of Lammermoor" is clear. He wrote himself at this time: "I certainly began to have some doubts whether the mischief was not "getting at my mind."

"I had another of my attacks," he wrote again, "and felt as if a phan-"tasmagoria was going on around me." He had been having large doses of opium, and it may well have been that in the phantasmagoria in which he was involved, the mind not only failed to register its processes, but was inundated by figures and images rising spontaneously from the mysterious depths of memory, affinitive impressions and reminiscences in the guise of new conceptions. It may well have been that as Scott, in sore travail, stitched the glorious tapestry of "The Bride of Lammermoor," some old Shakespearean threads that came to hand got mixed up with it.

MR. MARTIN TAKES ISSUE WITH DR. WALLACE AS TO THE ACTUAL SITE OF THE GLOBE THEATRE.

In our issue of December, 1909 (Vol. VIII, page 124) we give Dr. Wallace's reasons for determining the actual site of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, and the London "Shakespeare Reading Society's" determination, in spite of those reasons to place a commemorative bronze upon the wall of Messrs. Barclay & Perkin's brewery, Southwark, approximately marking the spot where it believes the Old Globe stood.

Mr. William Martin now contributes to "The Surrey Archaeological Collections" a careful resumé of the evidence both for and against Dr. Wallace's theory (and equally for and against his own theory, or conviction that the Society was right and Dr. Wallace wrong.

Mr. Martin divides his communication into three synopses, viz: Documents of a legal, semi-legal, or business character; (2) printed and oral accounts which, purporting to describe the position of "The Globe Playhouse," were not in general of a legal, semi-legal, or business character; and (3) sixteenth and seventeenth century maps, news, and plans of London and Southwark. For the purpose of following his investigation it is only necessary to recollect that the Globe was built in December, 1598, or in January, 1599; that it was destroyed by fire in 1613 and rebuilt the next year, and that in 1644 it was pulled down by Sir Matthew Brand, the freeholder. From this time onward the site of the famous playhouse began to be forgotten, until at the present day its position can only be arrived at by reasoned conjecture.

Of the many documents of a legal, semi-legal, or business character referred to, the Coram Rege Roll, 1616, discovered by Dr. Wallace, of the University of Nebraska, is of the greatest importance. In this interesting document there is set out as preliminary to a claim for damages the circumstances in which land on Bankside was leased for the building of a playhouse. This states that the boundaries of a plot upon which "a certain playhouse," the Globe, was erected, included "all that parcel of ground * * * lying and adjoining upon a way or lane there upon one side, and abutting upon a piece of land called the Park upon the north * * * and also that parcel of land * * * abutting upon a lane there called Maiden Lane toward the south." At first sight this seems to be fatal to the theory that the brewery covers the site of the Globe, for Maiden or Maid Lane, now corresponding to Park Street, lies to the north of the brewery. But, Dr. Martin points out, as this is opposed to the tenor of other evidence con-

cerning the site, another interpretation of which it is susceptible should perhaps be chosen, one that would indicate the site to have been to the south of Maid Lane. This southern attribution also fits in well with the position of the park, presumably the park of the Bishop of Winchester, of which there is ample proof that it lay to the south or southeast of Maid Lane. An ingenious but somewhat daring alternative explanation offered by Dr. Martin is that the individual who drew up the Osteler document erred in his orientation, probably by using a map in which by a not uncommon practice in those days the top edge lay to the south. Inverted in this way, the references to places in the document agree closely with the general body of evidence.

Another document quoted is a deed enrolled in Chancery, 3 Charles I., executed by Sir Matthew Brand of West Moulsey and Hillarie Memprise, citizen and haberdasher of London, which mentions "The alley or way leading to the Gloabe Playhouse, commonly called Gloabe Alley." This is compared with the fact that an alley called Globe Alley, which was swallowed up by the brewery in the eighteenth century, is mentioned in the brewery deeds as "leading in antient times to the then Globe playhouse." At the brewery also are preserved two documents that have always been kept in the same bundle and treated as part of the title of a particular piece of land. The first is a certified copy of a deed dated Dec. 21, 1706, referring to "messuages or tenements erected where the late playhouse the Globe stood," and the other document, dated Feb. 9, 1726-7, refers to a plot of land upon which a workhouse for the poor of Southwark was erected. Mr. Martin concludes, therefore, that the workhouse plot, which has been clearly identified in maps, and the plot upon which the Globe stood were the same. The printed and oral accounts cited, purporting to describe the position of the Globe and not of a legal or business character, unfortunately commence only in the eighteenth century. The first, in Aubrey's Surrey, 1719, favors the brewery site, as do a host of others of more or less authority. And there is the statement of Mrs. Thrale, the widow of Henry Thrale, the brewer, who died in 1781, to the effect that when her husband bought the alley (Globe Alley) there were still curious remains of the playhouse—a statement hardly consistent with the theory that a workhouse was erected on its site.

The third part of Mr. Martin's evidence—that obtained from sixteenth and seventeenth century map-views and plans of London—cannot be accepted without a certain amount of reservation. Many of them are bird's-eye views which, like the Visscher Panorama, circa 1616, place the Globe

apparently quite close to the Thames, while others possibly confuse the Globe with the Rose Playhouse. But as a result of a collection of all the maps of the period, Mr. Martin is satisfied that with one notable exception a playhouse, probably the Globe, is either clearly indicated to the south of Maid Lane, or its exact position north or south of that street is left an open question. He concludes an interesting paper by summing up in favor of the Globe's position as being between 100 feet to 200 feet south of the Globe memorial bronze. But he has an important postscript dealing with information given him while the paper was in the press. It relates to what may possibly have been a remarkable discovery made in 1891 which apparently has never been made public before. When one of the cellars of the brewery was being lowered, a semi-circular staging of wood about forty feet long by 30 feet wide was discovered at a depth of about four or five feet from the ground level. It was not the support of a vat, says the brewery clerk in the works, and it had nothing to with brewing operations. This staging, Mr. Martin suggests, may be the remains of the actual stage of the old Globe Theatre. If so it will tend to settle a good deal of controversy and we trust that Mr. Archer ——— and Dr. Albright.
(see ante, vol. VII, pp. 95 and 126) will advise us of their further studies of Elizabethan stage-construction as modified by this discovery.

MARGINALIA

WE HAVE RECEIVED FROM THE HOWARD PUBLISHING COMPANY OF Detroit, Michigan, a volume "concerning the Bi-literal Cipher of Francis Bacon, discovered in his writings by Elizabeth Wells Gallup, Explanations, Reviews and Replies. This volume contains besides all the reviews favorable and instructive of Mrs. Gallup's claim which appeared so plentifully in the London newspapers, Mr. Mallock's articles in several magazines and, what is most valuable, specimens of Mrs. Gallup's readings, showing the two fonts of italic type she asserts to exist in the ancient texts she has examined.

There is much of value in two volumes of "Questions on Shakespeare," by Prof. Albert H. Tolman, (University of Chicago Press.)

The introductory volume opens with a treatise on the grammar of Shakespeare. The essay on his versification that follows is useful, though sometimes overnice. We cannot feel that we appreciate the

poetry of Shakespeare any more when we have learned that a certain line in "Julius Caesar" is in the form "ax+4xa," while the next line has the form "3xa+ax+xa." Poetry does not mix well with algebra. The last ninety pages of the volume are given to a bibliography.

The second volume begins the "Questions" proper, and covers the early histories, comedies, and poems of the dramatist. The teacher will find many of the questions valuable; let him avoid the few that show a leaning toward that wiredrawn analysis which have infected the teaching of Shakespeare in late years. If the student of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" cannot tell "how many of the stories in this play contain magical anointings," and cannot take "each story separately, state the successive anointings, telling in each case the person anointing, the substance used, and the result," if he cannot "point out an excellent opportunity for comic acting" in one of Bottom's scenes—well let him be forgiven.

But Prof. Tolman's work is such an improvement upon the silly Fleming stuff of eight years ago that we welcome it cordially.

* * *

SINCE OUR MAY ISSUE DR. WALLACE HAS FOUND THE RECORD OF ANother lawsuit mentioning Shakespeare's name in the Public Records office. Like three of the four formerly unearthed, this suit summons John Heminges as defendant joining here also his partner, Henry Condell. This last unearthed suit arises out of a share in the Globe Theatre owned by Augustine Phillipps. When, in 1605, Phillipps died, he left an estate of about $1,200 in trust for his widow, to herself as Executrix and to John Heminges (or else Heminges was afterwards appointed a co-executor). The widow Phillips contracted an unfortunate second marriage with one, John Witter, who spent all her money and abandoned her after it was all spent. Among other matters John Witter became possessed of this share in the Globe theatre. Three years after the Globe had been destroyed by fire and this share was assessed about sixty pounds for the necessary rebuilding which Witter did not pay, and so the share reverted to the corporation shareholders. When Heminges obtained possession of the share it was a one-fourteenth share Heminges (probably so that Condell could assist in the rebuilding) presents that genelemen with one half of it. Five years after, when Richard Burbage died (whether that event had or had not any connection is conjecturable) John Witter began an action against both Heminges and Condell for this Phillipps share. The suit was decided against the plaintiff Witter. He was enjoined from ever renewing it in any form and the share became the property of the partners Heminges and

Condell. In his answer, Heminges goes into the history of the Globe (as did the complaints in the Osteler case)—recites that he is custodian of the globe and as an executor of Augustine Phillipps, whose share was one-fifth of one-half, and goes over again the history of Cuthbert and Richard Burbage's failure to renew the lease of the play house known as "The Theatre" in Shoreditch, and the consequent formation of the company of which William Shakespeare was a member, to carry the material over to the Bankside and erect with it the playhouse named "The Globe," etc., etc.

As Dr. Wallace will shortly publish all these old pleadings and court records, we do not (further than we have already) inflict upon our readers the old law-jargon. But from this last discovery it becomes apparent that John Heminges was by consent of all the parties, custodian of the company, and kept for them the original deed from Brend, the grant from Levison and Savage, the will of Augustine Phillips, and evidently, therefore, all other papers, documents, plays, and the account-books he mentions in his will. This Dr. Wallace urges to explain how he came into possession of the original manuscripts of Shakespere's plays which he and Condell, in 1623, "collected & publish'd" "absolute in their numbers [poetic form] as he conceived them," "uttered with that easinesse," as they themselves further attest, "that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Heminges is shown also as a generous and careful business man, and as watchful of the interests of his associates as of his own. Not only was he their trustee, but all records agree that he was the business and financial agent of the company. Whether in the numerous later transfers and redivisions of shares necessary to admit new members the company was still maintained as a joint-tenancy or not, it is perfectly clear that it was so during the first six years by the original members. No one of them as joint-tenant could legally will his share. But nevertheless, several of them did, and the legatees were admitted to the corporation. Kempe withdrew in 1599. Pope died in 1603, Phillipps in 1605, Shakespeare in 1616. So Heminges was left sole survivor of the original five, and if the strict letter of joint-tenancy had been carried out, he should then, by the right of survivorship, have received the entire interest of his former associates. These lawsuits prove however, that he did not insist upon his survivorship. But divided the property with the legal representatives of his late fellows. Of course the paramount question is "Do Dr. Wallace's discoveries answer the question that will not down. "Did Shakespeare write the Plays?" While reluctantly confessing that they do not we understand that Dr. Wallace himself has no doubts whatever, and as when sounded upon the matter, Dr. Wallace says,

simply "Wait". We advise readers of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA to "Wait" also, we are sincerely assured, and so are incited to believe for our own part, that developments at present in the air, while perhaps they will not settle the matter to the quieting of all the doubting Thomases, will present such a mass of evidence on both sides that anyone may assess for himself such a preponderance of evidence as to practically quiet the matter for all time.

* * *

GENTLEMEN WHO HARBOR GRAVE DOUBT AS TO THE BACONIAN AUTHORship of the Plays, are still adding to the Ciphers—by which they hope to convince others, if not themselves, of the certainty of such authorship. The very latest to date (the twentieth according to Dr. Morgan's enumeration of nineteen in his autobiography) is announced in "Bacon is Shakespeare" by Sir Edward Durning Lawrence B. A., LL.B., Sir Edward arrives as follows: The well-known tribute to Shakespeare in the first folio, assigned to Ben Jonson, contains, if rightly manipulated, 287 letters. This is a magic number; be patient yet a little. In "Love's Labour's Lost" the clown, we had supposed, was merely talking big when he said "honorificabilitudinitatibus," especially as the word had been used a century or so before. Not so; Bacon is breathing his heart-secret, for the letters may be arranged into the bad Latin and bad hexameter:

Hi lu|di F | Baco|nis na|ti tui|ti orbi.
These plays F. Bacon's offspring are preserved for the world.

More is coming. The initial letters of the words and the terminals, if put into numerals corresponding to their positions in the alphabet, foot up to 136, which is the number of the page in the first folio upon which the whole word occurs! The similar numerical equivalent of all the letters in the word amounts to 287! Of course, the real test of this evidence is the still more startling thought that such a discovery should have been made exactly 287 years after the first folio appeared." Dr. Platt's reading of the anagram (ante Vol. II, p. 122) was Hi ludi, tuiti sibi Fr. Bacono nati. "These plays, originating with Francis Bacon, are preserved for themselves (that is, by reason of their worth. But the supply will probably hold out until the crack of doom.

* * *

MR. EDWARD DENHAM OF NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS, SENDS TO a correspondent of ours a memorandum as to the name of Buzzards Bay.

In regard to the naming of Buzzard's Bay I can only recall to your

mind the use of words, in giving you the reason of the name. You will recollect that in ancient days that hawks were useless in falconry and were called Buzzards. In that sense Shakespeare uses the name in Richard III, I.I.133. Being an inferior bird the name was also applied to men of inferiority; fools were called Buzzards and in that use of the word Shakespeare gives it in Taming of the *Shrew* II, I, 207, 208. As a boy I either read or was told that the early English settlers, on our coast, called the fish hawk a buzzard or buzzardet. Great numbers of these birds (which when killed were not fit to eat) infested the bay and shore, for fish were plenty, hereabouts. Their broad wings, slow and clumsy motion gives them the appearance of being more than they are. As they were called Buzzards, and were innumerable in this locality their name was given to the bay which had already been named "Gosnold's Hope." Of course our early settlers were not ornithologists or etymologists: and probably never stopped to think that the fish hawk and buzzard of the South were different. They brought the word from England, and used it as their fathers had done in the days of Elizabeth- "buzzard" for a useless bird: and the fish hawk became a buzzard, and left his name in the water, where he dove for fish. That is how, I understand, the name Buzzards was given to our bay.

* * *

MR. ANDREW FISKE, 216 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON, WRITES in "Shakespeare and Stratford on Avon" (Glasgow, David Bryer & Son; New York, Frederick A. Stokes & Co.), on pages 117 and 209 I find the following:

"In 1663 Sir William Dugdale copied an epitaph from the tomb of Sir Thomas Stanley, in the Church of Tongue, which was written, he said, by 'William Shakespeare, the late famous tragedian.' Dugdale's authority for ascribing this to Shakespeare is unknown, but it has hitherto been overlooked that Milton also believed this epitaph to be by our dramatist, for in 1630 he wrote his epitaph upon Shakespeare, which was prefixed to the 2nd folio (1632).

> 'What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones
> The labour of an age in piled stones:
> Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
> Under a star-pointing pyramid?' etc.

These verses seem to have been suggested by the seventh and eighth lines of the Stanley epitaph, which are peculiar by their sudden deviation

into the first person, which Milton seems to have taken as a personal reference.

'Ask who lies here, but do not weep,
He is not dead, he doth but sleep:
This stony register is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetual than these stones:
And his own goodness with himself being gone,
Shall live when earthly monument is none.
Not monumental stone preserves *our* fame,
No sky-aspiring pyramid *our* name.
The memory of him for whom this stands
Shall outlive marble and defacer's hands:
When all to Time's consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven."

Interested by the statement that Shakespeare had possibly written the Stanley epitaph, as well as by the suggestion that Milton may have been influenced by Shakespeare's work, I visited Tongue where Sir Thomas Stanley is buried. I found that it is a little hamlet in Shropshire about three miles from Shifnal, the nearest railway station on the Great Western Line. Going out there I found the church and the monument in it in a good state of preservation and the epitaph still plainly legible on it. I wish to ask where the copy and statement said to have been made by Sir William Dugdale is printed and what authority Dugdale had for stating that the epitaph was written by Shakespeare. Can you or any of the readers of your Magazine give me any information about this matter?

Yours truly, ANDREW FISKE.

216 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, July 26, 1910.

We fancy that it would be rather difficult to find Sir William Dugdale's "authority" for a statement he made two hundred and forty-seven years ago. The epitaph on Sir Thomas Stanley is quoted on Dugdale's authority in Appleton Morgan's "The Shakespearean Myth" (First edition 1880, p. 119) where it is said that "according to the Baconian's it is Shakespeare's longest and most ambition work."—[EDITORS NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.]

* * *

THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY ANNOUNCES WITH DEEP REGRET that one of its oldest members, the Rev. Beverley Ellison Warner, rector of Trinity Church, New Orleans, dropped dead of heart disease on Sunday at

his home, aged 55. Dr. Warner was born in Jersey City, New Jersey, was graduated from Princeton University, afterward attended Trinity College and Berkeley Deening School. He was rector of Trinity Church, Bridgeport, Conn., when called to New Orleans. With the exception of a short time as rector of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, he had been a resident of New Orleans since 1893. His church was the leading one of Louisiana, but outside of his church work Dr. Warner was an active and successful worker and lecturer. He was the author of a number of works, "Troubled Waters," "English History in Shakespeare's Plays," "The Love of Shakespeare," "Introduction to Shakespeare," "The Fails of the Faith" and "The Young Man in Modern Life." He organized the Kingsley House, the first settlement house in New Orleans, and the Round Table Club, modelled after the Century Club of New York. He was active in educational work, being a member of the board of administrators of Tulane University and chairman of the Newcomb College committee. In civic work he was one of the most active citizens of New Orleans. He was chosen in 1905 to lead the fight to crush out the yellow fever in New Orleans and his success was one of the great sanitary achievements of modern times. He was at the head of the successful movement to suppress racetrack gambling in Louisiana and a worker in the high license cause. He succeeded in getting laws so changed as to close the low grade saloons and to reduce the number one-half. Archbishop Blenk of the Catholic Church pays tribute to him as "a scholar of real distinction, a citizen of the loftiest ideals, one of the hardest workers in all that made for the welfare and honor of the entire community."

* * *

JOHN PYM YEATMAN, OF THE INNER TEMPLE, BARRISTER AT LAW, an Honorary member of the New York Shakespeare Society, died at Birmingham, England, in August, 1910, aged eighty-seven years. Mr. Yeatman besides being a barrister in large civil practice, was the author of more than forty historical books and monographs, devoted to the local history of Derby, England." His best known work was the "Gentle Shakespeare", perhaps the most unique among Shakespeare publications. Mr. Yeatman leased the genealogy of Shakespeare through the Griffith (Griffin or Gryphon) line to Gwyenedd, the first King of Wales. He contended that Shakespeare's will was holographic, that it fully recognized his wife's legal rights and that the interlineation concerning the "second best bed," was a punctillous effort to omit nothing to which she was entitled, rather than as superficial commentators guess, an effort to slur her memory! He stoutly main-

tained that Shakespeare was a true son of the old (the Catholic) Faith and dedicated the last edition of his work to Dr. Morgan, in recognition of Dr. Morgan's recognition of that fact, which he (Dr. Morgan) demonstrated, offered an explanation of many things otherwise unexplainable in Shakespearean biography.

* * *

* * * The Editors cannot undertake to return unused manuscripts though they will endeavor to do so if self-directed and stamped envelope be enclosed therewith. All manuscripts submitted must be typewritten! Address all matters intended for the Editor, Books, for Review, etc., etc., to "EDITORS NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, care of THE UNIONIST-GAZETTE ASSOCIATION, Somerville, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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I. FRONTISPIECE—A Conjectural Caricature of the Droeshout Shakespeare Controversy, by Basil Brewer.

II. A Type of Four-Stress Verse in Shakespeare—Charles W. Cobb.

III. William Shakespeare & Catholic—A Fine Word—A Letter to Henry G. Langford Esq. from Dr. Appleton Morgan.

IV. MARGINALIA—"The Number of the Beast"—William F. Parker—Were there Film Bills in Shakespeare's Time?—Mr. Basil Brewer's Conjecture as to Taylor the Water Poet and Droeshout's Image of the Author of the Plays—Mr. William Stone Booth and Dr. Thom reviewed.

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MR. BASIL BROWN'S ARRANGEMENT OF THE BUST OF THE DROESHOUT PORTRAIT WITH TAYLOR'S (1642) CARICATURE.

[SEE MARGINALIA WITHIN.]

NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

VOL. X. JANUARY-APRIL, 1910. No. 1.

A TYPE OF FOUR-STRESS VERSE IN SHAKESPEARE.

I.

ON METRICAL READING.

So far as I have read books and articles on versification, these have concerned themselves mainly with the question "How ought such-and-such lines to be read" rather than asking how the lines *are* read or how they might be read. I take it that this reveals the cause for much of the confusion existing with regard to metrics. Lines ought to be read so-and-so, but they are not. Often the metrist would not read lines which come under his own law as he himself has pronounced that they should be read. There is nothing left for the student therefore, but to scan after arbitrary laws and to read haphazard.

Fortunately, authorities are pretty well agreed that a line is metrical if divided by the ear into a certain number of equal time parts. A pentameter line, for example, is divided into five equal time parts. But if we accept this definition for the present, are we able to tell how a line has been divided by a given reader? We know that he ought to have read the line in a certain fashion, but did he? Many would be unwilling to answer such a question, preferring to reason as follows: A pentameter line is divided into five equal time parts. At this place, Shakespeare, as everyone knows, was writing pentameter. Therefore the reader has divided the line into five equal time parts. But suppose the reader says "I divided it into four." Moreover, suppose that he *did*.

As far as the reading itself is concerned,

"Who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive,
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me."

Some persons of my acquaintance prefer to read verse as if it were prose. Some prefer a strict metrical reading. Some like to emphasize the stressed syllables. Others read with very little stress. Still others disregard the existence of run-on lines and read each line as if it were end-stopped.

Now I can see no objection to a man's reading lines end-stopped, particularly if he wrote them, nor any objection to his emphasizing stressed syllables at pleasure, provided he knows what a run-on line is, and can read metrically without stress. In fact, I see no objection to a man's reading any line of poetry as he pleases, provided he knows what he is doing. Why then study metrics? Why, to learn what one is doing. Whether a man chooses to read metrically or not, he ought to be able to read metrically, as an opera singer in recitative ought to know the strict time of a passage before he departs from it; or as a composer must be able to satisfy the rule about consecutive fifths before he breaks it. It matters a great deal who takes the liberty and why.

In training the ear to appreciate metrical reading, one might begin by giving the stressed syllables strong emphasis, but, as soon as the division into time parts is plain, he might reduce the emphasis to a minimum, and read more smoothly though none the less metrically. Although simple this exercise is by no means easy.

Another exercise to the same end would be the following:

Take a normal pentameter line and read it, deliberately, in some eccentric fashion. Take, say, the line:

And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house

Read it first:

And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house

1 | 2 1 | 2 1 | 2 1 | 2 1 | 2*

*In this notation, the numerals stand for multiples of a time unit, e. g., in musical notation, 1 would become a quarter note, 2 a half note, 1½ a dotted quarter, ½ an eighth note, and so on.

Then (one number to a syllable):

And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house

1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1 1 | 1

2 | 1 2 | 1 2 | 1 2 | 1 2 | 1

2 | 2 1 | 1 2 | 2 1 | 1 2 | 1

Finally:

1 | 2 1 | 3 | 1 1 1 | 2 1 | 2

1 | 2 1 | 2 1 | ½ ½ 1 1 | 2

1 | 2 1 | ½ 1½ ½ ½ | 2 1 | 2 .

The last reading (tetrameter):

And|áll the|clóuds that lour'd up|ón our|hóuse

is, of course, very bad. It is just about as bad as if we should read the next line in Richard III:

In|thé deep|bósom|óf the|ócean|buried

1 | 2 1 | 2 1 | 2 1 | 2 1 | 1 1

But, if we reverse the scansion:

And|áll the|clóuds that|lour'd up|ón our|hóuse
In the|déep|bósom of the|ócean|buried

we have a reading which is natural for at least a dozen people who have read this couplet in my hearing. Probably no one would read the first of these lines in the above tetrameter, and I have never heard the second line read in any way but tetrameter.

Consider the following couplet, scanned:

But|I have|thát with|in which|pásseth|shów
|Thése but the|tráppings and the|suits of|wóe

and all passes off naturally; but scan the lines:

But|I have|thát within which|pásseth|shów
These|bút the|tráppings|ánd the|suits of|woe

and something is decidedly wrong.

There is, in the blank verse of Shakespeare, Milton, and others, a ten-syllable tetrameter line, of which the lines quoted above:

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried

and

These but the trappings and the suits of woe

are examples. Other examples are:

|Now is the|winter of our|discon|tent
Made|glorious|summer by this|sun of|York
Our|dreadful|marches to de|lightful|measures
He|capers|nimbly in a|lady's|chamber,

chosen from the first page of Richard III.

But suppose some one differs with me as to the reading of these lines. Why, he may read them exactly as he pleases. My contention is not that the lines *ought* to be read tetrameter ("on what compulsion must I, tell me that") but that, in general, they are read tetrameter and are called pentameter. But, some one may say, the tetrameters cannot be distinguished readily. That is only saying that the pentameters cannot be distinguished readily, which is the real crux of the situation.

An exercise in metrics more difficult than those already mentioned would be for a student to pick out, in his own reading, such lines of blank verse as he divides into four equal parts and which are therefore tetrameter according to his reading. Then let him listen to the reading of some one else. Finally let him hear a play of Shakespeare's, given by actors who pay some attention to metre. Let him listen to the way in which the Ben Greet Players, for example, deliver their lines, rather than deciding in advance how they ought to deliver them.

The question of obligation, in reading poetry, may well be deferred until the earnest student has faced the question "Do I know how I have divided this line?" There is room here for considerable searching of heart. If a person is content to read poetry haphazard with a blind confidence that the poet was writing pentameter, there is no objection

to his doing so unless he calls himself a student of versification. For the eye would be of very little service in measurement if it could not tell the difference between four space divisions and five. Even so, the ear is hardly trustworthy if it cannot tell four time divisions from five, provided such divisions are made.

For the purposes of this paper, a line is in no particular metre until it has been read. The question "what metre" is to be decided then by the ear, and is virtually the question "Into how many equal time parts has the line been divided by the reader." If we do not distinguish metrically between lines divided into four equal parts and five equal parts our study is confused at the very outset. A similar confusion would arise if, now and then, we should substitute four, meaning five, in our multiplication table.

II.

ON METRICAL THEORY.

In trying to pick out Shakespeare's ten syllable tetrameters the writer spent a year in practice with little or no satisfaction for want of a theory of meter which would work for these difficult lines. As soon as such a theory was found the task became comparatively simple and the reading pleasant enough, though I doubt if life would be worth living during any arbitrary scansion of so many lines.

We have here a problem in applied mathematics. It is this: Find a set of definitions for the terms in question which will be self-consistent and which will apply to the reading of poetry. It is easy to build up a set of definitions which will fulfil the first requirement. For example, consider the following set: "A pentameter line is a line of ten syllables such that the first syllable is short, the second long, the third short, and so on. A syllable is long when its vowel is followed by two consonants, otherwise it is short." There is nothing inconsistent here but the set is of no value to poets and readers, for the line would leave only occasional existence in English verse. In fact, it would be an accident if we ever found such a line.

Having stated the problem, let us attempt its solution by means of the following set of definitions, keeping in mind that a line must be read before we consider it, and that metrical problems are to be decided by the ear. *A line*is* metrical *if it is divided by the ear into a certain number of*

*"Line" is not defined in this paper.

equal time parts called feet. A pentameter line contains five equal time parts, and so on. *The syllables which mark points of divisions are called* stressed.

It is of primary importance to notice that we need just enough emphasis on the stressed syllables to show that the line has been divided into equal time parts. I say emphasis because that is the way time division is usually marked in English verse. It need not be emphasis any more than the points of division in a straight line A B need be marked in ink. Emphasis secures time division and time division requires emphasis—or something "just as good." In mathematical parlance, emphasis at equal intervals of time is sufficient, but not necessary for stress.

If some syllable other than a stressed syllable is emphasized, it does not affect the meter in general. For example, in the line:

And|all the|clouds that|lour'd up|on our|house

one may emphasize the word *our* as much as he likes, without disturbing the metrical scheme. If word accent and stress fall together, so much the better. If word accent and stress are too much at variance the line is bad. For example, try to make a pentameter line out of the first ten syllables of the preceding sentence,*

"If word accent and stress are too much at".

Evidently, then, the fact that there are often ten syllables in a pentameter, is trivial. It is trivial that there are sometimes five "strong stresses" for both Gummere and Abbott** find that about two in three of the pentameter lines which they investigate have four strong stresses. What, then, is essential to a pentameter line? It must be divided into five equal time parts; or let us rather say, into five parts approximately equal, for the

---

*The condition "ten syllables" is neither necessary nor sufficient for a pentameter line, since pentameters frequently have eleven syllables or nine. A condition *sufficient* for a conclusion means "if the condition, then the conclusion"; a condition *necessary* for a conclusion means "if the conclusion, then the condition".

**F. B. Gummere, On the Translation of Beowulf, Am. Jour. Philol., VII, 1896, p. 57 ff.

E. A. Abbott, A Shakespearian Grammar, p. 330.

monotony which arises when a passage is written too strictly is well known. To find this at its worst read H VI2, Act 5, Sc. 1, 1-11, for example, the lines:

> Let them obey who know not how to rule.
> This hand was made to handle naught but gold,
> I cannot give due action to my words,
> Except a sword or sceptre balance it.
> A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
> On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Then we have Pistol's mock heroics addressed to his prisoner at Agincourt wherein Shakespeare seems to satirize this very style; putting these pentameters into the mouth of the low-born Pistol:

> "O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman!
> Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;
> O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox;
> Except, O Signieur, thou do give to me
> Egregious ransom." H. V. 4, 4, 7.

In good verse, on the contrary, a natural reading departs from the scansion by "slight changes" as a pianist may depart slightly from the metronome and yet play his piece in a certain tempo. Chopin used to say that his left hand kept time for his right. Liszt's famous description of the tempo rubato amounts to saying, "You see the tree, yonder. The leaves quiver. The trunk stands firm."

These slight changes make for "the life of the verse" (Genung). In fact, it is much more fatiguing to scan Henry VI than Tempest, or Winter's Tale, or Coriolanus. It is more difficult to scan these last but it is far more interesting. As examples of good pentameter consider the following lines and contrast them with the H. VI passage:

> And|all the|clouds that|lour'd up|on our|house.
> |Now are our|brows|bound with vic|torious|wreaths.
> |Caius|Marcius|Corio|lanus!|Bear
> |Even as she|speaks,|why, their|hearts were|yours.
> And|throw't a|gainst the|wind. To the|market|place!
> He|comes up|on a|wish.|Fortune is|merry.
> You|taught me|language|and my|profit|on't
> |Is, I know|how to|curse.

|High e|vents as|these
Strike|those that|make them;|and their|story|is
No|less in|pity|than his|glory|which
|Brought them to|be la|mented.
.....|constant you|are
But|yet a|woman;|and for|secre|cy
No|lady|closer.
I|pray thee|mark me—|that a|brother|should
Be|so per|fidious—

But what is the meaning of the word "slight" above? And where are we to stop if we depart from the scansion at all? Instead of this question let us ask the following: Given a line of ten syllables how are we to determine its meter? And why is not prose in some meter or other? To answer these questions we must extend our definition of pentameter and say *the ten syllables under discussion make up a pentameter line if the reading departs from a pentameter scansion by slight changes.* If not the reading may destroy all meter. Then the line is prose.* If a passage impresses the ear as being divided into lines of nearly equal length and feet of nearly equal length it is bad prose. Consider for example, the question asked above:

"And why is not prose in some meter or other."

If the line is not pentameter and not prose, there is one other possibility. The reading may set up a new meter. We are now in a position to define the phrase "slight changes." *Changes from a pentameter scansion to a natural reading are "slight" if they do not result in destroying all meter or in setting up a new meter;* in other words, a line is pentameter if a natural reading is nearer to a pentameter scansion than to a tetrameter or a hexameter, or a no-meter line, where "natural" means "natural for the reader."

If we resort to formulas* to sum up the preceding, we may say that for an n-meter line.

$$(1) \quad t=nc$$

*Prose differs from verse in presenting *no* metrical form from which we may pass to a reading by slight changes.

*The parts of this paper where mathematical symbols are used may be omitted, if the reader wishes, since they serve only as a translation of what has gone before.

where t represents the time of the line, n the number of feet and c the time of each foot.

For a pentameter line

$$(2) \quad t=5c$$

and so on. If (2) is not strictly accurate, we may say at least that if a line is pentameter, the time, t, impresses the ear as 5 c rather than 4 c′, or 6 c″, or $c_1+c_2+\ldots\ldots\ldots+c^n$ (where the c's are connected by no metrical law) and that the converse is true; then we have stated a condition both necessary and sufficient for pentameter.

III.

THE TEN SYLLABLE TETRAMETER.

Professor Gummere (loc. cit.) describes the line*

(a) No secret island *in* the boundless main

by saying that it has four "strong stresses", a "heaping up of light syllables" in the middle of the line, and a "weak stress" (in italics); but he does not distinguish (and, indeed, it is not necessary for his purpose) between this line and lines such as:

Here falling houses thunder *on* your heads
While *yet* my steady steps no staff sustains.
Where hones*ty* and sense are no disgrace.

for these also have four strong stresses, a heaping up of light syllables and a weak stress (if the phrase be not a contradiction) which may occur in any one of the five feet.

Now all these lines, save (a), I should call pentameter since the reading departs from the scansion by changes which are only slight. The lines divide into five parts rather than four, and this is to be expected, for, otherwise, following the figures given by Gummere and Abbott, sixty per cent. of Johnson's London and two-thirds of Shakespeare would be tetrameter.

Let us examine the "strong stress—light syllable" theory for a moment.

*Johnson's London.

As I understand this theory, the normal pentameter line contains five strong stresses. Since most pentameter lines contain only four, we must select a fifth. But how? If we choose the fifth stress by its *position* relative to the other stresses we are in hopeless difficulty for we are making number of syllables an essential in meter. As a matter of fact, the fifth stress comes in when it is *time* for it; that is, we locate a fifth stress so that this stress, with the other four, shall divide the line into five equal time parts.

And as regards the light syllable, what is it? Undoubtedly we can pick out certain syllables which are very light and certain others which are strongly stressed, but where shall we draw the line? The gradation from strong stress to light syllable is so subtle that I doubt if any one could pick out light syllables, with a feeling of certainty, in any other than an arbitrary manner. For no syllable is light of itself and once for all. Consider the lines:

And|on the|winking|of au|thori-ty. K. J. 4, 2, 211.
To|seek a|living|in our|terri|tory. A. Y. L. I. 3, 1, 8.
And|hang a|calf's skin|on his|recreant|limbs. K. J. 3, 1, 199.
To|hold o|pinion|with Py|thago|ras. M. of V. 4, 1, 128.
|Corio|lanus| in Co|rio|li. Cor. 5. 6, 90.
But|lend it|rather|to thine|ene|my. M. of V. 1, 3, 136.
They|have their|exits|and their|entran|ces. A. Y. L. I. 2, 7, 141.
|He is a|good one,|and his|worthi|ness. O. 2, 1, 212.

Here the light stress in the middle of the line is so far from light that I consider the lines pentameter rather than tetrameter.

The strong stress and light syllable, then, fail to define type (a). Lanier, with his musical notation, fails to define the type simply because he departs from his own principles where this line is concerned, taking for granted that it is pentameter. For he says,* "(1) that in Shakespeare's verse the only way to get the exact rhythm is to read for the sense; (2) that Shakespeare never mangles the type of his blank verse; (3) that consequently, in every line five rhythmic accents are always present or accounted for." As far as type (a) is concerned, (1) and (3) are contradictory, whether or not there be any "mangling" of the verse.

Lanier gives the following scansion:*

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*Science of English Verse, p. 214.

*Loc. cit., p. 173. Lanier's notation is musical and the accent comes on the second beat in his measures.

|The slings|and ár|rows óf|outrá|geous fórtune.|

| 1 2 | 1 2| 1 2| 1 2 | 1 1½ ½|

|A thing|of beau|ty is|a jóy|forever.|

| 1 2 |1 2 | 1 2|1 2 | 1 1 1|

Now, if any one prefers to read (a) lines after this fashion I have no quarrel with him, but (so far as I have noticed) no one reads them so. Then either we must have one rule for reading and one for scansion, or else we must scan these lines tetrameter.

If it is not already established that (1), *the ten syllable tetrameter is a special norm in heroic verse,* we may add that this norm is readily recognized in a prose passage. For example, in K. L. 1, 2, 66 ff., we have five of these lines occurring in a prose passage of seventy lines. Gloucester says, *"You know the character to be your brother's"* and *"These late eclipses in the sun and moon* portend no good to us" while, after his father's exit, Edmund says, (line 129) " . . . when we are sick in fortune, *often the surfeit of our own behavior,* we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars *as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion",* and so on.

We shall exclude from heroic verse lines of the doggerel type:

He reputes me a cannon, and the bullet, that's he
I shoot thee at the swain. Thump then and I flee.

or

I, Costard, running out that was safely within
Fell over the threshold and broke my shin.

Lines (rare) such as the following:

You do look, my son, in a moved sort. T. 4, 1, 146.
And sith there's no justice in earth nor hell. T. A. 4, 3, 50.
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds. R. & J. 3, 5, 153.
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk. Cor. 1, 9, 45.

seem to be four feet of a pentameter line if we connect them with pentameter at all.

Lines (rare)* where the caesura seems to take the place of a foot or part of a foot, we shall consider pentameter, for example:

Shall|lose me|.|what! in a|town of|war. O. 2, 3.
With|this thin|helm|. Mine|enemy's|dog. K. L. 4, 7.
As thou|art in de|sire|?|Wouldst thou have|that. Mac. 1, 7.

Here there is a *discontinuity* in the verse, a silence for a foot or an appreciable part of a foot which is needed to complete the line. But, (II), *the (a) line, read continuously, does not seem incomplete and does not offend the ear in the midst of a pentameter passage.* Shakespeare uses it in couplets as follows, first 4 and 4:

A|father|cruel and a|stepdame|false;
A|foolish|suitor to a|wedded|lady. Cym. 1, 6, 1.

then 4 followed by 5:

A|credulous|father and a|brother|noble.
Whose|nature|is so|far from|doing|harms. K. L. 1, 2, 195.

lastly, 5 and 4:

|I am the|son of|Marcus|Cato,|ho!
A|foe to|tyrants and my|country's|friend.

Futhermore in Buckingham's speech (R. III, 3, 7, 117-140) the first two lines in pentameter are followed by six in ten syllable tetrameter and there are thirteen tetrameter lines out of twenty-four in the speech.

Now how is it possible for this tetrameter to do the work of a perfect pentameter line when other tetrameters are excluded? An occasional line of doggerel would not please the ear. For example, imagine:

"The fox, the ape and the humble bee
Were still at odds, being but three."

In the midst of a pentameter passage. I do not know why the (a) line pleases the ear when used with pentameter lines and, for this discussion, it might suffice simply to note the fact. However, we may say (III) *the time length of the (a) line is equal to the time length of the pentameter.*

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*"Not uncommon," Abbott, loc. cit. p. 413.

The pentameter line may be measured if we measure four of the five feet and multiply the result by five-fourths. Now it is an easy matter to measure four feet of a pentameter line by snapping a stop watch at the first and the last stress, and this is quite within the realm of experiment as it takes about two seconds to read a pentameter line while the stop watch reading is correct to one-fifth of a second. Similarly an (a) line may be timed if we multiply by four-thirds the time from the first to the last stress.

Not trusting himself as an observer in this matter, the writer secured the services of five persons who were kind enough to read 276 lines, some type (a), some pentameter. No one of the five had been trained to tell the difference between the two types of line and three did not know the purpose of the experiment. However, no one of them recorded a difference as great as one-tenth of a second between the average (a) and the average pentameter.

From the existence of the ten syllable tetrameter, we have the equation:

$$t'=4c'.$$

From the existence of the pentameter line, we have already found:

$$t=5c$$

From the proposition just proved we have t=t', so that, for heroic verse:

$$t=5c=4c'.$$

Where c is the time of a pentameter foot and c' the time ot a tetrameter foot, t, therefore, is a suitable unit of measure for heroic verse although c is not.

It is to be kept in mind that if any one prefers to read heroic verse *as pentameter throughout,* the tetrameter form which we have noticed does not exist for him. The run-on line would not exist for one who preferred to read all his verses end-stopped. The value of the verse test supplied by the run-on line lies in the assumption that readers do not differ much in their selection of run-on lines. Similarly let us make the assumption (and it holds true so far as I have noticed) that readers do not differ much in their selection of ten syllable tetrameters. At first, however, it is likely that the more carefully any one reads a ten syllable line tetrameter, the more stoutly he will maintain that he has read it pentameter. The fact

that the line is metrical and in a pentameter passage seems to force the conclusion that it is a pentameter line.

The results obtained after over two years' practice in scanning Shakespeare's plays show that, (IV), *the (a) line supplies a verse test for chronology in Shakespeare, appearing oftener in the earlier plays.* In the table which follows are given the results from the third complete scansion of the thirty-three plays mentioned, wherein, to secure a reasonable degree of fairness and protect the investigation from the theorem in question, no two acts of the same play were scanned in succession and no results were taken until the reading of all the plays was completed.

TABLE.

Play.	Approx. Date.	Per Cent. (a).	Play.	Approx. Date.	Per Cent. (a).
*L. L. L.....	'89	12.1	M. Ado.	'99	12.
T. A.	'84-'89	13.4	T. N.	'00	10.9
C. of E.	'89-'91	15.2	Ham.	'00	10.4
H. VI2	'91-'92	14.8	J. C.	'00	10.2
H. VI3	'91-'92	13.8	All's W.	'01	10.1
T. G. V.....	'93	14.2	Tr. & Cr.....	'99-'05	10.6
R. III	'93	16.	M. for M....	'03	9.7
R. II	'93	14.2	O.	'04	9.5
M. N. D.....	'94	13.2	K. L.	'05	7.1
R. & J.....	'94	11.4	Mac.	'06	8.6
K. J.	'95	14.2	A. & C.....	'08	7.7
H. IV1	'96	14.6	Cor.	'09	6.2
M. of V.....	'96	11.9	W. T.	'10	7.4
H. IV2	'98	14.5	Cym.	'10	6.9
H. V.	'99	12.9	***H. VIII	'11	7.3
A. Y. L. I.....	'99	10.8	T.	'12	6.1
**M. W. W.....	'99	6.4			

The first thing that strikes one, on examining the above table, is that

*Corrected in '97.

**266 verses.

***Act. I, 1, 2, Act II, 3, Act III, 2 to King's exit, Act V, 1.

L. L. L. is decidedly out of place. But not if we consider that the original text of '89 is lost and that the play was rewritten in '97. Then M. W. W. has too small a percentage of (a) lines. But this is not remarkable for the 266 verses of this play, for R III, 3, 7 (240 lines) has 25 per cent (a) lines while the two scenes following (226 lines) have only 12 per cent. In W. T. 1, 2, 1-240, there are only five (a) lines or 2 per cent., while in the same play, 2, 3, (207 lines) we find 10 per cent., and in 3, 2 (228 lines) 14 per cent., that is, the test is not valid for 250 lines.

The foregoing figures will serve the reader if he cares to compare his choice of (a) lines with the writer's. A simple test of (IV) would be to notice that in the first pages of C. of E. there are many (a) lines and in the first pages of W. T. very few of these lines.

If we detach the early comedies from the historical plays, we have the sequence: L. L. L. 12.1, C. of E. 15.2, T. G. V. 14.2, M. N. D. 13.2, M. of V. 11.9, A. Y. L. I. 10.8, and so on, where the plays are given in supposed chronological order. For the same period, however, we find, considering only the historical plays: H. VI_1 14.8, H. VI_3 13.8, R III 16, R II 14.2, K. J. 14.2, H. IV_1 14.6, H. IV_2 14.5, H. V. 12.9; that is, in the historical plans from '89 to '99 there is very little difference as far as (a) is concerned.

Now why should the (a) line occur oftener in the earlier Shakespearean plays? I take it, (V), *type (a) served as a formal relief from monotony at a time when Shakespeare's style was most rigid.** Later it appears less frequently, because as the poet became master of his style we find his verse much freer. There was less need of any special means of relief and a greater tendency to depart from any fixed form. With more and more variety in the slight changes from perfect pentameter scansion, Shakespeare is able to avoid dreariness in his verse without passing to another meter, that is, his later plays show a greater art in normal variation and at the same time are truer to the pentameter type.

CHARLES W. COBB.

AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS.

**Mutatis mutandis,* we might find (a) lines occurring oftener in the later work of some other poet.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE A CATHOLIC—THE FINAL WORD.

PHILADELPHIA, January 3, 1909.

MY DEAR DR. MORGAN:

On page 84, of Volume I, of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, as well as often elsewhere, you have stated that Shakespeare was a CATHOLIC. I am sure every one of an hundred passages in the Plays show that he was not a Puritan. But as to his not being a Protestant, I have my doubts, in spite of your able demonstration.

Would it have been possible for a Catholic to have uttered that defiance of the Papal power in King John, "No Romish Priest shall tithe and toll in our dominions?" I will not cite all the other passages, with which you are more familiar than I am. Any Shakespeare concordance supplies them by the score. I am willing to believe that Shakespeare was not a hidebound Protestant: was, in fact, charitable to all Religions; but that he was a Roman Catholic I cannot believe!

I am aware that I am assuming considerable temerity to disagree with so old and extreme an authority as yourself on a Shakespeare matter. But I must say I cannot agree with you just here.

Believe me Dear Dr. Morgan, with high regard.

HENRY G. LANGFORD.

NEW YORK CITY, January 29, 1911.

MY DEAR MR. LANGFORD:

I am mortified to find that I have permitted this letter to remain unanswered for fully two years, though I am sure that its receipt was acknowledged at the time. Let us now try if we cannot, you and I once for all, get at this matter and foreclose it so that it may worry us no more!

On page 175 of The Shakespearean Myth, written in 1877, I said: "The then very recent dissolution of the Monasteries had thrown multitudes of learned clerks upon their own resources for daily bread, and there was only one depot for their work. There were no newspapers, journals or magazines. But there was the Theatre which demanded literary effort and presumably paid for it."

"Again, in 1888, in "Shakespeare In Fact and In Criticism", I recurred to the matter because the very self-evident proposition (as it seemed to me) that Shakespeare was a Catholic—quantitively important, if we asked where his material came from—was thrown back at me by the statement

that England was Protestant at Shakespeare's date. To this I answered (page 226)—that, whatever rumour of the policy of Elizabeth may have reached Warwickshire none of its effect was visible in the religious exercises of the masses for almost a century. Until, at least, Shakespeare had been long dead and buried.

In Shakespeare's childhood, and during a period covering his entire Stratford and London life, a clergyman was still a Priest, and was still regarded with pious veneration in the rural districts as a semi-supernatural being. The altar still stood in its place, the minister appeared in surplice, and the prayers of the old Catholic liturgy were still intoned. The old familiar bells, Catholic as they were, still called the congregations together with their musical peal, Catholic as were all the emotions they suggested, though in the midst of triumphant, political Protestantism. The old differences between Roman and Anglican were for once completely at rest. The transfer of the throne from Mary to Elizabeth had operated as a transfer to the Supremacy of the Church. But, while here and there a politician or a scholar may have looked askance, at the result, the people certainly knew no difference. Out of nine thousand four hundred of the parochial clergy, less than two hundred hesitated to acquiesce in the change.

The strictest Roman Catholic families recognized the rite of baptism as administered by the Established Church. They could not do otherwise, in fact, as there was no other to recognize. Nearly a century was to elapse before Protestant baptism was declared invalid by Rome. The same church edifices were there, the same clergy read the same services, administered the same sacraments, the priests were not only the people's spiritual but their temporal advisers, the regulators of their social intercourse, their business, their festivities and their sports. Most important of all, these Priests were the schoolmasters of the children, and, whatever learning there was, or whatever was called learning—was possessed and taught by them.

What recusants there were were so scretly; they had no organization, no machinery, and if they held services it was in darkened rooms and with barred doors. As we shall see, John Shakespeare was one of these, but even if an open secret with his friends, it was a secret still!

So generally peaceful was the gliding from Rome to Protestantism that DeQuadra (the Envoy of Spain, near the English throne) wrote to the Spanish Minister at Rome in 1562, "begging him to ask the Pope in the name of English Catholics, to decree that they might without sin, be present at the Common Prayers. The case was a new and not at all an easy

one. For the Protestant Prayer Book contained neither impiety nor false doctrine. The prayers themselves were those of the Catholic Church, altered only so far as to omit the merits and the intercession of the Saints. So that except for the concealment, and the injury, which might arise from the example, there was nothing in the compliance itself positively unlawful." (Froude. History of England, VII, 472.)

I most distinctly remember writing that passage in "The Myth", because it had suddenly flashed upon me, in the midst of my attempts to reconcile facts in the biographies with certain things in the Plays, and with traditions, that everything was reconciled, with everything and, relatively explained, by supposing William Shakespeare, like his father and his father's fathers, to have been of the Old Faith!

This discovery, or acknowledgment, that the Dramatist was a Catholic—a true son of the Old Faith, however, had been announced, none too cheerfully, in that remarkable jumble of monody, soliloquy, spasm and incoherence, which Carlyle calls a "History of The French Revolution. "But as I had never (as I suppose I should have done) acquired a taste for Carlyle, who, whatever he wrote, was always subjectively upon the stage himself. I had never happened upon it! That statement, or (as it was in his mouth) —Confession—is in Chapter II of Book First, of "The French Revolution" (in which, however, the words "France" or "French" are hard to find). Here it is:

"Nay thus too—if Catholicism with and against Feudalism (but not against Nature and her bounty) gave us English, a Shakespeare, and Era of Shakespeare; and so produced a blossom of Catholicism—it was not until Catholicism itself, so far as Law could abolish it, had been abolished here!"

It is not always easy to imagine what Carlyle meant in his interjected matter. As he was supposed to be writing about things in France (though the name of France is hard to find in the opening chapters of his "French Revolution") the "here" is ambiguous. But the term, "us English", sufficiently confesses that it was the English Shakespeare which Catholicism produced.

Here, then, I might have found it! But I shall never forget the moment when it came upon me, with the impact of conviction, that every inconsistency of the biographies, and all the problems of circumstantial evidence, were explained, satisfied and at rest, by just knowing that the English Dramatist, like Cervantes and Dante (the greatest triumverate of life, and letters the word has ever known or ever can know) was a son of the Catholic Church!

No longer is it a difficulty where Shakespeare derived that absolute command of his own Past—that fulness in minute and current matters of past cycles—immaterialities that had earned only the slightest entry of record in records that had themselves perished, but of which, in his alembic, he could make just one opposition, and then himself forget! As in the list of his Hapax Legomena, he used once and then forever discarded a larger number of words than John Milton, possessed in his entire vocabulary, so in the materials of his plays, he absolutely foreclosed the material he worked in! Where did he get it? Where, indeed, but from the storehouses, where alone was preserved the lore and the literature that otherwise would have been utterly lost to mankind—perished from the face of the planet—from the Religious Establishments, the monasteries and the convents, in which alone Letters and Learning had been cherished and its muniments preserved, during the Dark Ages, by the Catholic Church.

When, under Henry the Eighth, these Religious Establishments were despoiled, stripped and razed, by his royal Escheaters (a title even then, for obvious reasons, abbreviated to "Cheaters") where could the dispersed scholars have recourse for food and shelter—but to good Catholics, like Shakespeare? And Shakespeare could not only have given them food and shelter, but employment too!

How simple the whole explanation is? No need of any Baconian Theory now!

Perhaps I may note here just a few of the instances in the investigations, where the fact that William Shakespeare was a son of the Old Faith at once clears the air and explains an item or a circumstance where we had been blindly guessing or conjuring up possibilities, or meandering away afield after all sorts of whimsical and bizarre theories to account for them ever since Shakespeare was studied at all! King Henry had divorced himself from his pious and stately consort Catherine, not by axe and bolck (as he began to do later, as his "conscience" required) but through form of what he called "the law"! The comment of the kingdom was not awry, however, as Shakespeare himself records in one deft Shakespearean touch—

Chamberlin. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience!
Suffolk. No, his conscience
Hath crept too near another lady!

Henry the Eighth is the only one of the Historical Plays which was not published during Shakespeare's lifetime. Why?

A careless, even the most perfunctory reading of that play, shows us that the gravamen of the whole play is to ennoble and eulogize the character of Queen Catherine. But Queen Elizabeth was the daughter of Queen Catherine's rival and supplanter, Anne Bullen. To be sure, Shakespeare did not handle Queen Elizabeth's mother very roughly. He was too full of the milk of human kindness to deal very harshly with anybody. (Not Macbeth, or Richard, or even Iago will Shakespeare dismiss without the best he can say of him. Even to Iago, he gives a last touch of sympathy, and he always lets his villains go unpunished somehow!) And so in this play, Anne is merely flippant. She lets Lord Sands kiss her. But kissing was the usual salutation between titled persons. (Desdemona, according to the first folio, gave Othello for his pains, "a world of kisses," instead of "a world of sighs," as modern editions have it. And when Romeo at Capulet's masked ball offers to kiss poor little Juliet, on a first meeting, she does not demur, although, in pretty allusion to Romeo's monk's robe and cowl, she says: "Hand to hand is holy palmer's kiss). And I cannot see why Anne, who has already begun to see the king's drift, should not have näively protested that she would not for all the wealth in the world be a Queen, or why she should not have said to the old waiting-lady:

> *Anne.* "Pray do not deliver what here you've heard to her [Queen Catherine]
>
> *Old Lady.* What do you think of me?"

These are straws only, and very negligible straws too!

But however lightly poor Anne Bullen is drawn, it is plain that the Play was lèse Magesté in Queen Elizabeth's thinking. Her policy was in nothing more strenuous than to wean the public thought from her own bastardy by the Common as well as the Ecclesiastic Law! Indeed, even in the rush of her own coronation she did not forget it, and actually her first royal decree was to the effect that no Play, Broadside, or publication of any sort "in which matters of State or of religion should be handled or treated," should be permitted throughout the realm. So, of course, this Play could neither be presented on a stage nor printed in Broadside (what we now call the "Quartos"), during Elizabeth's reign, and so we note aliunde that Shakespeare uttered no word of eulogy or lament, or even expressed the least regret at Elizabeth's demise. The theory, so congenial to most of my colleagues that the passages in The Midsummer Nights dream beginning "I saw a mermaid on a dolphin's back, etc," is eulogy of Elizabeth, may

be correct. But it is only Theory. And even if correct, it was only a sop to the lord of Kenilworth.

But, as we now have it, the Play is a dramatic solecism—a perfect Janus-Bifrons among Plays! The first four acts are an exaultation of Queen Catherine—of her noble bearing, her courtly courtesy even to her enemies, who are seeking to depose and divorce her. It is in every line testimony to the affection of the English people for her saintly character and her charities. Nay, it is even testimony to the admiration and respect for her, cherished by the bloated king himself! No effort to beautify her is wanting. She is depicted as forgiving Cardinal Woolsey, in that he had aught to reluctantly do with her fate. For Cardinal Woolsey, who would "have no Bullens"—is given the sympathy of the spectators and grandly eulogized, every honour paid him in his fall and every dignity in him satisfied, in those first four acts! More lèsé magesté from the Elizabethan point of view!

But, mirabile dictu! In the fifth act, as printed in 1623, all this is changed! Anne Bullen's child is now the subject of eulogy. The child of the illegal (from every English standpoint) consort, who has taken the Queenly Catherine's place! We have the public rejoicing at the Christening ceremonies, the pageants, the cheering crowds and, to crown all the inconsistency, a glowing description of the "glories" of Queen Elizabeth's reign. (A reign by the way, not yet a fait accomplis. From any standpoint, not until the end of it could it have been know to have been "glorious"! We might be reminded, indeed, of that genius who wrote a novel placing his scene in the year A. D., 800, and who makes one of his characters say: "'We men of the Middle Ages')." But, knowing that Shakespeare was of the Old Faith—of a party that cherished the memory of Catholic Queen Catherine and looked upon Elizabeth as a usurper, as was her mother, how clearly this difficulty is accounted for?

In order to make the play of Henry the Eighth publishable—Shakespeare's own fifth act is removed and an entirely new one—eulogizing Elizabeth—is substituted. The lèse magesté is removed, and the play is taken from beneath the ban of the Stage Censor.

Shakespeare's fifth act (the existence of which we predicate upon the custom which he always follows of writing his plays in the canonical five act scheme) was, of course, uniform in trend with the other four. This sufficiently appears from the Prologue:

> "I come no more to make you laugh, things now
> That wewr a weighty and a serious brow," etc.

That Prologue would never have served to usher in such a pean upon Elizabeth's birth as the present Fifth Act is, as it stands to-day.

That our external evidence agrees for once with the unanimous concurrence of every Dramatic and Textual Critic, is surely a gratification! But every Dramatic Critic at whatever consequence, admits that the present Fifth Act of the Henry the Eighth is a dramatic anti-climax! And that its style and phrasing is not that of the author of the first four act; every textual critic admits. Such a concordance, I think, justifies us in the assertion that the Stage Censor went to work at the play with his hatchet, and that, when he had finished his work, the play was effectually purged of its Elizabethan lèse magesté, by the Lopé de Vega method of sacrificing consistency to practical purposes!

But now it urges that Shakespeare, being the alter-ego of Lord Southampton, could write as he pleased. I doubt if this can be very seriously urged. Not Southampton himself, any more than Essex or Raleigh, were permitted to relax themselves in homage to Elizabeth's whims. The first use that the Tudors made of their great men was to cut the great men's heads off. And Elizabeth was every inch a Tudor. I don't myself believe in that Southampton story as I have so often set forth. There is no trace of it in the Southampton family records or anywhere else. Unless a couple of dedications are evidence—in a day when publishers dedicated anything to anybody for commercial purposes (we have George Wither's exact testimony as to that publisher's custom).

But brushing my own theories aside, now comes Dr. Wallace, with records proving that William Shakespeare actually lodged in Mugwell Street with a refugee Frenchman, who made wigs for a living in an obscure street, and eked out his livelihood by taking lodgers. Those who can conceive of Southampton in his palaces and Shakespeare in his lodgings at the wig-maker's as Damon and Pythias, and alter Egos are, I admit, impervious to arguments, mine or anybody elses.

I think, myself, that Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth" was not the Play "All Is True," which was on the boards of the Globe Theatre when that edifice was destroyed by fire at the total loss, according to Sir Henry Wotton, "of a bit of straw and a few forsaken cloakes." (But that is a long question which I will not enter upon here). The general explanation of the non-appearance of the Henry the Eighth among the Quartos is, I believe, that the Play was not Shakespeare's, but Fletcher's, or Shakespeare's and Fletcher's, and this is proved by the neo-Shakespeareans, by counting the lines, classifying them as stopped-ending, unstopped-ending,

etc., lines. This mathematics of prosody, I am aware, convinces many clever commentators. I have never taken it very seriously myself.

In all this Dramatic career Shakespeare never but in this single instance wrote a play "with a purpose". I do not mean—without a trend. Doubtless the trend of Othello is to teach the reader to beware of Jealousy, Timon to teach the heartlessness of sycophants, and so on. Though whether Shakespeare felt over and above his dramatic instincts a compulsion to preach platitudes to his fellow men, I have my doubts.

However, there is no possible manner of doubt as to the purpose of the Play of Henry the Eighth. There is a long story as to the part played by the drama of Richard the Second, and its performance, procured by the Essex conspirators, which Elizabeth herself snuffed treason in, saying to Hayward: "Know ye not that I am Richard." That episode is well recorded History. But in that case the Play was not claimed to have been written for any treasonable purpose. It was only its presentation, at that particular time, of which Elizabeth complained. To be sure, there are at least an hundred laboured volumes consorted to prove Shakespeare a Protestant and a Puritan, by means of passages, phrases, or whole sentences, torn from their contexts, throughout the Plays. The very last of these volumes that has reached my notice is one by a Rev. Dr. Carter, which not only "proves" all it sets out to prove, but indentifies the exact English translation of the Bible that Shakespeare used (the so-called "Bishop's Bible"). All these volumes are, of course, disposed of by such a timid suggestion as that, perhaps, even a Shakespeare was a Dramatist! That even a Shakespeare would put into the mouth of a character what that character would be expected to say; certainly not what he would *not* be expected to say! Even the Rev. Dr. Carter would not argue that Shakespeare was a liar, a scoundrel and a murderer, because he made Iago talk like a liar, a scoundrel and a murderer! We have, I am beginning to think, almost enough of this sort of sign-post criticism and about enough Dr. Carters. And again: There is that item which always intrudes itself just about here:

That famous entry in the Stratford Town records that John Shakespeare cometh not to Church for fear of process for debt! I have already stated in these pages that it was an evident subterfuge, since process for debt could not be served upon a Sunday; that according to the law of England (which is our Common Law to-day in the United States, too) Sunday was the ONLY day when a debtor could safely stray beyond the portal of his house, which is his castle, without being served with process for debt! I don't want to be considered too invariable an iconoclast and doubter

of tales merely because they are accepted! But I might not be able to resist temptation to ask, "What debts John Shakespeare owed that kept him away from Church if he had wanted to go?" We have the Stratford Town records. Who has found in them any entries concerning John Shakespeare's debts?

I am afraid that we will have to admit that this famous entry in the Alderman's minutes was made not to excuse John Shakespeare, but to excuse themselves for not enforcing (as Elizabeth's statute made it their duty to do) John Shakespeare's fines for his stout contumacy in refusing to attend the Protestant services at the newly converted Trinity Church.

But how do we know that John Shakespeare fell into dire poverty? Why, it is proved—as so many things passing strange are proved concerning Shakespeare matters—by an effort of pure reason. *Vidilicet*: John Shakespeare must have been very poor or he would not have removed his son, William, from the Stratford Grammar School at so early an age.

Question: But how do we know that John Shakespeare ever placed his son, William, at that Stratford Grammar School at all?

Answer: Why, if he had not placed him there how could he have taken him away?

(But, perhaps this is unfair. We argue mostly about Shakespeare in a circle, to be sure. But really not quite so palpable a circle as that. It is bad enough as it is, without making it worse!)

Let us say, rather, that we prove that young William Shakespeare was a student at the Stratford Grammar School, because his father was an Alderman; and that it is likely, and probable even, that a son of a Stratford alderman should have been sent to the Stratford Grammar School!

Of course, once a scholar there (which is "proved" beyond the possibility of error by the fact that his father was an Alderman, etc.), young Shakespeare would have been removed from said Grammar School on his father becoming poor. (It is not necessary to prove such a self-evident proposition as that. Were it necessary we would start our circle in thiswise:

Stratford Grammar School was erected upon the ruins of the old Guild of the Holy Cross, which went, of course, when Henry the Eighth "conveyed" all church property to his own use, by force of arms. The Earl of Warwick, however, had moved King Edward the Sixth to restore it as a Grammar School, for the poor of Stratford-on-Avon, and he himself (Earl Warwick, aforesaid) had become its Visitor and Patron. There were no fees at all. It was, as had been the Guild School, which the Catholic

Church had maintained—for the poor children of the vicinage, except that, whereas, the Guild had fed as well as taught these poor children, King Edward's foundation only administered the Grammar School function of what was supposed to be purely intellectual pabulum.

And, being for the poor children—! But, alas, here our circle comes to grief! If there were no fees, and the Grammar School was for the children of the poor, why was it neecssary, when John Shakespeare became poor, that little William should have been taken away from its sessions? And echo answereth not! Nor are we informed either, why John Shakespeare, owner in fee of three substantial residences—tenements on Henley Street with their curtillages, should be obliged to avoid payment of his debts by the easy process of merely refraining from going to church on Sundays. Or, what sort of a debt it was that, under English law (at any period of English history, then, or before, or since) could not be collected out the real estate, but must remain uncollectable except by what the late Mr. Macawber was familiar with, as "Civil Process"?

Would it not be passing strange if this whole fuss about John Shakespeare's poverty was a figment, born of the misreading of that single entry made to save the Stratford Alderman from reprimand, or worse, for not proceeding against their old associates and fellow Catholic?

How, in common sense—(if common sense is permitted in studying Shakespeare matters) could an entry on the Town records free John Shakespeare from a debt? Or how, by a perfectly transparent subterfuge, could he evade the law or take advantage of his own wrong? But as an excuse for remissness in proceeding to collect fines for non-attendance, which Elizabeth's statute (I Eliz., cap 2) made it the Town Council's duty to collect, it was a clever minute to make, as showing good faith or an attempt to do their duty, etc., etc.

Let us see whether we cannot finally and once for all settle this matter of John Shakespeare's debts, as well as the question of his Religion.

If John Shakespeare had been in debt, it would have availed him nothing to absent himself from Church on Sundays. His creditors could have procured an writ of Elegit at any time. An "Elegit" was a Writ issued to the sheriff, commanding him to make delivery of a moiety (and afterwards it was stretched to include the whole) of the debtor's lands and personal property (beasts of the plough only excepted) to the creditor. The sheriff, on possessing himself of the property, would issue an inquest to ascertain the value of the debtor's possessions thus seized. The property is then delivered to the Creditor, who retains it until the debt and costs are

paid. The debtor, meanwhile being a "Tenant by Elegit" of his own lands and goods. This process is as old as England, and is not, perhaps, unknown in many of the United States. But, if John Shakespeare was ever a "Tenant by Elegit" somebody, Malone, or Halliwell-Phillipps; or even poor John Jourdan, who preserved so many tales and traditions that served to lead us to facts, would have found some trace of it!

The Rev. Dr. Bowden has grouped in his fine book, "The Religion of Shakespeare," the internal proofs of all these matters as to which it has been my limited province, occasionally, to present some minor items of physical valuation. Perhaps I may note—though not necessarily as a part of my argument—that Warwickshire was, all through those troublous Elizabethan years of the Old Faith, the headquarters for the Catholic Party. And it is notable that, when William Shakespeare applied to the Herald's College for a grant of coat-armour for John Shakespeare, the tricking of the proposed arms made by the Herald followed the Arms of Nicholas Breakspeare, the first English Pope, Hadrian the Fourth.

It is rarely that the internal criticism of Shakespeare, and the circumstantial and external evidences, collate with and support each other. But I suppose in the future, however, they may have been hostile in the past, no criticism, internal or external, will deny that Carlyle was right when he declared that Catholicism gave us Shakespeare!

Much more generally accepted propositions than this one have acquired general currency through even lesser data. What biographer fails to assert, for example, that Shakespeare and his wife were estranged? But where it there the least authority for such a statement of fact. It perhaps grew out of that "second best bed" interlineation in the Will, as basis for concluding that Shakespeare had forgotten that he had a wife, and that on his attention being called to the fact, he interlineated a slurring bequest. But it is equally as possible (and far more within the presumption that a man and wife are not estranged) that Shakespeare made that interlineation from scrupulous anxiety lest his wife should miss anything she was entitled to. She already had her dower and, as we have lately discovered, the dramatic rights and manuscripts of eighteen of the plays.

A good many biographers (especially the Baconian ones) of Shakespeare lash themselves into veritable fury over the alleged fraudulent and spurious character of this Grant of Arms. But it was doubtless quite as authentic as could be expected of such an institution as the British Herald's College, which certainly was not in that day, nor (it is sometimes hinted) even to-day, exactly like Caesar's wife. However, John Shakespeare's pedi-

gree has been traced to Gwennedd, the first King of All Wales, A. D., 605, which it seems would have entitled him to *some* Grant of Arms. And again, the ambition to possess a Coat of Arms is neither discreditable nor ridiculous, certainly not in a land where these Additions are as highly prized as they are and always have been as in England. And again, William Shakespeare was buried in the Chancel of Stratford Church because he was a leading citizen and a lay-Rector of the Church itself, and he has the grandest monument in that Church, to wit his bust, and a splendid inscription in Latin and another in English, which proves that he was of importance enough to have applied for a Grant of Arms. Quite recently a Mrs. Stopes, of London, raised considerable pother, because an alleged picture of this monumental bust did no resemble either in feature, pose, or incidentals, the bust as we see it to-day, or as a photograph reveals it. The explanation is, of course, that the Dugdale picture was careless and clumsy, and as inaccurate as graphic matters were apt to be in books of the period, if they were not, for some cryptic or emblematic purpose, laboriously exact. Any other explanation would assume a recutting of the monument, and the church expense-book or records of workmen in the Chancel, would be found; or tradition or hearsay would have supplied them such an incident. Such a recutting could not have been done at night or without knowledge of the Church authorities, from the bishop down to the verger and the sexton.

Then there have always been biographers and commentators galore, whose zeal to say something new about Shakespeare has led them into stating guesses as facts. Mr. Lee (Sidney), for example, states in his Life of Shakespeare, as an actual fact, that Mr. Francis Collins (Shakespear's cousin and legal adviser) made a first draft of the Will before Shakespeare signed the present manuscript, which was probated as his last Will. This is a good guess! Most lawyers are obliged to submit many drafts of their clients' Wills. And a man who makes a Will at all usually makes a good many more. But to give one's guesses for facts is almost as bad as Collier's plan of first forging the Records, and then describing how he "discovered them!"

The best of us fall into these temptations. Even Dr. W. W. Greg, who has done so much notable work in detecting errors in our Bibliologies of Shakespeare, in Mr. Lee's wonderful statements of fact: and, who has in other ways, made himself a technical authority in these fields, seems, the moment he begins to write Commentary, to give free rein to his imagination. For example, he has this to say about The Merry Wives of Wind-

sor: "The play as it came from Shakespeare's pen, and as presumably acted on the stage, was substantially as we know it, except that the plot by which the Host of the Garter is cozened of his horses occupied a far more prominent place than now in the later portion, and was intimately interwoven with the *dénouement* of the last act. For the purposes of representation a few unimportant excisions were made in the original text. After a while, and for some reason which I do not attempt to explain, it became necessary or desirable to modify and largely to remove this horse-stealing plot. The work was handed over to one of the playwrights connected with the Lord Chamberlain's company with instructions. He made the necessary excisions and worked over the remainder so as to conceal any too obvious traces of the knife. The last act was probably wholly recast, and following his instructions, he supplied two alternative versions thereof, one adapted for representation at court, the other on the common stage, but differing as it chanced more than was absolutely necessary for the end in view. These alterations were clumsily applied to the stage version. The new popular fifth act was substituted for the original, and in other parts where necessary the altered version was introduced. But the actors were lazy and made but a very poor attempt to learn the new dialogue, while wherever possible they contented themselves with mere omissions, ignoring the new material altogether. They possibly felt some resentment at the interference which threw extra work on their shoulders, and introduced bits of gag containing sly allusions to forbidden matter. The play had caused some talk, possibly scandal, and an enterprising but unscrupulous stationer scented an opportunity. The company was not improbably in disgrace and absent from London at the time. One of the hired actors, however, who had filled a not unimportant role in the play remained behind, and proved amenable. He produced, as the result of a week or two's labour with a not very ready pen, a rough reconstruction of the play, in which, naturally enough, his own part of the Host was the only one rendered throughout with tolerable accuracy." . . .

Like Mr. Lee's statement as to Shakespeare's employment of Francis Collins to make a first draft of the Will, nothing would have been more natural: If Shakespeare was like most clients he might have had his lawyer draw up a dozen, for that matter. However, almost anything "goes" in textual Shakespeare hermeneutics or controversy.

I do not agree with many of my colleagues in these studies, who can see nothing good about Lord Bacon, without crying that this ingratitude to Essex covers all he ever did, with infamy! Queen Elizabeth ordered Lord

Bacon to take the part he did in Essex's trial; and if he had not obeyed, his own head would not have been worth an hour's purchase. And it is sheer slander to charge Bacon with that post-mortem libel on Essex known as "Bacon's Declaration of Abuses," etc., for Bacon himself stated that, when he was commanded to write it, the Queen herself revised it until it was practically new matter, even striking out Bacon's "my lord of Essex" and susbtituting "Essex," when speaking of the beheaded nobleman. I am aware that Lord Bacon's memory is unfashionable in England! But, as to the res adjudicata—that he really did take bribes, I (admitting it as res adjudicata) still have my doubts! Nemo repente fuit turpissimus! Why should a gentleman, a great lawyer, a great philosopher, an adviser of statesmen even before he was a statesman himself—who had won golden opinions from all sorts of people—why should such an one all at once, all in an instant sink to the lowest depths of depravity and dishonour? I have pondered the question. Once I believed that Bacon's enemies contrived it. But another explanation has occurred to me. Could it be possible that the real beneficiary of those bribes—hundreds of thousands of pounds of them—was King James himself who for his whole reign was in constant straits for money? If this explanation is the right one; if King James really received all that money, everything else is explained! The king's haste to pardon Bacon to remit the collection of his fine but permit it to remain a debt to the Crown so that Bacon could plead it against all his personal creditors and live and die in peace—the speedy restoration of his dignities; call to the House of Lords and all the rest. We will not indulge in too much discursus. But if your inclination should happen to lead you to connect Bacon in any way with the play of Henry the Eighth, you might notice that the conversation between the two gentlemen at the opening of Scene I of Act second conveys an almost accurate account of the trial of the Earl of Essex while Buckingham's speech on the way to his execution that immediately follows is almost a transcript of Essex's speech from the scaffold. And all good Catholics too should have cause for speaking well of Lord Bacon. In carrying out the policy of non-irritation of the Catholics even if he did not himself initiate it he took a prominent part. He urged the queen to modify the oath of conformity and to disregard all act of the Catholics so long as their consciences did not oblige them to overt act of worriment to the State He modified the oath which included Spain (the most Catholic Country—the specification of which aroused memories of Philip and Mary) so that it merely bound the taker of it to "resist foreign invasion." He urged the queen not to insist upon points theoretical; to let no Catholic have the credit

of suffering or martyrdom—to seek to diminish their numbers by encouraging zealous and persuasive preachers, etc. These were some of Bacon's suggestions. At a somewhat later date in King James's reign a memorandum in Bacon's handwriting shows that he, when Attorney General, began even to frame a bill for the restraint of seditious publications concerning the Papal authority.

I cannot see that it would have been impossible for Shakespeare in "taking humours of men daily," as Aubrey says he did, to have absorbed or appropriated somewhat that came from so prolific a pen as Bacon's was. "That I light my candle at another man's candle does not destroy my property in my own wick and my own wax," said Jonathan Swift! And, as I am laying down my own Shakespeare exegesis, it seems to me that I cannot say more, nor well say less, as to the actual physical sources of the Shakespeare Text!

Men make new books as apothecaries make new mixtures by pouring from one bottle many bottles into one. The very commentary that in one paragraph demands that Shakespeare should be summoned from Hades to account for his genius, in the next paragraph announces that it has traced this, that and the other passage in his Plays to this or that volume, or author, or influence.

One of the things in Shakespearean criticism that most of us look hopelessly for is the time when a little common sense shall suggest that Shakespeare was a human being like the rest of us and that we can account for most of him rationally by admitting it and ceasing to rack out imaginations for explanations of the unexplainable that has only, after all, conjecture behind it.

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

APPLETON MORGAN.

MARGINALIA

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST IN BACONIANA FOR OCTOBER, 1910, IS A paper by Sir Edward Durning Lawrence, which may fairly be stated as Baconianism run mad. Nothing less than a reprint of the paper, which occupies pages 208-217 of Baconiana, could describe the marvelous discoveries and deductions from these discoveries in which Sir. Edward revels. The utmost space will allow, is a sample conveniently co-herent to be comprehended without its context:

At a very early date Bacon selected the number "53" to give in numerous books revelations concerning his authorship. In Florio's "Second Frutes," published in 1591, on page 53 we read:—

> "H.: A slice of bacon would make us taste this wine well.
> S.: What ho, set that gammon of bakon upon the board."

Florio was always a servant of Bacon's, and received a pension for "making my lord's works known abroad." The above is inserted on page 53 to inform us that Bacon's name may be spelled in many different ways, as students of various books will find to be the fact.

In the "Mikrokosmos," published at Antwerp, both in Latin and in French, in 1592, we get on page 53 a picture of Circe's Island, which represents "the stage." Beneath it are the words from the Proverbs: "Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is agreeable."

On examining the engraving we perceive in the forefront Bacon's boar, drawn exactly as it is heraldically portrayed in Bacon's crest, but with a man's head surmounted by a "Cap of Liberty," and we should remember the words in Shakespeare's play, *As you Like it* (which means "Wisdom from the mouth of a clown"):—

> "I must have liberty: . . .
> To blow on whom I please, for so fooles have . . .
> Invest me in my motely: Give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foule bodie of the infected world
If they will patiently receive my medicine."

In Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," 1640, first edition in English, we find at first page "53." In the margin of this page we find "Alexand"; (Bacon sometimes alluded to himself as Alexander). But the page 55 is misnumbered "53," and on this second and false page "53" we read in the margin

S. FRAN.
BACON,

all in capital letters, almost the only marginal capital letters in the whole of the book, which is Bacon's own book, and yet it has this striking reference to himself on the false page "53." The number of pages "53" (very frequently falsely paged "53"), in which some reference to Bacon or to the plays may be discovered, is very large. I will, however, quote only two or three other instances.

In Rowe's edition of Shakespeare's plays, 1709, which is the fifth edition, there is a proper page 53, and also 55 is misprinted 53 (being the only mispagination in the whole book of 3,324 pages), and this is made in the false page 53 in order to afford us a revelation if we carefully read both pages "53" together.

In 1664 seven extra plays of W. Shakespeare's were added to the previous thirty-six plays, and the editors, in order to mislead the informed and pretend that they had Bacon's authority for so adding some of his inferior plays to his revised selection of the thirty-six plays which formed the Great Folio of 1623, numbered two pages 53, which they placed opposite to each other, and on each of these we find "S. Alban" (Bacon was Viscount S. Alban).

Clearly this is our old friend *The Number of the Beast.*

Several generations ago people hungry for cryptic marvels selected the name *Napoleon* for all storts of prophetic and protentious anagrammatization and contortion. And with considerably more success than Sir Edward Dubning Lawrence. For it must not be overlooked that the Napoleonists usually were able to prove their figures and literations, whereas Sir Edward is not always so fortunate.

At the time that Napoleon threatened an attempt to invade England, English pulpits were often occupied by prophesying that he was the Anti-Christ spoken of in the Apocalypse. Many preachers arrived at their opinion in this way. In Revelations, XIII, 18, the Number of the Beast is given as six hundred three score and six, while in the same chapter, verse 5, the number of months during which the Beast was to be permitted to blaspheme was forty-two.

Now the Hebrew numerals were expressed by the Hebrew alphabet thus: The first nine letters represented the digits, the rest of the alphabet represented tens. Applying this system to the French alphabet, we have:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	90

T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
100	110	120	130	140	150	160

Using this notation we have, using the apostrophe as an E,

L'Empereur Napoleon=666

and the number of months

Quarante-deux=666

or, taking the Italian form of the name, Napoleon Buonaparte, and arranging it into columns, we have:

N	O	A
A	N	P
P	B	A
O	U	R
L	O	T
E	N	E
—	—	—
6	6	6

But this is not all:

Jeremiah IV:7 reads: "The lion is come up from his thicket, and the destroyer of the Gentiles is on his way; he is gone forth from this place to make thy land desolate. But in Greek, the word "thicket" is "Napos," and "Lion" is Leon, which is again, *Napoleon!*

There is a class of writers known as Lippogrammatists. They would write by dropping letters, thus:

Amore, more, ore, re: One in love, in manners, in words (or speech) and in deed.

Using the name *Napoleon*, as a lippogram, we have:

Napoleon, Apoleon, Poleon, Oleon, Leon, Eon, On,

Which is Greek for "Napoleon, being the lion of the People, was marching on destroying (the) cities."

Then the Anagrammatists began to work. They found in the name Napoleon Bonaparte the anagrams:

Bona rapta, leno pone! Or, in English, "No, appear not at Elba."

Adding "Lucius" to the name, we have the anagram:

Lucius Napoleon Bonaparte Imperator. Subaltero Nerone, arma capiunt populi!

Adding "Louis", we have:

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte—Arouse, Albion! an open Plot!

And there is said to be an ancient numerical prophesy, made by Galaos, a monk of the Abbey of St. Benoir sur Loire, which runs thus:

12 15 22 9 19 14 1 16 15 12 5 15 14 2 21 15 14
1 16 1 18 20 5 18 5 16 18 5 19 5 14 20 1 14 20
4 21 15 1 16 1 18 20 5 18 5 16 18 19 5 14 20 1 14
20 4 21 16 5 21 16 12 5 4 5 4 9 23 4 5 16 1
18 20 5 13 5 14 20 19 19 19 5 18 1 16 18 5 19 9 4 5
14 20 4 5 18 5 16 21 2 12 9 17 21 5 6 18 1 14 3 1 9
19 5 9 14 4 9 22 9 19 9 2 12 5 16 1 18 12 5 19 21 6 6
18 1 7 5 21 14 9 22 5 18 19 5 12 22 5 18 19 12 5 4
9 23 14 5 21 22 9 5 13 5 19 9 5 3 12 5

This prophecy, which is found in a book entitled "Questions d'Avenir," is based upon the rule that each digit has the force of its numeral from 1 to 25. So read, it becomes "Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, répresentant du peuple de dix départements, fera président de République Francaise, indivisible, démocratique, par le suffrage universelle, vers de dix neuvième siecle!!!"

But there is another queer thing about this prophecy.

By adding up all the figures representing letters, thus:

Louis=77			
Napoleon=92	Departements=140	Indivisible=114	vers=64
Buonaparte=113	Fera=43	Democratique=131	
Representant=155			le=17
Du=25	President=110	par=35	
Peuple=75	de=9	le=17	dix=36
De=9	République=126	suffrage=73	neuvieme=94
Dix=36	Francaise=76	universel=128	siecle=53
582	504	498	264

And in 1848 is the year the prophesy came true by the election of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to the Presidency of the second French Republic!

But even now, wonders have not ceased with the magic name! If you write in heavy script figures the number of votes for and against for President, thus, on a piece of transparent paper, the reverse of that paper will read (or if you hold what you have written before the mirror it will be the same):

In favor, In opposition,
7119736|1113000

it will read in the glass: "III EMPEREUR."

Can the Baconians do as well as these Napoleonophobists.

Let us attempt to equal them though we despair of equalling Sir Edward During Lawrence.

Supposing we construct such a sentence as

William Shakespeare wrote these plays all by himself.

Nobody who will bother to take a lead pencil and the back of an old envelope can see that the numerical value of the letters composing this sentence is exactly 2872! The right hand digit being, of course, negligible, if, as Sir Edward Durning Lawrence says: "the figures are properly manipulated," we can always consider any inconvenient digit as negligible, we have the number 287, which was, we remember, Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's "Root number."

But the number 287 has other properities lurking within it. The sum of its digits is seventeen. And it was in the seventeenth century that Bacon wrote Shakespeare the Shakespeare Plays. The alphabetical equivalents for the digits 2 8 7 are 2 0, are the letters B H G, which, of course, mean *Bacon Heminge Guess*. That is, as everybody knows, *Bacon Heminge Guess,* why Lord Bacon selected Heminge as one of the Editors of the First Folio.

Again multiplying the digits 2x8x7, we have the equivalent alphabet for multiplying the digits 2x8x7 we have the number 112. The alphabetic equivalent of 112 is A A B. And we at once think of little Mote's question in Loves Labour Lost: "What is B A spelled backwards?"

We might proceed further with this wonderful number 287. We might show that the middle digit 8 divided by the first digit 2, gave us f 4, and that taking the last digit 7, and making a number 47, by writing them together -nd, that 47 was Bacon's age at a certain period of his career. (Only we suppose the appetite for contradiction normal in every Shakespearean breast would induce somebody to immediately rise and protest that at a certain period in his lifetime William Shakespeare was 47 years of age.

So we forbear and leave this fascinating field to Sir Edward Durning Lawrence.

WILLIAM F. PARKER.

* * *

WERE THERE BILLS OF THE PLAY IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME? In 1537 one John Charlewood was granted a license to be sole Printer of all manner of Bills for Players. But whether these bills were bills of the Play or bills, or as we would say now, bill heads of the Players, or merely announcements, as we would say now, Posters, we have no means of knowing. It is probable, however, that they were announcements of the Play, the day and hour, admission prices, etc., etc, possibly the name of the author of the play was also given.

There is preserved among the Harlian Miscellanies a letter written on

the 19th of January in that year. (Chamberlain to Carleton.) "And now we are in mirth, I must not forget to tell you of a consuming prancke of one Venner, of Lincoln's Inne, that gave out bills of a famous play on Saturday was sevenight on the Banckeside, to be acted only by certain gentlemen and gentlewomen of account. The price at comming in was two shillings or eighteen pence at least, and when he had gotten most part of the mony into his hands he wold have shewed them a faire paire of heeles, but he was not so nimble to get up and on horseback, but that he was faine to forsake that course and betake himselfe to the water, where he was pursued and taken . . . In the meantime the common people, when they saw themselves deluded, revenged themselves upon the hangings, curtains chaires, stooles, walles and whatsoever came in their way, very outragiously and made great spoile; there was great store and good companie and many noblemen."

In Brown's City Wit, the Prologue enters, bearing in his hand a Title Boar. This he hangs up, with comments of the moment. A member of the Company of Players visiting a town would perambulate the streets with a drum, announcing the Play, January 8th, 1663. Mr. W. S. Lawrence, who is good authority, tells us the Prologue entered at Davenant's Theatre on the premier of The Adventures of Five Hours, bearing in his hand a bill, and from it read to the audience "This day, the 15th of December, shall be acted a new play, never played before, called The Adventures of Five Hours."

But Bills of the Play, as we now have them, distributed to the audience, to give them the cast and the scenic arrangement, etc., are of very modern conception.

* * *

Our always valued contributor, Mr. Basil Brown, has made a real contribution to cojectural Shakespeare Iconography. In a thoughtful pamphlet ("Supposed Caricature of the Droeshout Portrait of Shakespeare (New York, 1911)" Mr. Brown submits that he has discovered what he believes to be an intentional caricature of Shakespeare's face, as portrayed by Martin Droeshout in the frontispiece of the First Folio. In the woodcuts illustrating a metrical tract "Heads of all Fashions" (1642) by John Taylor who loved to be called The Water Poet, is one which strikes Mr. Brown as too close a resemblance to the Droeshout to have been accidental. The Water Poet, John Taylor, produced during the first half of the seventeenth

century much more or less humorous literature. In 1612 he was burlesquing Coryat's "Crudities" of travel. In 1651 he published a batch of ninety epigrams. He had been Shakespeare's contemporary. Mr. Brown assumes and believes that the Water Poet knew Shakespeare personally, and when the First Folio came out was so disgusted with the Droeshout picture that he made, or caused to be made by his nephew, a caricature of it, and used the caricature afterward in his "Heads of All Fashions." As to the actual author of the drawing:

"Two portraits of John Taylor, the Water Poet, are in the Oxford picture gallery. They are signed '*John Taylor pinx,* 1665.' This was the poet's nephew, who, we think, presented them to the gallery two years after the death of the Water Poet. This nephew may have been a son of Joseph Taylor, the actor, and have had a kindred liking for art, and may have drawn the caricature of the Droeshout head which so interested me many years ago that I had a facsimile made for my own amusement, and I now offer it as a curiosity well worth the interest of other Shakespearians."

To illustrate his theory that this Taylor caricature (otherwise des bottes) is intended as a slur upon Droeshout's wooden and banal production. Mr. Brown has placed the caricature upon the Droeshout shoulders, as shown in our frontispiece. Commenting upon Mr. Brown's cleverness, the New York Sun says editorially: We leave it to our readers to compare the tall head from the Taylor tract with the Droeshout print and to draw their conclusions. But it interests us to discover an ardent Shakespearian who is neither trying to prove that William Shakespeare was Francis Bacon's chiropodist nor evolving painfully from a cryptogram in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" the algebraic substance of Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste."

And Mr. William Stone Booth (happily abandoning his kindergarten "Acrostics") has also entered the constructive Iconographic field ("The Droeshout Portrait of William Shakespeare An experiment in Identification, with thirty-one illustrations by William Stone Booth, Boston, W. A. Butterfield). Mr. Booth has proceeded in the line of composite photography, to submit the Droeshout alleged likeness alleged to superimposition respectively of the face, beard, hair, eyes, nose, chin, etc., of the three relative portraits of Bacon (the Worthington, Marshall and Passe, portraits). In thus overlaying the Droeshout, Mr. Booth claims to demonstrate his "suspicion that the two personalities (Shakespeare and Bacon) are either identical or at least that they bear an anatomical resemblance to each other. "Whatever opinion one may have on the matter he should not neglect these unique and minute graphic studies of Mr. Brown and Mr. Booth. Mean-

while Dr. Orville W. Owen has discovered yet one more cipher of Bacon's This last one is in Sidney's Arcadia (written by Bacon). This directs him (Owen) to Coffer-dam the river Wye and find by excavation in its bed the real papers in the case of the Bacon-authorship of Shakespeare. Were Dr. Owen an Englishman he might have been placed in a Bedlam! Being a monied American the Duke of Bedford has licensed him to dam and dig to his heart's content.

* * *

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Vol. X. **Contents for April—July, 1911.** No. 4

I. FRONTISPIECE—Everywoman and Flattery—A scene from the Henry W. Savage production of "Everywoman," the Modern Morality Play at the Lyric Theatre, New York City.

II. Ben Jonson's Testimony as to William Shakespeare. What he really said and what he did not say, and what others supposed he said—[illegible].

III. Bacon, The River Wye and Chepstow—[illegible].

IV. MARGINALIA—"Baconiana" objects to Dr. Morgan's attitude as to Cipher—A Modern Morality Play—The Kesselstadt Death Mask of Shakespeare finds a new champion—[illegible]—Mr. R. A. Smith also finds fault with Dr. Morgan—Death of Henry Abbey, Esq.—[illegible], Etc.

V. BOOKS REVIEWED.

VI. POSTSCRIPT—A new Death Mask is "Discovered," and starts out on its travels.

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[illegible]

Detail from the Henry W. Savage production of "Everywoman," Mr. Browne's Modern Morality Play, at the Lyric Theatre, New York City. Miss Hall as "Everywoman," Mr. Daly as "Flattery."

[See Marginalia, and Bookmatter, No, 369. within.]

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NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

VOL. X. APRIL—JULY, 1910. No. 2.

BEN JONSON'S TESTIMONY AS TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: WHAT HE REALLY SAID AND WHAT HE DID NOT SAY, BUT WHAT OTHERS HAVE SUPPOSED HE SAID.

Ben Jonson speaks of Shakespeare only four times in the whole of his works: (1) in the verses accompanying the woodcut of Shakespeare in the folio of 1623; (2) in the laudatory poem prefixed to the same folio and entitled "To the memory of my beloved, the author, Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us" (in Gifford's edition of Jonson's works this is changed, on what authority I know not, "To the memory of my beloved master, William Shakspeare," &c.); (3) in a brief passage in the prose, "Discoveries;" (4) in his conversations with Drummond, of Hawthornden. Not one of these things was written or spoken during Shakespeare's lifetime. The earliest is very probably the statement to Drummond, which must have been made in 1619, three years after Shakespeare's death. Next came the poems in the folio, which must have been written in or before 1622. Last came the passage in the "Discoveries," which seems to speak of Shakespeare as long dead, and occurs in company with passages that mention Bacon's death. We shall therefore consider Jonson's evidence in this order.

"Jonson," writes Drummond, "said Shakespeare wanted art and sometimes sense, for, in one of his plays, he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by a hundred miles." These, of course, are not exactly Jonson's words, but they convey the impression left upon a very scholarly and intelligent man by his conversation regarding Shakespeare. We can hardly doubt that they express Jonson's real opinion. He looked upon Shakespeare as a man without art, that is, a man ignorant of the poetic, or rather, the dramatic art. It must be borne in mind in this connection that Jonson was in no way hostile to

Shakespeare (the story of his life-long jealousy is an absurd myth). And, indeed, he had no reason to be, for during almost his whole life he was more popular as a dramatist than Shakespeare and more of a favorite at court.

About 1622, the editors of the first folio must have called upon Jonson to write a panegyric on Shakespeare for their forthcoming work, and Jonson complied; writing also a few lines on the woodcut that adorned the frontispiece. They furnish an excellent example of the eulogistic poetry of that time, and show what value we are to set upon it. The woodcut is a wretched affair, both in matter and in manner; and yet Jonson tells us that it was "for gentle Shakespeare cut," and that "the graver had a strife With nature to outdo the life." This is a mere publisher's puff, intended to make the book sell. And it is not the only puff of the kind in the volume. The editors' address, "To the great Variety of Readers," begins "From the most able to him that can but spell;—there you are number'd. We had rather you were weighed, especially when the fate of all bookes depends upon your capacities, and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! It is now publique, and you wil stand for your priviledges wee know; to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a booke, the stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisedomes, make you licence the same and spare not. Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a trade or make the jacke go." It is quite plain that the book was a "stationer's" speculation, and that all the panegyrics were got up to make it sell. I say "all," because there are others besides that of Ben Jonson.

Jonson begins his poem by disclaiming any intention of drawing envy upon Shakespeare's name by overpraise. Then follows an elaborate eulogium—as poetry one of the finest in any language. Shakespeare is a "monument without a tombe," superior not only to all modern dramatists, but to all ancient ones likewise:

> He was not of an age, but for all time!
> And all the Muses still were in their prime,
> When, like Apollo, he came forth to warme
> Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme!
> Nature herselfe was proud of his designes,
> And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines,

Which were so richly spun and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes.
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please,
But antiquated and deserted lye,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part;
For though the poet's matter Nature be,
His art doth give the fashion! and that he
Who casts to write a living line must sweat,
Such as thine are, and strike the second heat
Upon the Muse's anvile; turne the same
And himselfe with it, that he thinkes to frame;
Or for the lawrell he may gaine a scorne,
For a good poet's made as well as borne,
And such wert thou. Looke how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's minde and manners brightly shines
In his well-torned and true-filed lines,
In each of which he seems to shake a lance
As brandish't at the eyes of ignorance.

This is a most curious passage, for several reasons: (1) Because it flatly contradicts Jonson's statement to Drummond that Shakespeare had no art; (2) because it contradicts the frequent assertion of the actors (see below) that Shakespeare never blotted a line; (3) because it gives evidence that Jonson was trying to write a brilliant panegyric, rather than to tell the truth. This is especially apparent in the puerile pun on Shakespeare's name in the last line but one. Having complimented his mind and manners—how sincerely we shall see further on—Jonson tries to squeeze a compliment out of his name. But, it may be said, after all, and with all deductions made, Jonson evidently considered Shakespeare not only a dramatic writer, but the greatest of dramatic writers. As to the first point, there can be no doubt, unless we suppose that he knowingly lied. Jonson, like the public of his time, believed Shakespeare to be the author of the plays printed under his name in the folio. About the second there is more than a doubt. That Jonson's praise was a mere matter of form is clear from the fact that he is ready to bestow it with equal munificence upon other poets. For example, he says of Beaumont:

"I confess it Beaumont's booke to be
The bound, the frontier of our poetrie,
And doth deserve all muniments of praise
That art, or ingine, on the strength can raise."

No praise could exceed this, unless it were what he says of Drayton, whom he compares to Orpheus, Homer, Virgil and all the greatest names he can think of.

What I am trying to show here is that Jonson's panegyric does not prove him to have had any very intimate acquaintance with Shakespeare—any more than had Digges and Holland, who wrote the other panegyrics. We can not suppose his praise of Shakespeare himself to have been more genuine that his praise of Shakespeare's portrait, which was a mere puff, plainly not founded on knowledge.

We now come to the last passage in Jonson's writings relating to Shakespeare. It runs as follows:

"I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted a thousand, which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted: and to justify mine own candour: for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: Sufflaminandus erat, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him: 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.' He replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause,' and such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." (It is hardly necessary to say to readers of Shakespeare that the obnoxious line does not occur in "Julius Cæsar" as we now possess it, but has been altered to, "Know Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause will he be satisfied." This change was probably due to Jonson himself, who seems to have revised the play. He afterwards held up the offending phrase to ridicule in his "Staple

of News," a comedy written about 1625, nine years after Shakespeare's death.)

There can be no doubt that the above is Jonson's final and genuine estimate of Shakespeare. We see that he returns to his assertion that Shakespeare had no art, or to what amounts to the same thing, viz., that the rule of his wit—that is, his intelligence—was not in his own power. We see also that Jonson had been accused by the actors of malevolence toward Shakespeare for his rather sharp speech, and he defends himself by saying that he was only speaking the truth and that he "loved" Shakespeare and "honoured his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any." Now we know that "love" in those days meant nothing more than "like" does in ours. We find Jonson signing his letters to Drummond with "Your most true friend and lover," and one to his old schoolmaster, Camden, with "Your true lover," and so on. How far Jonson's "honour" for Shakespeare's memory lay "on this side idolatry" we discover when he tells us that "there was more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." Not a very enthusiastic testimonial, surely!

But the most remarkable thing in the above passage is the opening sentence. Jonson remembers that the players "often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing he never blotted out a line." Jonson either knew, or he did not, whether this statement of the players was true or not; and, as a matter of fact, it was utterly untrue, for no son of woman could write such a masterpiece as Mark Antony's speech, the most consummate piece of rhetoric known to me, without blotting out many lines. And this, in general, Jonson well knew, as we learn from his panegyric. It seems perfectly clear that, if Jonson had known, of his own knowledge, Shakespeare's habits of writing, or had seen the original MSS., he could have flatly contradicted the assertion of the players, as he virtually does in his panegyric. But the question comes to be: How did the players ever come to make the assertion? Either because Shakespeare had boasted to them about his rapidty of composition or else because they had seen his original MSS. Now, if Shakespeare was in the habit of speaking about his literary habits, it is inconceivable that he should not have spoken of them to Jonson himself, supposing that they were intimate friends, as is generally taken for granted. If, on the other hand, the players based their assertion upon the MSS. furnished by Shakespeare for the stage, this would at best show that he copied the parts for the actors, not that he wrote the plays. It is, moreover, almost incredible that a man with a handwriting like that of Shakespeare should have written any great amount, or have been allowed

to copy the actors' parts. We may be perfectly sure that if the original furnished to the stage was Shakespeare's autograph, it had many blotted lines; whereas, if Shakespeare bought the plays from their author, he would very probably have insisted upon having a fairy copy. That the acted play was often widely divergent from the written one we know for certain.

What I have written shows, I think, that we have no right to conclude from Jonson's various and sometimes contradictory utterances regarding Shakespeare that he was very intimately acquainted with him, or knew anything about his literary habits. All we can fairly say is this: Ben Jonson knew Shakespeare personally and, though impressed with his ebullient and brilliant conversation, considered him a very mixed character and a man without the makings of a dramatic artist. When, however, he came to look through a collection of the plays attributed to Shakespeare, he could not deny that these contained much art that must have cost the author sweat, and so in his panegyric he ascribes great artistic ability to him.

There is not the slightest trustworthy evidence to show that Jonson and Shakespeare were ever very intimate or much together. All the stories about their frequent meetings at the Mermaid Tavern are utterly mythical. There is nothing to show that Shakespeare ever was inside any tavern in London, though doubtless he often was.

The simple truth is, we know nothing about the relations between Jonson and Shakespeare beyond what the former has chosen to tell us, and that is in reality very little. It follows that Jonson's testimony with regard to the authorship of the Shakespearian plays has no more weight than that of any other writer of the time. Jonson shared what no one doubts was the common opinion—that Shakespeare wrote the plays attributed to him. He also knew Shakespeare personally and thought he had more virtues than vices.

It may be worth while in this connection to quote what Jonson says of Bacon: "There happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard

him was, lest he should make an end." Was not the author of Mark Antony's speech such an one?

Elsewhere Jonson says of Bacon: "My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honours; but I have and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration that hath been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest."

Dr. Appleton Morgan devotes a chapter in his "Shakespearean Myth" to an analysis of the Jonsonian testimony which is well worth perusal. In it he says, "when Jonson died in 1637, he left behind him memoranda published in 1640 under the title "Timber or Discoveries." One of these memoranda—for the work is in the form of a commonplace book of desultory entries,—is a comment on the illustrious men whom Jonson had been contemporary with. The reader will search it in vain for the name "Shakespeare." This entry is as follows:

"Cicero is said to be the only wit that the people of Rome had equalled to their empire. We have had many, and in their several ages (to take in the former saeculum). Sir Thomas More the older Wyatt, Henry Earl of Surrey, Chaloner, Smith, B. Gardner, were for their times, admirable, and the more because they began eloquence with us. Sir Nicholas Bacon was singular and almost alone in the beginning of Elizabeth's time. Sir Philip Sidney and Mr. Hooker (in different matter), grew great masters of wit and language, and in whom all vigor of invention and strength of judgment met. The Earl of Essex, noble and high, and Sir Walter Raleigh, not to be contemned either for judgment or style. Sir Henry Saville grave and truly lettered, Sir Edwin Sandys excellent in both Lord Egerton a grave and great orator and best when he was provoked. But his learned and noble but unfortunate successor is he that hath filled up all numbers and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or referred either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome ———. So that he may be named and stand as the mark and acme of our language."

And then Dr. Morgan goes on to wonder whether Jonson, when he wrote this entry, had entirely forgoten that fourteen years before he had stated in rhyme that a certain William Shakespeare was "Soul of the age"—"not for an age but for all time" and his works "such as neither man nor muse can praise too much." He might have forgotten the name "Wil-

liam Shakespeare" as Emerson forgot the name of his friend Longfellow. But he had not forgotten the verses he wrote in his eulogy of Shakespeare, for whereas he had fourteen years before said that Shakespeare was greater in comparison

> Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
> Sent forth or since did from their ashes come

he (Ben Jonson) now asserts that it was Lord Bacon, the acme of our language, was the one "that hath performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred to either to Insolent Greece or haughty Rome."

Clearly Ben Jonson was not a very ardent or faithful friend to William Shakespeare! Dr. Morgan's suggestion of an explanation is that Bacon and Shakespeare were, to Ben Jonson's knowledge one and the same person, and that Shakespeare, being dead there was no use to mention anybody but Bacon. But I am not at present going into that!

THOMAS DAVIDSON.

BACON—THE RIVER WYE—AND CHEPSTOW.

Had the cryptogrammatic American gentlemen, who, prudently accompanied by an alienist, has been lately excavating under water in this vicinity, been a linguist he would naturally have been suspicious of a Cipher that directed him to dig under Wye." For "wye" or, as terminally spelled, simply "y," is the Welsh for "river." Thus in Wales the "Towy" is "the spreading river." The Elwy is "the noisy river." The Llingwy is "the dark coloured river," etc. A direction in a cryptogram to "dig under wye" might mean only to dig under some river somewhere—a command that might well discourage a stouter heart and a braver credulity than possessed by the American gentlemen who have finally abandoned their coffer-dam and mud-shovels, and left us for parts unknown. But, although a slight one, there is a small and very attenuated connection between the Wye at this point and Lord Bacon. In 1607, Bacon, then being Solicitor General of England, was applied to give an opinion as to whether the shrievalty of Gloucestershire or the Council of Wales should be commanded to go to the expense of keeping in repair the old Chepstow bridge. The Wye is the geographical as well as the statutory boundary between Wales and England. The bridge, therefore, being between—and within as to each half of

it—the two jurisdictions. (Gloucester being the county of England exactly contiguous) would either fall into dangerous disrepair, or at the mercy of one or the other of the balliwicks, unless some statute or ordinance dealt summarily with the case. Mr. Solicitor-General Bacon held that either jurisdiction could repair the bridge, and thereafter maintain it in serviceable condition. And, having done so, could collect one moiety of the disbursement from the other shrievalty. But that it ought to be made a charge on each jurisdiction to see that the Chepstow bridge was kept serviceable and safe. But this legal opinion did not, it will be perceived, require Lord Bacon's personal presence at Chepstow-town. Nor is it anywhere intimated or suggested that his lordship ever was here at all. Still less that he undertook with no right to the territory to erect such hydraulic engines and structures as would have enabled him to bury anything in the bed of the river at this point. As to the absolute absence of any tradition or record that he ever did anything of the sort or asked anybody's permission to do so, it is unnecessary to comment further.

But that the late diggers selected an exceptionally romantic and lore-packed precinct for their holidays, there can be no doubt. Wales is indeed a miniature Switzerland. And the Welsh-English borderland might be well called a miniature—Yo Semite, with its river-traversed canons, and its perpendicular-rocked defiles. Besides, within a radius of five miles in either direction from Chepstow-town there are no less than twenty-five ruined castles or fortresses, built in the troubled days when England and Wales were at war—when, with all its military prowess, England could not subdue the intrepid Welshmen who, in the fastnesses of these canon and defiles, bade Englishmen defiance, as they had before time defied the legions Cæsar, to drive them out or compel them to allegiance. Moreover these castles were not only fortresses but military camps. For it was necessary not only to build impregnable fortresses, but protected strongholds for the soldiery necessary to man them, who must be maintained, so many leagues from their base, in a wild and trackless country with no roads or waterways or other communication with civilized England. It was of these castles, with their immense court-yards and messuages, all within castellated walls, that old Dr. Jonson spoke, when in emitting his habitual contempt for Scotland and all things Scotch, he said to Boswell, "Don't talk to me of your Scotch Castles, Sir. A Welsh castle-yard would hold all the castles in Scotland." (It may be worth mentioning as giving some idea of the possessions of an English nobleman, that all these castles—as well as the magnificent ruin,

Tintern Abbey barely five miles to the north of Chepstow—are the property of the Dukes of Beaufort).

But, apart from the exploitation of the American cryptologists which for the last twelfthmonth has awakened Chepstow-town from its thousand years of somnolence, the little town is well worthy a lingering visit from the tourist "procul negotiis" as Horatius Flaccus would have described it. For the origin of the tranquil town begins in the crepuscule of Fable or perhaps we should say—the Gotterdamerung—the twilight of the gods! King Arthur—he of the round table that was king of fairyland Britain (so named, by the way, from Brutus son of Æneas) was slain as say some authorities (only to be contradicted by other authorities) by King Lud (from whom Lud's Town—London). Then—following the same contradictable authorities—King Arthur's son Morgan fled to the south coast of Wales where he had been born, and from which he was named More Can—in Cymric "the manchild born by the sea." And the land became, as it is at present, called Gla Morgan. That is the Gla or Country of the Man who was born by the Sea!

Chepstow we indeed first hear of in Literature in Sir Walter Scott's version of the old Glamorgan War song "Cadlef Gwyr Morganwg."

"From Chepstaw's walls at dawn of morn
"We heard afar the bugle horn;
"And forth in banded pomp and pride
"Stout Clare and fiery Nevill ride,
"They swore their banners broad should gleam
"In crimson light on Rhymney's stream;
"They vowed Caerphilly's sod should feel
"The Norman charger's springing heel!
"And Chepstow's brides shall curse the toil
"That armed stout Clair for Cambrian broil
"And orphans long that art may rue
"For Nevill's war-horse forged the shoe!"

Who was Claire and who was Nevil would be as hard to say as it would be to tell what was the cause of the Thirty years' war which ended when the contestants who used to take their families along to the field found themselves tired of fighting or something else diverted their interest. These Welsh feuds were apt to be like the celebrated case in Rabelais that was submitted to all the learned universities in France, Germany and Spain, until

they all agreed to leave it to Charles the Fifth who decided that anybody who alluded to it again should be hung, drawn and quartered! The only tangible information is, that Claire was a something of Chepstow while Nevil was a something of Wales.

But tangible and interesting enough to atone, is the splendid ruin of Chepstow castle. Viewed from its river frontage or from over on the Welsh borderland, it appears—as indeed all these old castle ruins do appear, to rise perpendicularly from the river base, being built without discernable break between walls and rocky parapet—the whole, wall and rock,—forming a single sheer escarpment, until a modern engineer would be nonplussed to pronounce whether the forgotten builders used false works in their construction or managed to work within the perpendicular they erected. Standing on the present iron Chepstow bridge, successor of the one whose case was decided by Lord Bacon and a youngster of a few years less than an hundred years in age (its five graceful arches must have been a very early structure in iron, by the way), we get a noble but not so imposing a view of the sally-port and land side of this castle, stately and ivy grown but not frowning and formidable as is the view from the Welsh or "business" side. Here the visitor sees at one end of the curtain the round donjon tower, and, at the other the four-square "Merten" tower—as they stood when Merlin worked his enchantments and King Arthur and his knights sat at the Round Table still visible at Cäerlion on the Usk!

Across the huge court yard, in which great trees are still standing, is the square Marten's Tower, so called because here was imprisoned twenty years from 1660 to his death in 1680, Henry Marten, one of Cromwell's roundheads and a Regicide. He was sentenced with the other Regicides to death at the Restoration. But he, with nineteen others, surrendered himself upon Charles the Second's proclamation of amnesty, sending word to the king that as this was the first royal proclamation that he (Marten) had ever obeyed, he hoped that he should not be put to death for taking the king's word." The king seems to have regarded the message. At any rate he commuted Marten's sentence to imprisonment for life. Marten was even allowed the society of his wife and children, and except for the loss of his liberty, probably lived a happier life here than in the days when he was fighting and expounding against royal prerogative.

Perhaps Chepstow castle was selected as the gaol of Marten because it happened to be the only castle that Cromwell ever besieged in vain, capturing it only by starvation, and its garrison by strategy. Two hundred and sixty-three years ago its commander Sir Nicholas Kemeys with only

forty men held it until Cromwell left the siege in other hands and sought easier victories elsewhere. He left an order to a subordinate to starve Sir Nicholas out. When the garrison's last crust was gone, they asked a parley which was granted for a single day. But one of Cromwell's soldiers happened to see a boat moored under the river wall, and suspecting treachery, swam the river with a knife in his teeth and cut the rope half in two. Sure enough that night Sir Nicholas and his garrison of forty men embarked. But the rope parted, and all were caught and put to the sword. In the pavement of the room said to have been Marten's chamber is an iron ring which, the guide tells us, this identical boat was tied by the rope the soldier cut.

Marten lies buried in the old Church built in King Stephen's time as a chapel to an Abbey which seems to have disappeared and left no trace. The story is that the old Regicide was buried in its chancel. But a subsequent Vicar deeming it a desecration, had the remains removed from the chancel and placed under the pavement of the main aisle, so that worshippers should forever walk over the ashes of the man who had killed his King.

Chepstow itself is of the usual order of border towns. Its industries are small and local. Some ships or barges appear always to be building leisurely at its docks. But it is a kind of land in which it is always afternoon. If Lord Bacon wanted to bury manuscripts anywhere this is perhaps the last place he would have selected. Inaccessible—for there were no roads—sparsely inhabited where he could have otbained no workmen—and—according to the Baconian ciphers to themselves the least desirable for a man who wished to leave his reputation to the next Ages! But why should Bacon want to bury manuscripts anyhow? Who does bury manuscripts? Besides they had been printed—and were, therefore, rubbish and waste paper merely!

The fact that the present Duke and Duchess of Beaufort have not only encouraged your American cryptogrammatist, but that the Duke has himself provided the cost of the work must not be taken to mean that they expected more than an interesting excitement from the curious venture. His grace of course desired to retain control of the work upon his own premises, which he effectively did by assuming its expense. And to have refused the permission to dig would have been to leave the matter in doubt. Besides his grace, of course, feels himself a trustee for History; could hardly feel otherwise, being as he is the owner of twenty-five ruined castles, every one of which is a monument in English history. He is the owner also of Tin-

tern Abbey, and no visitor to that most splendid of British Abbeys can fail to appreciate the perfect access which every visitor enjoys, without espionage or intrusive ciceronage, to that wonderful precinct. Said a local antiquary (who begs me not to mention him by name) to me: "Your fellow countryman has discovered just what the Duke, as well as all of us, knew would be found. Just opposite, you see, there was an old Roman road crawling down that cliff. Why should the Romans build a road down to a river brink unless they thought to bridge the river at that point? But in order to build a bridge they must sink foundations for piers. Your countryman has simply found one of these pier-foundations. The other pier-foundation is visible at high tide just opposite. It seems impossible to believe that your fellow-countryman was not perfectly aware of these facts. Indeed, he was very plainly informed of them by persons whom I could name, let alone his grace, the Duke of Beaufort, who knew them perfectly well!"

Such, indeed then, are the romance and the traditions of old Chepstow on the Wye. But there is a distinguished cryptographer residential at the point d'appui of the new world and the new-old-world-Detroit. See what he has dragged up out of Cipherdom as to this same Chepstow on the Wye!

Out of the eighteen different cipher systems used by Bacon in the First Folio. He found, first: A passage in which Bacon said that one of the persons of a future generation that would decipher his works and discover his great secrets was to bear the name of "Owen."

This convinced him that he was on the right track. (For gentle reader, as will be shortly seen, this cryptographer's name is the good old Welsh, "Owen.") But confirmations strong as holy Writ, now followed fast and followed faster.

When Bacon wrote the Shakespeare Plays, did he print them or send them to the Theatre? By no means! He folded them up. Sealed them with his seal, and buried them in the bed of the River Wye at Chepstow. Why this particular sepulture? asks the reader. Or why any sepulture at all? Let the Bacon cipher answer: "He," (Lord Bacon) "knew that those were times when much was made of witchcraft, and as he had many enemies he felt that they might try to prove that he was a wizard, kill him and have all his writings destroyed. He, therefore, placed the manuscripts in boxes measuring 20 by 10 by 2 feet. Each one of these boxes, the doctor

says the cipher tells him, required six men to handle, and there were five boxes."

"The River Usk runs into the River Wye in such a manner as to cause anything that comes down it to ground on one of the shores. The vault was built, says the cipher, so that anything coming down the river would float to its opening. When all was ready the boat was loaded, floated down, tied up to the vault, the boxes unloaded, the contents buried and the whole sealed over. The vault is of concrete and cement, absolutely waterproof. The boxes are also said to be proof against destruction as long as they remain buried. Three years ago Dr. Owen went to Boston, where he communicated his discoveries to many scholars of that city and gained the backing for an expedition that it was hoped would unearth the treasures and prove that Shakespeare was an impostor."

"At that time he told his friends, although he had never been in England, just where the manuscripts could be found. He described the scenery about the vault side, diagrammed many of the castles where Bacon had been and told of certain marks that Bacon had put on the masonry pertaining to those castles. All this found in the cipher."

"He also told them that it was to St. Albans, near Wales, that Bacon was sent by Queen Elizabeth when she wanted to get rid of him at court. In detail he told his friends of the scenery around the St. Albans represented as being named in the cipher. When he finally went to England, financed by American capital, he spent much of his early time in finding out if the cipher was correct in regard to these minor details."

"First of all he established to his own satisfaction that it really was to the St. Albans near Wales that Bacon went, instead of the St. Albans near London, from which he originally took his title of Marquis St. Albans, as had hitherto been supposed. Dr. Owen proved this by passages in Shakespeare and the cipher describing the scenery and territory thereabouts."

"Dr. Owen then went on to investigate the marks on various castles that he told his friends in the United States he would find. Even confident as he was before he went to England, he was much surprised to discover things just as he had expected. What these will lead to has not been told to any one out of his immediate circle, but it is known that every mark is the basis for the computation of certain angles that when found will point to spots where things of great worth may be located if the cipher may be believed."

"For instance, it is known that Bacon spent or did away with more money than has ever been accounted for. He also possessed valuable jewels

and owned the most comprehensive private library of his time. No satisfactory explanation having ever been given as to the whereabouts of these things, Dr. Owen claims that the cipher has acquainted him with all and that as soon as he digs up the manuscripts he will be able to find the other objects."

"One of the first things that Dr. Owen did when he went to England was to get in touch with the Duke of Beaufort, who is a great Baconian student and has much of Bacon's former realty. Before the duke the Detroit Owen laid out all his discoveries and told of his expectation, winning over the Duke who offered not only to let the doctor tear down his castles if he desired, but offered to put up the larger part of the expenses of the search."

"An engineer was employed and the work was begun on determinnig the location of the vault under the Wye. To begin with, it was necessary to locate certain marks that Bacon is supposed to have placed on the masonry of Chepstow, as castle recorded in the cipher." Etc., etc., etc.

But we fain would not weary the reader. There are reams more of this sort of rubbish—and even were our pages as limitless as our patience. Readers would rebel. And of all this, of all the herculean labours of Bacon's workmen in coffer damming the Wye—toiling in with the huge boxes of manuscripts; building the mausoleum over them, closing and secreting their approaches, removing the coffer dams and letting the torrent back to its native bed—of all this not a mention ever in men's mouths, but only in a cipher that has been buried for three centuries to stretch out like a mortmain unremoved until the year of Grace (or is it the year of Fable)? the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eleven!

But anyhow it has given Chepstow a world-wide advertisement, and such an event in the annals of this little town will go into its archives and be on record no doubt for another hundred years.

GEORGE MEMMINGER.

[It is only fair to Mr. Memminger, and perhaps to ourselves, to state that the above article was accepted by us before the fiasco at Dr. Owen's Chepstow diggings had become known upon this side of the ocean.—EDITORS NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.]

MARGINALIA

A LATE ISSUE OF OUR LONDON CONTEMPORARY "BACONIANA" PRINTS the following:

To the Editor of Baconiana. DEAR SIR:—I was surprised to read your strictures upon Dr. Appleton Morgan in your April issue.

Perhaps Dr. Morgan rejects the "ciphers" for the same reason that he accepts the Bacon authorship theory—that is to say, because he is a lawyer and a student of evidence. Don't let us forget Dr. Morgan's immense services to the Baconian propositus. When "The Shakespeare Myth" appeared in 1877 there was no text-book on the subject except Judge Holmes's ponderous volume, which had dropped stillborn from the press because it was almost as recondite and unreadable—not to say as unintelligible—as poor Delia Bacon's "Philosophy of Shakespeare's Plays Unfolded," which Hawthorne said that nobody ever read (Judge Holmes's book, as a matter of fact, has been dropped from the catalogue of its publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, and Company), and except a pamphlet or a newspaper article now and then, the question was unknown.

Dr. Wyman's "Bibliography," with all his research, counting every allusion that could be forced that way, could enumerate less than thirty prior to that date. Dr. Morgan's book popularized the subject. Here in America, at least, newspapers and magazines began to discuss it, and it became a favourite theme in college and literary clubs for amateur debates.

"The Shakespearean Myth" went through four editions—a record no work upon the Baconian theory has ever approached. It practically introduced the Bacon theory into Germany in the German translation of Dr. Karl Muller-Mylne, and although President of the New York Shakespeare Society, Dr. Morgan even in that "orthodox" society, preserves his loyalty to Bacon, and to inspire a like loyalty in others. I think we Baconians cannot afford to lose Dr. Morgan. Our propaganda has been hard hit lately by the "Button Moulder." Bompas, Begley, William Theobald, Judge Webb,

Lord Penzance, W. H. Edwards, Judge Holmes, Edwin Reed, Judge Stotsenburg—all these have joined the majority.

None of these, no more than White, Castle, or Greenwood—who, I believe ,are still living—were "cipherists." It is policy to read out of our Guild the few wheel-horses we have left because they happen to be of the old faith?

So far as I can see, the question the cipherists ask is not "Did Bacon write the plays?" but "Did Bacon claim the plays?" It seems to me that the first of the above questions is the only one in which—if in either—the world is interested to the slightest degree.

And permit me to call your attention to the fact that the recent discoveries of Dr. Wallace in your Public Records are a remarkable confirmation of Dr. Morgan's conjecture in "The Shakespearean Myth" that William Shakespeare was the owner, by purchase, and stage-mounter of the plays. Certainly nobody who ever read that work can deny that this was the "new" or "editorial" or "compromise" theory that Dr. Morgan first proposed in that work, and, in a sense, elaborated in his "Some Shakespearean Commentators" of two years later.

Yours in the Baconian faith,

J. HAROLD McCHESNEY.

21 Webster Avenue, Newark, New Jersey, August 21st, 1910.

[No objection was taken to the rejection of cyphers by Dr. Morgan. He is entitled to his opinion. The "strictures," if so the remarks in BACONIAN may be designated, were solely directed against Dr. Morgan's intolerance and vituperation towards those who consider alleged discoveries of cypher should be investigated, and to these alone. No comment was made on the opinions he held. It is not a question, as the writer suggests, of whether Baconians can afford to lose Dr. Morgan. That gentleman has never been a whole-hearted Baconian. His autobiography, recently published, makes it clear that he is not of the Baconian fold. Dr. Wallace's much-vaunted discoveries do not yield the slightest confirmation of any theory so void of foundation as that William Shakespere was "the owner by purchase and stage mounter of the plays." They shed no light on the point at issue in the controversy. The writer of the so-called "strictures" has never been convinced of the sufficiency of the evidence in favour of the Donnelly cypher, Dr. Ward Owen's word cypher, or of Mrs. Gallup's Biliteral cypher.—ED.]

[This Editor's picture of so liberal-minded, dignified and placid a gen-

tleman as Dr. Morgan, as given to "intolerance and vituperation," will appeal to the sense of humour of Dr. Morgan's friends, and especially to readers of this Quarterly.—Editors NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.]

THE METROPOLITAN STAGE HAS WITNESSED DURING THP WINTER AND Spring an ambitious attempt to revive the Morality of mediaeval times. The late Walter Browne (not before largely known as a playwright, and who died the very day that his crowning triumph had its premiere) conceived in his "Everywoman" a modern Morality that should follow the trend of the mediaeval article, but use modern machinery, paraphernalia, localities and mise en scene. The experiment provoked curiosity and its producers risked ridicule, indifference and failure. But for five months in New York City; and (for a brief week each) in three other cities; the play has packed its theatres and stopped only because the heated term compelled the management out of mercy to the actors to forbear. The production is in every sense an agreeable surprise alike to public and critics. Far from being prolix, stilted and archaic, as its designation of a "modern morality play" may have suggested to many, it proved to be real and effective drama in the guise of allegory, but operatic in its texture and manner of interpretation, ingenious and powerful. It is a long way from the conventional drama so common to the time, and tells a story that is unclouded by its lofty symbolism, which has both an aesthetic and ethical purpose as well as an intimate application to contemporary life. Also, it is well acted by a well chosen company, opulently mounted and splendidly stage managed.

It is unfortunate to attempt to describe the plot, for a necessarily brief outline is sure to cloud rather than reveal the best merits of the work. In general it proceeds through five canticles, or acts, to trace the wandering of woman through the treacherous world of pleasure in her search for love, and to dramatically set forth the temptations by which she is beset and the reclaiming influences which Conscience throws around her. One of the scenes pictures faithfully the revels of a New Year's eve on Broadway, and in the gilded lobster palaces which line that highway of pleasure.

Whether the play would have succeeded as a curiosity or no, or without its opulent setting, have passed the credit of a mere succes d' estime need not be discussed. But the management left nothing of that kind to question— It intrusted to one of the most beautiful women on the American stage—Miss Laura Nelson Hall, the creation of the Title-role, "Everywoman." Miss Hall presented always a striking figure, graceful in pose and gesture, always significant in action, and in every item and syllable of her

part, showed her fine realization of the archaic precedents of the character, as well as the demands of the modern prototype entrusted to her reading. Her part required not only genius but faith and zeal. Longer than "Hamlet": without an exit in any of the five acts (or canticles as the author named them, though not from the old model either) "Everywoman's" part in endurance if in nothing else, would have been upon an American stage unique. "Everyman" of course, was only a play at all, when "Everyman" (the character) was on the scene. But in the trifling time in which "Everyman" (the play) could be played with modern machinery the actor impersonating him had an easy length of time. But, in the four hours required for Everywoman (the play) for an actress to never leave the stage, was in itself an achievement. It is none too much to say that Miss Hall no less than Mr. Browne, made possible this Dramatic service to the twentieth century—the creation of the only morality play that has been attempted in five hundred years. And the records of American drama will hold the fact. No student of Drama could do himself the injustice of foregoing an opportunity to see "Everywoman."

IN "SHAKESPEARE'S TOTDENMASK." [NEW YORK, LEMCKE AND Buechner] Dr. Paul Wislicenus argues enthusiastically for the veracity of the Kesselstadt "Death Mask."

Of all the alleged portraits of Shakespeare, the so-called death mask is perhaps the only one which possesses features of sufficient charm to do no overt violence to one's mental image of the poet—unless it be the Chandos portrait, but that has ear-rings! Unfortunately, the death mask is of somewhat obscure pedigree. It was found in a Mainz junk-shop by Ludwig Becker, a portrait-painter, in the middle of the last century; it had been picked up by Count Kesselstadt on a journey to England at the end of the eighteenth century; it has the date of Shakespeare's death, 1616, scratched into the plaster of Paris; that is really all we know of it.

The Baconians have made the subject of Shakespeare's potraits always their peculiar province, but Dr. Wislicenus attacks them with fervor equal to their own. He attacks, too, Mrs. Stope's theory that the present bust of the Stratford monument was set up in 1746 in place of an earlier one, without pen and paper, to be seen pictured in Dugdale's "Warwickshire" (1656). The Dugdale portrait he describes as that of a failing hypochondriac, pressing a thick pillow to his abdomen in evident physical distress; a bad and carless sketch, as were those in Rowe's (1709) and Bell's (1788) Shakespeares, which show quite different heads. The production in Pope's edi-

tion (1725), however, agrees closely with the present. This, thinks Dr. Wislicenus, is the original form of the bust and of the monument. The Stratford bust he believes to have been made from the Kesselstadt death mask, with the eyes opened, the cheeks fattened, and an expression of bourgeois geniality spread over the countenance by a local artisan. Apart from the discussion of Mrs. Stope's theory the book contains little that is new. The nineteen reproductions of alleged Shakespeare portraits, are excellent.

THE ACTIVITY OF OUR FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN, DR. WALLACE, WHO TRAVELLED five thousand miles to demonstrate to Englishmen what they could have found under their noses if they had taken the trouble to look, seems to have produced its effect. According to a late issue of the London "Globe" there has been found in the London "Sessions House" the record of the proceedings in which Ben Jonson pleaded his clergy. This Sessions House has been used for the work of the country for a hundred years and contains records and other historical documents which go back to the year 1549, when Edward VI. was King, and a representative of the *Globe* was privileged to examine some of them. Perhaps the most interesting is the original indictment of Ben Jonson for manslaughter. The name, by the way, is spelled Johnson. Ben Jonson was arraigned at the Old Bailey in October, 1598, for the manslaughter of Gabriel Spencer in a duel at "Shordiche with a certain sword of iron and steel called a rapiour of the price of 3s., which he then and there had in his right hand and held drawn, feloniously and wilfully struck the same Gabriel then and there with the aforesaid sword, giving to the same Gabriel Spencer in and upon the same Gabriel's right side a mortal wound of the depth of six inches and of the breadth of one inch, of which mortal wound the same Gabriel Spencer then and there died instantly."

The document is headed with a statement that the prisoner "confesses the indictment, asks for the book, reads like a clerk, is marked with the letter T and is delivered according to the form of the statute," &c. This in modern language means that the author of "Every Man in His Humour" claimed the privilege of the clergy, which was extended to laymen who could read, of escaping the hangman for a first offence on deing branded on the left thumb with a T, which was commonly known as the Tyburn T. The writer adds: Ben Jonson, apparently by bribing the jailer, had the operation of branding performed with cold steel, as no marks of branding were found on his body at his death."

This remarkable document, which has for three hundred years escaped

the poet's biographers, was found among a number of fragmentary rolls. It had lost its dated wrapper, was wet and decayed, and was far on the road to rottenness when it was rescued from its oblivion and submitted by the experts of the Middlesex County Council to a process of cleaning and restoring. Dr. Wallace's finds, it may be noted, have invariably preserved the date-marks. Of course their absence in this case will raise a question of fraud, or forgery. But there is no apparent reason why this discovery should not be veritable. We have known always that Ben Jonson escaped hanging in the easy way prescribed by law—by taking his benefit of clergy.

And now enters formally a new Claimant for the honour of the Authorship of the Shakespeare Plays! This time no less a magnificence that his Satanic Highness the Devil! Such of us as delighted to think that the long word HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS had been reduced to its elemental "Initio hi ludi Fr. Bacono" by Dr. Platt, and to its equally elementary "Hi Ludi F. Baconis Nata tuiti orbi" by Sir Edward Lawrence, will regret to learn that Sir Edward offered a reward of one hundred guineas if any other anagram than these two which announced the Baconian authorship of the Plays could be tortured out of the long word. A Mr. Beevor stimulated by the reward has however managed an anagram that announces, not Bacon's, but Ben Jonson's authorship: vidilicet: "I Ionson hi libri tui aut ficti a d———" Which being translated is "Go to—Jonson, these books are either yours or invented by the devil!" Hardly worth five hundred dollars one might say but valuable as admitting a new claimant or rather two new claimants for the authorship "Hi Ludi!" So now we have as the author of the Play, our choice between Shakespeare, Jonson, or the Devil. But as Ben Jonson has carelessly left behind him the Plays he acknowledges that he did write, they cut his claim out instanter! So now we have only left of this revelation—The Devil!

Mr. Robert Atwater Smith, our always alert, unreconstructed and unterrified Baconian correspondent (who spells Shakespeare—the Stratford gentleman "Willm-Shagsper," and defies all the Statutes of the Realm dealing with lése magesté to stop him) writes us to demand an accounting with Dr. Morgan for saying in his Interview in The New York Evening Post of May 20th, 1911, that "I know of no character in Biography whose every movement is so perfectly recorded as Lord Bacon's. Not Napoleon's nor Washington's more so." Writes Mr. Smith: "I would like to inquire

how much of Bacon's life is recorded by Spedding previous to 1590 or even before 1600? Parker Woodward in his books has shown how Spedding 'slid over' the first forty years of Bacon's life. What did Spedding tell of Bacon's life in France from 1576 to 1579? What of the next ten years? In Baconiana of April, 1911, a gap of nearly two years, 1580-92, is unearthed by Mr. Woodward, and the probable date of a letter written to Bacon in France by Sir Thomas Bodley (1545-1613). Much more can be said on this subject but these few items will go for a 'starter.' I have not studied the life of Napoleon to any extent, but I have engaged myself in studying up the American ancestry of President Washington, and I have been surprised to see how little original research the various writers have given to the matter. They merely copied what the previous writers had stated in their books, perhaps they added an item or two, but that was all. I have dug out more information concerning Washington's ancestry in America than can be found in any life of Washington, from Jared Sparks to Senator Lodge." Mr. Smith is a capital genealogist, but his logic sometimes halts. He overlooks the secundum quid. Dr. Morgan said, "I know of," etc., etc. The wisest of men—Solomon in all his glory—sometimes generalized hastily.

THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY ANNOUNCES WITH DEEP REgret the deaths of two of its prominent members. Henry Abbey, of Kingston, N. Y., who died on Wednesday night, June 7, at Tenafly, N. J., in his seventieth year. Mr. Abbey was the author of many volumes of verse, which have been from time to time reviewed in these pages. In the '60s Mr. Abbey wrote for the New York *Leader,* and for a time he was editor of the Orange, N. J., *Spectator.* He was born in Rondout in 1842, the son of Stephen and Caroline Vail Abbey. His father was a descendant of John Knox, the Scotch reformer. An ancestor of his mother came over in the Mayflower and is said to have married a daughter of Massasoit. In 1865 Mr. Abbey married Mary Louise Du Bois of Kingston. She died in 1889.

Also the death at Atlantic City on or about February first, 1911, of Richard L. Ashhurst, Esq., for thirty years Vice Dean of The Philadelphia Shakespeare Society, and an early and valued contributor to NEW SHAKESPEAREANA. Mr. Ashhurst was a gentleman of distinguished ancestry and presence, and a prominent and highly esteemed citizen of Philadelphia, of whose Bar he had been a distinguished member for fifty-one years. Mr. Ashhurst's parents were Philadelphians, but he was born in Naples, Italy, during their temporary residence there. He studied at the University of

Pennsylvania, was graduated in 1856 and was admitted to the bar in 1859. He served two terms as Postmaster of Philadelphia. He was Adjutant with the rank of Colonel of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania Regiment in the Civil War, and was brevetted Major for gallant conduct at the battle of Chancellorsville. He was wounded at Gettysburg and retired at the close of the war with the rank of Colonel.

Books Received

356. The American of the Future and Other Essays. By Brander Matthews. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 400. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

359. The Classical Element in the Shakespeare Plays. By William Theobold. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 410. London: Robert Banks.

365. The Social Position in London of William Shakespeare. By Henry Pemberton, Jr. Paper, 8vo., pp. 200. Philadelphia: The Numismatic and Antiquarian Society.

368. The Mystery of Hamlet. By Robert Russell Benedict. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 120. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

369. Everywoman—Her Pilgrimage In Quest of Love. A Modern Morality Play. By Walter Browne. 12mo., cloth, pp. 121. New York: The H. K. Fly Company.

370. The Autobiography of William Shakespeare. By W. C. Alexander. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 200. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

356. These essays by Dr. Matthews add to, possibly detract, nothing from the reputation, which is as it is—of the prolific Professor of Drama in Columbia University. The flavor of the Class-room (possibly everything with which we are favored from this source is revisal of Dr. Matthews' lectures to his sophomores) like the trail of the serpent, is over it all. Dr. Matthews should be very effective in the pulpit from his love of texts! His wont is to begin with "It was the witty remark of ———." "It was the acute reflection of ———." "My friend ——— once said to me," etc., etc., etc. We have long expected serious work from Dr. Matthews. We are not perhaps to be disappointed.

352. The late William Theobold, like his distinguished brother, Dr. R. M. Theobold, was a staunch Baconian. This work and his brother's "Shakespeare's Plays in Baconian Light," are of similar construction, to wit, the tracing of passages in the plays to a Classical source; and—in most cases

successfully—they demonstrate such exhaustive presumption of source as leads nowhere but to the alien authorship theory. These books are not widely read by our day and generation, which has come to mildly accept the Baconian Theory and to smile at the handful who still debate it. But they are all placed in our great Libraries and are the res gestae for future protagonists. For that the next ages will very seriously consider the question we don't care to doubt!

365. The Social position of Shakespeare which Mr. Pemberton again debates ought to be pretty well settled by this time. If Mr. Pemberton's question is, whether Shakespeare was—in the last analysis—entitled to his social position he ought to write a book instead of a pamphlet. In what American or British or Continental city are there not people who make social claims that wont stand too close examination? And who bothers himself about it? Shakespeare never seems to have made any claim about anything—unless his application in his father's name for a Coat of Arms was a "claim!" But the ambition to wear coat armour is not a disgraceful or non ignoble ambition. And who was better born? On his mother's side, an Arden. On his father's side a Griffin (Griffith or Gryphon—the name of the legendary monster that is the national signet and flag device of Wales), and descendant as we have shown in these pages (Vol. I, p. —) from Gwenned, the first King of all Wales, A. D. 605, what is a more ancient line than this? But Mr. Pemberton's brochure is lively, strenuous and intelligent.

368. Mr. Benedict adds one more "Mystery of Hamlet." He has not read all his predecessor Hamlet-Mystery makers. And who can blame him? There are ten thousand of them. And if he had read half of his predecessors he would not have had written his own book!

369. To require that every play written to be acted should be Literature, would be to demand that every playwright should be a Shakespeare, an Ibsen, or a Goethe. Walter Browne was none of these, but he was an ambitious writer of plays, and he made this play he has called "Everywoman", actually only Morality play produced in five hundred years. To undertake the metier of the sixteenth century stage with its Unities, using New York City for the Place, to-day for the Time, and to grasp the Event from current manners is to be both original and ambitious. To have succeeded at all in this ambition suggests to a critic that he discover somebody else who has done it any better, before he apply anything but hospitable literary criticism to the only man who has done it at all! While a writer lives, said Dr. Johnson, we estimate him by his worst performance—after he is dead we estimate him

by his best. And Walter Browne is dead! Judging Everywoman as this table must judge it—as Literature—however, we must begin by admitting that it is serious work. And sans criticism at all, proceed to indicate wherein it is a real "Morality," and wherein demands of modern stage exigency have mitigated the formatives of its model.

The medieval priest who essayed to teach the vulgar, to whom print was a closed book, what he fancied they ought to know, became himself an evolution. He first gave them the Miracle Play, whose clumsy realism revolts and disgusts. He soon substituted the Mystery, which being clumsy allegory, fell as far above the vulgar comprehension as the Miracle Play, after awhile fell below it. And, right here the actors themselves aided the priest in his evolution. Noting that their tired audiences brightened up when the dreary performance was relaxed by an interlude in which the comedy characters (the Devil, Sin and Vice) were allowed to improvise horse-play—these actors soon set up for themselves and gave the people all "interlude," with no Miracle or Mystery at all about it, for their pence. And, to save the audience that discarded both for the "Interlude" the priest invented the Morality, which was incarnation of an attribute into a person of the stage, adding not only characteristic, but Plot.

But as neither Miracle, Mystery nor Morality attempted any Literary merit, neither need Mr. Browne have attempted any. As a matter of fact the reader will find that he has attempted it and has come mightily near succeeding in his attempt.

"Everywoman" starts out in her Youth, her Beauty, and her Modesty, to find the love that everywoman craves. Her Youth, her Beauty and her Modesty are incarnated in three graceful maidens, respectively, and another of Everywoman's attributes, her Conscience, is also incarnated in a rather peaked and stiff young lady in the garb of a nun whom "Everywoman" begins at once to snub. So far the piece is a Morality, pure enough. If Mr. Browne's work is to be criticised, at all, the criticism begins just here. He has introduced a Character called "Nobody," who threatens to throw us into a state of nervous prostration if we try to find out what he is here for; what he stands for, and what part he takes in the movement of the play! As a Pun he gives the lie to his every speech. He says that Nobody warns Everywoman, etc., when as a matter of fact every hortatory character in the piece, including Nobody himself, warns her, until his particular warning is as superfluous as Falstaff's second shirt. Equally silly are such speeches as, that Nobody will wipe her tears away—Nobody will ease her sorrow on his breast, etc., when "Nobody" (the character) does nothing of the sort, and

when—as a matter of fact—her tears *are* wiped away by somebody and upon somebody else's breast she does find surcease of sorrow. Except that he is always where he is not wanted, and that no other character in the play pays any attention to him, and so adds variety (as did "the lone fisherman" in the "Evangeline" of a generation ago who, was always on the stage whether the scene were a drawing-room in New York, the pyramids of Egypt or the banks of the beautiful blue Danube)—he has no raison d'etre whatever: And he is not only in the play, but outside of it. He steps from the dramatic action out before the audience as deftly as the hero of a farce-burlesque walks through ten solid feet of prison wall! He runs with the hare and hunts with the hounds. He is in the penetralia of "Everywoman's" home, and, anon, telling the reader or the audience all about what is going on, although they know it as well as he does having just before read it or seen it done. Most bewildering of all is his last speech as Epilogue, telling the reader that Nobody is to blame for Everywoman's ruin, when there are at least ten people of the play that are directly to blame for it. If this be a Pun, then the value of a Pun lies not in its apposition!

If Mr. Browne had given Nobody's speeches, which are dignified and acceptable per se, to say, Conscience or Truth, both of whom have no other cue than to warn "Everywoman", then one or the other might he have, in Shakespearean sort, spoken Prologue, Epilogue, or even Apologue, we think. But this is only a concession, and can be granted, as can also the one paramount departure from the model, to wit: In the sixteenth century the fifth act—where Everywoman seeks again her own foyer—her fireside—and finds Love, whom she has sought in vain in the theatre, in dissipation and in the street, awaiting her there—would have been anti-climax! The Morality of that date would have nailed the lesson by having her, borne shrieking, in the fourth act, to the lazar-house, the jail or to her tomb! But Mr. Browne's Morality has no awful moral. The only Moral to Mr. Browne's Morality being that a young woman should not seek her lover but should wait discreetly at home until her lover should seek her, (one which will not perhaps please the suffragites). Of the old Morality moral against sin, and awful exemplification of its consequences—Mr. Browne has no whit! Everywoman's slips are only an experience. She still wins love and happiness. And so the piece is really, as Mr. Browne has written it, nearer to the Elizabethan concept of a Masque than to a Priest-play of the earlier date.

But these are, as we say, concessions.

Mr. Browne calls Love, "King Love The First," which gives himself an opportunity for this.

EVERYWOMAN. Art thou indeed a king . . . where is thy throne?
LOVE. Within thy heart.
EVERYWOMAN. Where is thy crown?
LOVE. At thy feet.

Which is mighty near to poetry!

In the second act the banal speeches are given (as Shakespeare gave his banal speeches) to the banal characters. These speeches are metalic and biting in their gibe at stage exigencies, and leave a bad taste in the mouth, as compared with the mellow and genial humour of Pinero in the speeches he gives to the actors who, in "Trelawney of the Wells," are burlesquing themselves. But "Everywoman's" lines atone. And there is in them always even in her triumphs, a note of pathos that is the more intense for being subordinated always to her perspective at the moment she speaks them.

From a stage point of view, the appearance of Flattery, a courtier, in place of the reflection when "Everywoman" looks into her mirror; and of the ballet—under excuse of the rehearsal of a ballet on the stage of the playhouse, seem to us real tours d' addresse!

But our readers will unnecessarily deny themselves a real item of dramatic education if they fail to see the acted play. For a play written (as Everywoman was written) to be acted, supplies by mise en scene much that, in a play made for the library, must be expressed in words. Mr. Puff in "The Critic", saved a vast amount of rhetoric about the rising sun gliding the eastern hemisphere by the simple device of making a clock strike five.

Mr. Browne has built better than he knew. He has bettered any Morality that was ever written. Had he called his work a Masque, modelled upon Comus, there would have been just as many cavillers, and just as many to admit, as we honestly do, that it is good imitative work, as when he choose to call itself a Morality, founded upon Everyman! Everywoman impresses us as serious work and as a stage asset!

370. The Autobiography of Shakespeare. By W. C. Alexander. 12mo., pp. 123. New York: The Baker and Taylor Co.

Mr. W. C. Alexander, writes to a correspondent of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA in a private note that he solemnly desires to be taken literally in this book, that he has warrant for all that he says but admits that he has no absolute proof and so does not reveal at present all that he actually has by way of corroboration, etc. He adds that he has prepared a memorandum and placed it among his papers with instructions to his executors as to publishing it. Mr. Alexander's address is Holly Lodge Upper Parkfields, Putney, London, S. W., and he adds that he is seventy-two years old.

With this letter before us we read Mr. Alexander's "Autobiography of

Shakespeare" with more than the casual note than we give to mere random vagaries about the persisting miracle of Shakespeare. In this "Autobiography" William Shakespeare says "I was born in the city of Warwicke," Mr. Alexander's subject is made to say, "and my father's name was Richard. His father's name was Thomas Little, and he changed the name of Little to Shakespere on the entreaty of my grandfather's brother, John Shakespere of Warwicke. He was a Hollander, born at Utrecht, and was a small man of many parts—a ripe scholar and philosopher and lover of books."

By way of annotation Mr. Alexander tells us, there was a confusion of Shakespeares, and that the son of John, usually referred to by biographers, "was not William Shakespeare the poet, but William who became the wastrel and poacher and stroller and soldier. He it was who was the 'oft whipt and sometimes imprisoned,' as Archdeacon Davies wrote late in the seventeenth century, and who 'was given to much unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits.' "

This outlaw William did worse, according to our author, for "he was the reckless or besotted youth who, in his cups, or for money, or vanity, or because he intended to go and fight in the Low Countries, was enticed into the marriage contract with Anne or Agnes Hathaway."

In other words Mr. Alexander seems to us to attain positively much of what doubting Thomases have conjectured, hinted or suggested. We hope that his executors will be authorized to publish Mr. Alexander's memoranda without waiting to become qualified by Mr. Alexander's demise.

[Exactly as we go to press comes the London Illustrated News of July 1, 1911, announcing the manufacture of yet one more "Shakespeare Death-Mask" which satisfies every possible requirement. Like the Kesselstadt, it is "discovered" in a rubbish shop, purchased for a song, (vidillicet, three shillings,) and has reddish human hair clinging to it. Unlike the Kesselstadt, however, it has no inconvenient details, such as place or date of "discovery," name of seller or purchaser, etc., to interfere with its authenticity. Should any of these specifications be supplied by the date of our next issue, we shall punctilliously report them, be the consequences what they may.]

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The New York Shakespeare Society

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Vol. X. Contents for August—October, 1911. No. 3

I. [illegible]—[illegible]

II. The [illegible] Contest for Shakespeare Prize. A Prize to be Awarded by all Schools—Capt. R. Aiken.

III. Prof. Cunningham's Publications.

IV. MARGINALIA—[illegible]

V. BOOKS RECEIVED.

VI. THE CURRENT DRAMA—"[illegible]"—[illegible].

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DR. APPLETON MORGAN

[Founder and ex-President of the New York Shakespearean Society on his Sixty-sixth birth day, October 2, 1911.]

NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

VOL. X. AUGUST—OCTOBER, 1911. No. 3.

THE BANKSIDE REFERENCE CANON OF THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS—A PLEA FOR ITS ADOPTION FOR ALL EDITIONS.

We Americans are in the habit of saying that "time is money." We seldom squander it without occasion. Our lavishness is generally in the hope of some return, either in the way of instant pleasure, or remoter but expected benefit. This is true of all sorts of intellectual time-spenders, but of none truer than of the student of literature. For the field is vast, the bounds of a long lifetime are scarcely sufficient for the satisfactory prosecution of a single branch of research; and as the night draws on and the shadows lengthen few of us care to halt in our review of the ripe golden hoards to winnow away mere chaff, or be otherwise wanton spendthrifts of the precious light that remains. To such, even the waste of minutes is an annoyance, unhappily, too often demanded of their patience.

I propose now, in a practical talk to practical fellow-students, to make a plea for a reference canon of the Shakespeare plays, with a uniform system of notation applicable to all critical reprints of the Folio or Quarto texts—and perhaps in making my plea, to vent a little spleen upon a grievance from which most of us have too often suffered, namely, the scantiness and faultiness of existing codes of literary reference. Historian, biographer, essayist, can all bear witness to the weary hours of search, the pages thumbed, the shelves emptied, to verify some phrase, or perchane a single word, which the behest of criticism demands to be accurately rendered. This is especially the case with the Shakespearian student; for if he be not content to take all his knowledge at second hand, if he be not willingly led by the guide—blind or purblind, it may be—whose hand first grasps his own, if he be ever so slightly devoted to that most enticing and exacting of all branches of critical study which deals with textual intricacies, and which spreads out in review all the opulent stores of philological acumen in the search for the one bit needed to fit, mosaic-wise, into the finished work—he is at each moment driven to ran-

sack the original authorities, in whatever form they may be accessible to him.

One of the most helpful and hopeful phases of modern critical science is the steady progress toward supplying truthworthy authorities for this class of study. A century ago the few who realized the need of comparative research among conflicting texts had little more than happy accident to depend upon, according as fate kindly set in their way, or unkindly withheld, some musty folio or wormy quarto, where, in a passage affording a perfect parallelism of sense, lay the very word required to solve a doubt. To-day our shelves are crowded with reprints, aiming at an ever-increasing accuracy of reproduction and collation. The labor of learned associations, the Camden, the Percy, the Early English Text, and the Old and New Shakespeare Societies, has been supplemented by the arduous toil, and too often the material sacrifices, of individuals who, like Arber and Grosart, reproduce the treasures of ancient bookdom, until the most casual investigator of our time is far better equipped off-hand than were the Theobalds and Malones, the Steevens and Giffords, of three or four score years since.

With the abundance of material, a nicer dependence upon selection and an accurate use of it become more and more imperative. The day of slipshod emendation, of silent adaptation ("convey, the wise it call"), and of unauthorized revision, is gone by. The student has not only the indefeasible right, but the increasing opportunity, to follow step by step the process by which a given critical text of Shakespeare is formed, and bear the testimony of his own good judgment to the soundness of the result, or to revert, himself, to the fountain-heads of authority and weigh equalities with judicial severity.

True, some of the most eminent teachers of Shakespeare hold that it is no business of the student-reader to be studious; that the relation between them is necessary that of master and disciple, of preceptor and neophyte, not of guide and co-worker. Leo says of the duty of an editor of an ideally perfect text that "Every passage that has succeeded in establishing its title to respect, either by the agreement of the old editions or of later emendators, should be adopted in the text, without the slightest mention of all the arguments for and against, which have hitherto been bandied about respecting it. The mention of them is not of the least advantage to the public, and does not at all advance the purification of the text." Hudson, peace be with his soul, in his hard-headed, brawny-handed way, lays about him right and left in this wise: "If any one says that common readers, such as at least ninety-nine persons in a hundred are and must be, should have the details and processes of the work put before them, that so they may be enabled to form in-

dependent judgments for themselves;—I say, whoever talks in this way is either under a delusion himself, or else means to delude others. It may flatter common readers to be told that they are just as competent to judge for themselves in these matters as those are who have made a lifelong study of them: but the plain truth is, that such readers must perforce either take the results of deep scholarship on trust, or else not have them at all; and none but a dupe or a quack, or perhaps a compound of the two, would ever think of representing the matter otherwise."

Such utterances alike deny the right and refuse the opportunity of general critical study, by summarily crowding the many who enjoy and seek to understand Shakespeare into the herd of "common readers." Therein lies the fallacy, for the true reader of Shakespeare is rarely of the common classes to whom Hudson addresses himself. The interest to follow the wonder working Magician through the rush and clash of his metaphor, to be lifted up with him toward the unapproachable and descend with him into the deepest depths of the human soul—and the consciousness that, while it is the voice of a god that speaks, it is a voice that makes us co-heirs of its godhood as it in turn shares the infirmities of our manhood—do not belong to the common reader. Shakespeare is not readable in the same way that a morning newspaper or a society novel is. We read him somehow as we do the Bible; with reverence and faith. And it is just here that the dogmatic teachers go astray; they hold that the Shakespearian canon and text are to be regarded with awe, that not one jot or tittle is to be disturbed, overlooking that it is often their own canon, the mundane creation of their own emendatory judgment, that they set up and into the divinity of which they would forbid the scutiny of the common scholar. For we have no Shakespearian canon, coming down to us with all the sanction of centuries of undisturbed completeness, and made, through daily association from earliest chilhood, the occasion of exposition and comment until its phraseology and inmost import become so woven into our lives that it is a recognizable and immutable standard, as is the case with the Bible. We seem to read the Bible without effort or conscious analysis, until we fancy that its truths come home to us of their own force without exegesis or gloss, but we lose sight of the potential traditions of accumulated early associations, that cling around every familiar word and image, and insensibly aid in building up the meaning into a connected whole. We do not pause to recall, if indeed we ever heeded, the fierce dissensions of the scholiasts as to the right or wrong translation of the words or their title even to a place in the sacred text—the sonorous English of King James' revisers is for us the Bible-word, fresh and un-

alterable from the lips of Deity—and its meaning is that which our fathers and mothers gave it. With such traditional and venerable scanctity attaching to a canonical text, it is easy to comprehend the feeling of shrinking pain, the sensation of being, as it were, passive spectators of a sacrilege, with which the masses look upon the late Revised Version. Not even the hands of those who guide the Ark of the Covenant may be put forth to touch it wiht impunity, though it be to steady it.

Not without amusement could we fancy as many Bibles as editors of the text—some with the Apocryphal books, some without, some eclectically made up from both sources—here an important doctrinal passage omitted, there another inserted, as the varying codices might permit or the erratic predilection of the editors suggest—now the Talmudic legends used to elucidate the Scriptures, now the Avesta-Zend or the Koran cited to illustrate the assumed common origin of some dogma or parable; and therewithal the wildest latitude of verbal alteration and structural adaptation, apparently obeying no other criterion than the announcement of the editor that "Moses undoubtedly meant to say and thus," or "Whatever the scribe may have seemed to make Isaiah say, he never could have intended to write nonsense." Imagine our reverence and faith pinned upon a Bible that had undergone successive editings by Warburton, Pope and Johnson, elaborate textual criticism by half a score of Beckets and Zachary Jacksons, and wholesale emendations after the whim of the "Old Corrector" of some Perkins-Collier codex. Might not the common reader who took interest enough in such a text to follow it, endeavor to fathom its problems for himself and weigh probabilities in the balance of his own judgment, even to the extent of rashly venturing now and again on some neat little conjecture of his own?

It is probably too late to hope for the adoption of a Shakespeare text to which the masses may give belief and respect in something the same way they have done to the King James version. Two centuries of editing—God save the mark—have familiarized mankind with the process as far as Shakespeare is concerned, while the absence of such editing for three centuries during which the English language has grown around the Holy Book itself, as it were, thrusting its tendrils into the very substance of it and sucking thence revivifying strength, has made the Bible a thing beyond light change. But is it too late also to hope for Shakespearian canon so firmly fixed and so generally accepted as to make it as rash to foist Edward III. or the Two Noble Kinsmen into the series of plays as it would be to include Maccabees, Tobias or Baruch in some new edition of the Scriptures? If individual whim or reliance upon the application of some abstrusely arbi-

trary test is to determine—from time to time, with varying results according as the old test varies or new tests are devised—what is or is not Shakespeare, may we not look for some edition in the near future with Mucedorus, Faire Em, or Arden of Feversham check by jowl with Timon or Cymbeline—and should we be more tolerant toward such an innovation than our fast tradition forbids us to be to the inclusion in the Sacred Canon of the sublime morality of Jesus, Son of Sirach, or the rich poesy of The Book of Wisdom?

It is evident that a Shakespearian canon of some kind is needed by scholars, and if nothing more can be done—if no Council of Laodicea be practicable—let the consensus of two centuries constrain us to adhere with some show of reverence to the First Folio, with perhaps the addition of Pericles from the Third Folio. A fairly safe canon is found in the First Folio, for Heminge and Condell were something more than accidental editors or interested holders of floating copyrights—they were fellow-actors with Shakespeare, partners with him in his venture of the "Gloabe on the Blancke-side," and presumably as competent as any men then to be found in King James' England to announce what plays were legitimately owned by the Company and received and acted by them and their associates in the firm belief of the Shakespearian authorship and under the sanction of the Shakespearian name. Canon or not, in the strict sense of the term, the 1623 Folio is our only warrant for thirty-six dramatic compositions of the later Elizabethan and early Jacobean age, under the authentication of a competent and legitimately interested authority, which certifices to them as Shakespeare's.

No wonder, then, that this Folio should be the object of special veneration. There is, to the true Shakespearian, a sacredness about every line and letter of that volume. Its punctuation, barbarous and riotous as it is, and its uncouth orthography, too, may often suggest plausible construction of doubtful passages, and its very errors are of value because conveying a clue to the resolution of cruces found otherwhere in the volume and due to the like "iniurious stealthes" of the type-setters. There is, in short, no one book on the student's shelves to which he must oftener have recourse. And, unless he has, as the outcome of long years of patient reading and collation, gotten the volume almost by heart, and acquired the knack of putting his finger readily upon any given passage, I, with all earnestness, venture to say that there is no book of reference extant in which it is harder for him to find his place, unless it be a quarto of one of the plays.

Opportunity to consult the First Folio text has been much facilitated by

means of reprints of more or less accuracy and more or less popular in character. There are at the present time eight accessible reproductions of the whole work, which claim to be in fac-simile, although none of them is absolutely so.

The first attempt was made in 1807, under the editorship of Francis Douce, a genial and painstaking student. Elaborate preparations were made for the work, a special paper being contributed by Whatman with the name of "Shakespeare" and the date "1806" (in some instances "1807") distinctly watermarked. The typographical peculiarities of the original were preserved, even to the errors, as well as was practicable without possessing the identical and badly mixed fonts from which Jaggard and Blount printed their Folio. The title-page with the Droeshout portrait was re-engraved with great care, and so faithfully has the Face been "writ in brasse" that several imperfect copies of the genuine title have been peiced from the Douce reprint. The volume was issued in 1807 by E. & J. Wright, and was heralded as immaculate; but it soon fell into somewhat undeserved disrepute through the laborious effort of William Upcott, of the London Institution, Moorfields, who, at the instigation of the devil and Professor Porson, devoted 143 days of close attention to a minute collation of the reprint with a copy of the First Folio. His purpose would not seem to have been wholly disinterested, for we first find him coyly dallying with the greatly alarmed booksellers, to one of whom, Arch of Cornhill, he parted with his list of 368 errata in exchange for a fresh copy of the "pretended" reprint, and thereafter he is discovered hawking the copy so acquired, with all the errata fairly written with a pen, for six guineas—not, truly, a munificent recompense for his "four months and twenty-three days" of misapplied toil which, as we learn from his note in the corrected volume, ended "Jan. 28, 1809, at three minutes past 12 o'clock." Upcott's copy, with his collations, is in the library of Dr. Furness, in Philadelphia.

As is shown by a later writer in Notes and Queries, only about forty of the errors detected by Upcott have any marked influence upon the text, and of these only half, or less, can be dignified as "readings." The work of which 250 copies were printed, has become almost as infrequent as a genuine First Folio, and, except in the larger libraries, is inaccessible to the common student.

In 1862-64, Mr. Lionel Booth put forth the well-known type-reduction of the 1623 Folio. The Cambridge Editors say of it, "It is probably the most correct reprint ever issued." Equal precautions against error were probably never before taken. Truthworthy report traces up, through Mr.

Sabin, of New York, the assurance of Mr. Booth himself that the proof-sheets had been submitted to the eight best proof-readers in London before they were struck off. The Droeshout portrait, the head ornaments, tail-pieces and initial letters are photo-engraved reductions; the best is simply reprinted, closely imitating most, but not all, of the typographical peculiarities of the original, even to broken letters, "wrong-font" types, "space-up," etc. But there it stops. The form of the reduced square-quarto page, which is broader in proportion than the Folio, and the "face" of the much smaller type, do not suggest the appearance of the original volume.

The claim to accuracy of the Booth reprint is deservedly high. The publishers, in 1864, on issuing the third part containing the Tragedies, announced that no errors had been pointed out that "have not, on examination, proved to have been errors or misconceptions on the part of the critics."* And more than twenty years of crucial study, such as no volume of like size and pretensions has ever before undergone, have left its substantial accuracy unimpaired. There are unquestionably variations here and there from original copies and from the later photo-lithographic reproductions; none, however, of any importance have been, so far as is known, fixed upon the reprint. And these variations, insignificant as they are, do not necessarily impute want of exactness to the proof-readers of Booth's text, for individual copies of the First Folio differ among themselves more widely than the Booth reprint does from any one of them. Collation of many among the three or four hundred copies of the Folio known to exist indicates that, like most of the books of its time, it underwent correction while passing through the press, and suggests its existence, according to Dr. Ingleby, in at least three states, which he designates as being respectively, of the First, Second and Third Periods.*

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*Preface to Part III., p. 4 (in large paper copies).

†" . . . let me say, that all copies of the first Fo. fall into three classes.

"The arliest have a peculiar pagination of the *Histories,* and two misprints in *III. Henry VI.*

P. 153 is misprinted 163.

P. 164 is misprinted 154.

Also (but not peculiar to these)

165 [is misprinted] 167.

166 [is misprinted] 168.

And on P. 172, col. 2 (i. e. *III. Hen.* VI., V. 7, 25 and 27) and is misprinted add, and kis is misprinted 'sis.

"The next later issue has two misprints also; and

P. 165 is misprinted 167.

and 166 is misprinted 168—

Mr. Booth's proof-readers had (as Mr. Booth wrote me) seven copies more or less perfect, to refer to in case of doubt as to a letter,* and this great reprint is therefore an eclectic and not a fac-simile. Without this explanation, I should have said, by Dr. Ingleby's test, that the Booth Reprint was taken from a Third Period copy, such as is the Grenville copy in the British Museum. The Bankside has followed what is known as the Phoenix First Folio, in the library of Columbia College in the city of New York.*

Speaking of the variations of the genuine copies of the First Folio, the Cambridge Editors go so far as to say: "It is probable that no one copy exactly corresponds with any other copy," although the discrepancy may often be "in a single letter only." It is, therefore, a fact, that in speaking of the Folio of 1623, we have no one acknowledged standard to which the variae lectiones of different copies may be referred, and this is equally true of the reprints as of the originals.

The laborious collation which I had occasion to make of the King Lear (for Volume X. of The Bankside), with Staunton's photo-lithographic reproduction, has strongly exemplified the inconvenience of lacking a standard of reference. A score of differences, thus noted, are reduced by comparison with a copy of the original (Mr. Furness's) to only four, one literal, and three of punctuation. On Page 292, column 1, line 6 (F. 1102 Bankside), Booth's reprint reads "King, and" instead of "King, and" as in the original. On page 293, column 2, line 18 from the bottom (F. 1335, Bankside), "eyes, but" should be "eyes. but". On page 301, column 1, penultimate line (F. 2277, Bankside), "Yours, in" should be "Yours in." And

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but it has not the two errors of pagination already specified as peculiar to the earliest issue.

"The latest issue has 'and' 'kis,' and I have found a perfect uniformity of paging and mispaging in all the copies that have those two words correctly. . . . Lord Ellesmere's copy belongs to the Second Period; the Grenville and other B. M. copies belong to the Third Period. These may serve as typical copies." (Letter of C. M. Ingleby to S. A. Allibone, Nov. 8, 1879, quoted in Lenox Library Catalogue of Works of Shakespeare, 1880, p. 33).

*"I had seven copies more or less perfect of the First Folio Shakespeare to refer to in case of doubt as to a letter—one belonging to the late Col. Wigran, and I think passed into Mr. Halliwell's hands; another to a Mrs. Hartree; and the others, which my late uncle got from the late Edmund Malone, have been dispersed I know not where," says Mr. Booth.

* So called because bequeathed to the library of that institution by W. S. Phoenix, Esq., of New York City. This copy is one of the tallest extant, being 12⅝ inches by 8¼ wide. Almost without a blemish, the paper firm and the impression clear and perfect.

on page 309, column 2, about half way down (F. 3260, Bankside) the stage-direction "He dies." should read either "He dis." (Staunton's) "H e dis." Capell's copy (cit Cambridge Editors), and the Phoenix, or "H edis." (Furness's copy). There is nothing to prevent the reprint from agreeing with the original followed by Booth's proof-readers, and in the absence of knowledge of the precise copy used by them, no positive charge of error can be brought against their work. A good illustration of this point is found on page 299 of the Folio, column 2, Scena Septima, line 2 (F. 2047, Bankside), where Booth's text gives "hin," while Staunton's, and several copies of the original, kindly collated for me by Mr. Albert R. Frey, and the Chatto and Windus reduced fac-simile read "him." But Mr. Furness, to whose considerate aid I am much indebted, informs me that his copy reads "hin," like Booth's.

The first reprint of the First Folio rationally deserving the name of Fac-simile, appeared in 1866, under the supervision of Mr. Howard Staunton. It is a photo-lithograph, admirably executed as such work ran twenty years ago, by R. W. Preston, and was announced to be made from the Ellesmere copy in Bridgewater House and from "copies" in the National Library (British Museum). As there are three copies of the 1623 Folio in the British Museum—the Grenville copy (of the Third Period), that in the Royal Library of George III, and one formerly belonging to the Rev. Mordaunt Cracherode (the Period of which I have not yet ascertained)—there may possibly be uncertainty that the Staunton fac-simile is not patchworked from four copies of the original, although Winsor says that it was photo-lithographed from two only—the Ellesmere and Grenville copies—"taking a page from one or the other, where its condition best answered his purpose." It is, at any rate, quite uncertain from which copy any particular page is reproduced. This is unfortunate, in view of the different Periods combined, and the many discrepancies between known copies. For this reason alone, Staunton's can never be a universally acceptable standard.

Moreover, despite its convenience because representing to the eye the size and "typographical phenomena" of the genuine Folio page, the Staunton fac-simile was not perfect. Photo-lithography has never been a perfected art. What between the eccentricities of the wet-collodion film and the irregularities of the process of transference from the negative to the stone through the medium of a print in unctuous ink, there is an unhappy blurring and spreading of the lines in some places and a lack of impression in others. Retouching is unavoidable, even at the present time—after twenty years of

progress;—and when photo-lithography was still a "newly discovered process" it was necessarily often resorted to. But the moment hand and eye get a chance to intervene in reproductive work, humanum est errare. In the cross-bars of the letter e and the f and long s, and in respect to battered type and punctuation, the Staunton Folio is, in spots, admittedly defective.

The next reprint was the reduced photo-lithographic reprint, miscalled "fac-simile," in small octavo, published by Chatto & Windus in 1876, with an Introduction by the veteran, Dr. Halliwell Phillipps, which, as I take it, is the extent of his connection with the enterprise. Its cheapness, 8s, 6 d., is its chief discommendation, for it has been an inducement to put a defective text in the hands of many who are thereby led to suppose themselves, says Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, "on a level with the envied possessors of the far-famed original." (The plates were sold to Funk & Wagnalls, of New York City, in 1885, and that firm brought out an impression even worse and more trying to the eyes than the English one, which sold at $2.50.) The typography is small enough, and the blurring and general sloppiness of the workmanship bad enough, to make its use perilous without a magnifying-glass and a safety-valve. Neither the title-page nor the Preface give any indication of the original copy from which it has been "reduced." The late Dr. Ingleby, who, with all his virtues and exceeding geniality, indulged at times in needless causticity, spoke of it as "a reduced reproduction of Mr. Staunton's Folio;" and added, "But why is Mr. Staunton not mentioned?" But there were peculiarities in the Chatto & Windus photo-text which did not seem referable to the Staunton.

In 1883, William Patterson, a publisher of Edinburgh, issued a handsomely printed edition of Shakespeare's works, in eight 8vo. volumes, reproducing the text of the First Folio, but it is in no sense a fac-simile. The reduced type reprint of Booth is so easily attainable at moderate cost that few students, even of the "common" class, will care to be without it. Of the four complete reprints thus far vouchsafed to us, it is probably as safe to refer to the Booth text for the decision of a disputed reading as to any known original of the 1623 Folio, short of the Grenville copy in the British Museum; which as one of the most perfect of the Third Period copies, and as the standard of the National Library, may be regarded as invested with a pre-eminence of its own to which all conflicting texts must yield. Mr. Furness—than whom no more impartial and capable judge in such matters exists—writes me the following: "It is my settled conviction, founded on an experience of twenty years, that Booth's Reprint is the very best reprint of so large a work that the world has ever seen, or is likely to see. Consider-

ing the variations in the copies of F 1, I doubt if a single misprint can be fastened upon Booth. Because his reprint differs, no matter how widely, from my original, I shouldn't think of imputing an error to him." It is proper to add that the large-paper copies of Booth's reprint, which were first issued in three parts, are the more truthworthy, for I have found in the small-paper copies later issued, in which the serial character of the three parts is abandoned, indications of a deterioration of the presswork inseparable from the printing of a large edition. But, twenty-five years after, The Clarendon Press, Printers to the University of Oxford, issued a First Folio in fac-simile, and the Messrs. Methuen of London, have since published in fac-simile—"collotype" fac-similes of the four Folios.

But, although we now have plenty of fac-similes of the four great Folios, they do not meet the requirements of any serious effort to compare parallel texts, such as of the Folio with the reprints of the earlier Quartos. Ready-prepared parallel texts have not hitherto been generally accessible. With the exception of the side-by-side reprints of the Folio and First Quarto of Henry V., edited by Dr. Nicholson and published in 1877 by the New Shakespere Society, and the lately printed parallel Folio and "Pide Bull" texts of the King Lear and of the Hamlet, prepared by Professor Victor, of Marburg, and published by Whittaker in London, 1886, I know of none which bring the Folio and the early Quartos into juxtaposition in the manner pursued in our own Society's Bankside Edition. Dr. Morgan's "Hamlet and the Ur-Hamlet," in the Bankside Restoration Shakespeare, parallels the text of the 1604, (the second Quarto) Hamlet with a conjectural "Kyd" text of that Play, (on the inference that the German "Brudermord" was somehow, lifted from the performances of English actors who found their way into Germany, and who had the "Kyd" Hamlet in their repertory). This, taken as supplementary to Mr. Vining's Hamlet in Mr. Bankside Shakespeare, which parallel the 1603 (first Quarto) Hamlet with the First Folio text of that play, gives the student a complete equipment for satisfying himself at all points as to the text of that play, and an arsenal of arguments for controversy, should he be controversally inclined, touching what is, perhaps, the most mooted of all moot-questions in Shakespearean fields—the Genesis of Hamlet. We have also many parallel texts of different Quartos (without the Folio), such as Mr. Samuel Timmins' exquisite reproduction of the Devonshire Hamlets (the Quartos of 1603 and 1604), printed by Mr. Josiah Allen at Birmingham, and the New Shakespere Society's Romeo and Juliet, in 1874. The German critics appear to be especially fond of the parallel study of the Quartos.

But the New York Shakespeare Society's Bankside Shakespeare furnished a critically edited uniform and exact parallel version of all the plays found in quarto and folio form. And in it the student who seeks to compare a disputed passage or to collate for himself an entire play, has but to open his volume and find the two texts before him, each line duplicated or corresponding line placed exactly opposite, or, when the correspondence is in the point of the action at which the play has arrived rather than the words, he has the extra outside column on the quarto page which at once directs his eye to the parallelization without the slightest effort on his part to count forward or backward to an arbitrary starting-point in either text. It is just here that the loss of time has crept in, of which I so bitterly complain in all editions except the Bankside. The problem was to find the parallel passages. Not one of the complete Folio reprint texts has a standard line-notation, to facilitate cross-reference. The few Quarto texts that are line-numbered follow no co-ordinated system. Each editor adopts his own no-system, and, in the mass, confusion necessarily results. It is worse than the simple absence of a Canon—it is an ever-present conflict and discord.

For a century and a half, from Rowe to the Cambridge Editors, Shakespeare's plays remained without a convenient scheme of reference numeration. The primitive citation of act and scene was alone available. The labor of finding a hurriedly sought-for line or word in a scene of six or seven hundred lines in length, such at 1 Henry IV., II., iv. (602 lines), or Hamlet, II., ii. (634) was appalling, and in the dear old days of Mrs. Clarke's Concordance, before we had "The Globe," and before Bartlett's great Concordance followed "The Globe," was often prohibitive. There were, to be sure, some few editions of separate plays with numbered lines, but they were either school-editions, usually curtailed by expurgation, or Continental reproductions, and no two texts of the same play by different editors would agree. It was not until Clark and Wright, after numbering the lines of the Cambridge edition for convenience in collating the foot-notes, conceived the happy thought of numbering the lines of the Globe edition. Number the pentameter lines of the passage in verse, and the type-lines of the prose passages, omitting numeration of the stage directions. Thus, in Macbeth, II., 16-17, the dialogue

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did you not speak?
Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?

makes six lines of type and is numbered as two. ("The line-numbers are those of the Globe edition, even where they are wrong, as they once or twice are." (Griggs' fac-simile Quarto 1, Love's Labor Lost, 1598, p. xv.) that a popular reference Shakespeare lay at hand. Of course, the Globe and Cambridge texts do not agree—the difference in the width of the type-form and the varying spacing break up the arrangement of all parts where prose is used (as is seen in Hamlet II., ii., which counts 581 lines in the Cambridge edition and 634 in the Globe). But the convenience of the natty little single volume of the Globe, with its creamy paper, its singularly clear-faced type, and its cheapness, joined to the natural craving of the human mind for some sort of a canon of uniformity, caused the Shakespearian world to seize upon the Globe as a standard of reference; and the scholar, the professor, and the casual critic have accepted, by a sort of lex non scripta, the citation of act, scene, and line of the Globe, even where it is wrong. And yet, in spite of the alacrity with which the Globe edition was admitted as the line-numbered standard, and the practical universality of its use, not a single modern edition follows throughout the numeration of the Globe. Take, for example, Hamlet's "dull and muddy-mettled rascal," which, according to the Globe, is II., ii., 594—we run it to earth in a few other editions professing to be numbered for "convenience of reference" and find that its number is: in the Cambridge edition and in Furness's Variorum (which follows the Cambridge), 541; Leopold, 575; Rolfe's, 552; Clark and Wright's Clarendon Press series, 548; Richard Grant White's Riverside edition, 535; and Tschischwitz's, 593. In the new Henry Irving edition, alone, does the line-number, 594, agree with that of the Globe. Is there not a touch of satire upon the critical faculty of the professional critic, to find that, in three editions by the same editor, W. G. Clark, the same line has three different line-numbers?

Having ascertained the line-number of a particular phrase, according to the Globe standard, this is merely a guide to its approximate position in some other edition, if the latter happen to be line-numbered too. But it is not even a guide to the neighborhood, if the editor mounts some pet hobby and adopts a notation of his own, like Karl Elze, who numbers his Hamlet (London 1882) by 241 paragraphs of from 12 to 20 lines continuously throughout the play, which makes our dull and muddy-mettled rascal "peak" in paragraph No. 100. Elze says of this system, "The division into paragraphs . . . is transferable to all editions without any the least diffi-

culty, so that in time a uniform mode of reference may be adopted by the students of Shakespeare in all parts of 'the habitable globe.' It is true that numbering by paragraphs does not enable the student or reader to refer to a particular line, yet the average length of the paragraphs (numbering between twelve and twenty lines) is so convenient that the eye will catch in an instant the passage or word referred to." Leo's earlier Coriolanus (London 1864) which gives a photo-lithograph of the First Folio text, is divided into 255 sections coincident with the natural pauses or transitions of the dialogue. Craik has broken up Julius Caesar much more generously, having allotted 795 paragraphs to it, on the general plan of numbering each speech, whether of a single word or of many lines. (The English of Shakespeare. London, 1878).

All paragraphical divisions of the Plays seem to proceed on the assumption that it is practicable to divide a mingling of rapid dialogue and soliloquy into verses, as the Bible was first paragraphed by Robert Stephens in 1551. If it were possible to devise a natural separation into short verses of tolerably uniform length, like the Bible-verses, the scheme would be applicable to all texts and in all languages. But Leo's and Elze's divisions are too long, and those of Craik too irregular, to suggest much hope of an acceptable paragraph-division.

Turning to the Folios and Quartos, we find no canon of notation, and indeed, none is possible which depends on the act, scene, and line division of modern editions.

Of the Quartos published prior to the date of the 1623 Folio, but one has a vestige of act and scene division, and in that one, the Othello of 1622, the only divisions are Act II., sc. i.; Act IV., and Act V.

In the First Folio, only six plays are divided into acts and scenes in the same way that the Globe arranges them. Examining the volume, we find of the 36 plays:

I. Six not divided at all:

2 Henry VI. 3 Henry VI. Troilus and Cressida. Romeo and Juliet. Timon of Athens. Antony and Cleopatra.

These all begin bravely with "Actus Primus. Scena Prima," and there an end.

II. Eleven divided into acts only:

Comedy of Errors. Much Ado About Nothing. Love's Labor Lost. Midsummer Night's Dream. Merchant of Venice. All's Well that Ends Well. Henry V. Coriolanus. Titus Andronicus. Julius Caesar. Taming of the Shrew.

III. One partly divided into acts and scenes:

Hamlet.

which has Act I. divided into 3 scenes, and Act II. into 2 scenes, but the last of these (which begins correspondingly to Act II., sc. ii., of the Globe) runs through the rest of the play.

IV. Twelve are divided into acts and scenes, but these do not agree throughout with the Globe division:

Measure for Measure. King John. Richard II. 1 Henry IV. 2 Henry IV. 1 Henry VI. Richard III. Henry VIII. Macbeth. King Lear. Othello. Cymbeline.

V. Six are divided into acts and scenes which agree throughout with the Globe division:

Tempest. Two Gentlemen of Verona. Merry Wives of Windsor. As You Like It. Twelfth Night. Winter's Tale.

Thus, only one play in six of the First Folio, and not one of the early Quartos, can be depended upon for the location of a reference to act and scene—which is all that the student has to work upon when he goes to the old texts from Bartlett's Concordance, or from the best modern edition of the Plays. Even when Schmidt's Lexikon refers him to the line-number, it is but a vague indication of the locality, unless the scene be a short one. There is nothing to be done but to guess about where the passage is that is sought, and then hunt till it is found—if it be there!

It is not always there. Many of the modern texts are made up with the addition of passages from the Quartos which are not found in the Folio, and in few editions is the insertion noted. Singer, Richard Grant White, Charles Knight, and some others follow the convenient method, as old as the time of Johnson and Malone, of bracketing the words or phrases imported into the Folio text, but the editions commonly furnished to the student for purposes of study, such as Rolfe's and the other school texts, and the popular reading editions—such as the Globe, the Handy Volume, the Leopold, and the rest—give no sign in the body of the text that whole passages like the important "dram of eale" speech in Hamlet, or the exquisite scene in Lear, IV., iii., where "a Gentleman" describes to Kent Cordelia's "demonstration of grief" on hearing of her father's expulsion by the Pelican daughters, Regan and Goneril, "i' th' storm, i' th' night," are not found in the Folio.

But the labor of lighting upon a passage with which the eye of the searcher is familiarized by a fresh perusal of the context—so that in turning over the Folio or Quarto pages mnemonic guide-posts and mile-stones start

up, as it were, to point and measure the path—is slight compared to that involved in the most common and wearisome employment of the old texts: the hunting down of parallel locutions and similar uses of unusual words, which may serve to interpret the meaning of a doubtful passage. As emendation often brings into apparent relation phrases which have no visible connection in the older authorities, the confrontation of the Folios and Quartos is, for this work, indispensable.

I may be permitted to illustrate, by a practical "demonstration," the interminable circumlocution of such a search, even where the number of instances of supposed parallelism is limited.

Let us assume that I am not entirely satisfied with the accepted reading of Edmund's phrase in Lear. (Bankside, Q. 315-351, F.)

> "Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
> And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
> Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
> Now, gods, stand up for bastards!"

All the critical editions at command tell me that "top the legitimate" is altered from "to th' legitimate" of the Old texts, and inform me that "top" means over-top. I have some passing doubts about this, and being unwilling to accept an emendation of the authoritative text of the concurring Folios and Quartos without first excluding every interpretation whereby a plausible meaning may be forced out of the old form, it occurs to me that alteration may after all be really needless—that the words "I grow; I prosper:" may perhaps stand for "aye grow, aye prosper," and that the uncommendably economical printers of the old texts set up I for aye, as they generally did for ay. But, before I can attach any plausibility to my incohate theory, it behooves me to ascertain whether there is in the old copies any instance of "aye" (meaning ever, forever, always) being phonetically and typographically equal to I long, instead of being sounded like a long, as we employ it, and as there is every reason to suppose the Elizabethan Englishman did.

Supposing then that I have not the Bankside Edition; to begin my unpromising task systematically, I first consult the Cambridge or Furness's Variorum, to make sure that I have not been anticipated. I find that while "top the legitimate" is Capell's generally accepted reading, Pope would have it "be th' legitimate," Hanmer wanted to "toe th' legitimate," Jennens wished to see Edmund out or rout his better-born brother, and Mason conjectured "foe the legitimate." Not much help there.

Schmidt, in his version of Act I. of Lear, would read (cit. Furness) "Ay, grow; ay, prosper:"—but ay here has the significance of yea verily, and is not satisfactory.

I next ascertain by the Globe that the line in question is Lear, I., ii., 21. I locate it in Booth's or Staunton's 1623 reprint, without trouble, for the Globe division of the first act of Lear is found to follow the Folio, and there it reads:

"Shall to' th' Legitimate: I grow, I profper:"

Then turning to Praetorius' Quarto fac-similes of the Pide Bull and N. Butter texts of 1608, I find the phrase printed as prose, thus:

" . . . Edmund the bafe shall tooth' legitimate: I grow, I profper, now Gods ftand vp for Baftards."

The Folio reference may be noted, for convenience, as "p. 286, col, 1, line 3," the Quarto references are, for the Pide Bull, "Q_1, sig. C, lines 12 and 11 from bottom," and for the N. Butter copy, "Q_2 sig. B_2, lines 4 and 3 from bottom."

On opening Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's Concordance, I find there given just sixteen cases of "aye," one of which is a compound and is known to be a conjectural reading for the "ayre-remaining" of the Folio. Five examples are of "aye" by itself, the other ten read "for aye." Turning to Dr. Schmidt's Lexikon, I find that he gives all the examples, which he by no means does in every case, for his book is not a concordance, but a dictionary. The sixteen instances occur in Troilus and Cressida and Timon of Athens (which are not divided), Midsummer Night's Dream (which is divided into acts only), Hamlet (which while purporting to be divided into acts and scenes is practically undivided), Macbeth, Richard II., Lear and Cymbeline (which are divided, but not as in the Globe), The Tempest (which is the only one of the sixteen agreeing with the Globe division), and Pericles, which is not in the Folio of 1623.

Next, to familiarize the eye with the context, each reference must be located, seriatim, in the Globe edition by the help of Schmidt's Lexikon. The first two in Troilus and Cressida are very near the end of the play, and so are found without difficulty in both Folio and Quarto. Macbeth, IV., i., 133, is found in a moment, by the context. Lear, V., ii., 235, is near the end, and for that reason soon lighted upon (in the Pide Bull it is spelt "ay"). Cymbeline, IV., iv., 27, is hit upon without trouble, for the scene number here agrees. Tempest, II., i., 285, occurs in a long scene and is most easily looked for by noting that it falls in Antonio's longest speech therein. Tempest, IV., 218, is found by running the eye up and down two or three columns. Hamlet,

III., ii., 210, requires a little search, but we observe that it lies about the middle of the player-king's longest speech, and in turn look for this in the old texts until it is found, there being no divisions to guide the eye after the 2d Act. Midsummer Night's Dream, I., i., 71 and 90, are both in speeches of Theseus, and are located by the context (in the second instance it is spelt "aie" in the Folio, but not so in the Roberts and Fisher Quartos). Midsummer Night's Dream, III., ii., 387, falls in a terribly long scene of 464 lines, and the Folio is divided into acts only, so that it must be hunted for by the aid of a tolerable acquaintance with the context and after a little thumbing, it being remembered that the line sought is the last in one of Puck's speeches. (In the marginal act-scene-and-line notation of the Griggs Quarto, the line-number is given as "400," and not the 387 of the Globe.) Richard II., V., ii., 40, is identified by lying at the end of York's long speech. Troilus and Cressida, III., ii., 167, involves quite a long hunt, being about the middle of an undivided play, and is picked out after going through all of Troilus's olnger speeches in that neighborhood. It is more readily located in the 1609 Quarto reprint, for Mr. Griggs has line-numbered his text in conformity with the Globe notation; it is there misprinted "age." Timon, V., i., 55, and V., iv., 78, have to be run to earth, because the play is not divided. Pericles, V., iii., 94, is distinguished in the Quartos by being in Grower's epilogue.

All this is tedious to rehearse, and much more tedious to do. By actual count, sixty-five minutes were consumed in this collation of only sixteen texts; the barren result being to establish that the word is spelt once "aie," once "ay," once misprinted "age," and for the rest uniformly "aye." So the conjecture is reluctantly laid on the shelf for the present, in the faint hope that, sometime, examples may be stumbled upon of "aye" being pronounced in rhyme like "I;" or of the printed "I," where commonly taken to mean the pronoun or the affirmative, admitting also equivalence with "aye" —ever.

The Globe numbering, because of its convenience, took hold almost immediately upon the appearance of the volume. It filled an evident want, and it appears to have "come to stay." Had any of the four fac-simile reprints of the First Folio, or of the many reprints of the Quartos, been intelligently line-numbered at the start, they would have promptly become standards of reference, in the same way as the Globe.

A good many of the Quarto reprints are line-numbered—but how? By following the act-scene-and-line notation of the Globe. Most of the Griggs-Praetorius fac-similes do this. Some of them have special notation, as the

1603 Hamlet (with which the series began)—which, in addition to the Globe notation, is divided into consecutive scenes, eighteen in all, but without act-division, each scene being independently line-numbered. So, also, with the Merry Wives of Windsor, 1602, The Taming of a Shrew, 1594, and the two Henry V. Quartos, 1600 and 1608.

In some cases a composite notation is adopted. In Mr. P. A. Daniel's parallel texts of Romeo and Juliet (New Shakespere Society, 1874), the marginal division of the fuller Quarto 2 is into acts and scenes, and each scene is line-numbered, not however to correspond with the Globe standard but serially as the lines run in the Quarto imprint; while the shorter Quarto 1 of 1597 is arbitrarily numbered to match the other. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson's parallel volume of the first Quarto and the Folio of Henry V. (New Shakspere Society, 1877) has both texts numbered by act, scene, and old-text scene-line, so that the line-numbers of the two pages do not agree and the parallelism is only apparent to the eye. Examples of such variant numeration might be indefinitely prolonged.

If we pick up a modern critical edition of almost any classical or archaic text, we find that it has a system of reference-notation which enables a phrase to be readily indicated and at once singled out. Prose writings are mostly paragraph-or section-numbered, poems line-numbered. The continental classical epics or metrical romances, such as the Livre d'Alexandre, the Poema del Cid, the Poema de Alfonso Onceno, the Nibelungen, the Gedichte of Walther von der Vogelweide, are all line-numbered. So too are our Chaucer and Spenser. This convenient system comes to an abrupt halt at the threshold of the drama, where it is most needed—for of all awkward schemes of notation, the act-and-scene division is the clumsiest for instant reference.

I claim that a standard archaic text, which has become a daily resort for precise reference, as the 1623 Folio and the early Quartos of Shakespeare's plays have become, should be continuously line-numbered, following the typographical lines of the original copy from the first to the last, and including every word of the author's composition—stage-directions as well as text—so that a single reference-number will locate a line once for all, in any critical fac-simile reprint.

The simple fact is, that until the Bankside Edition, what little approach there was visible toward a uniform system of notation for critical reprints of the old Folio and Quarto texts, sprang from the attempt to refer the old text to the act-scene-and-line numbering of the Globe edition. This was unquestionably a convenience and a great one. But it was only a step, and, by

the arbitrary character of its notation (rendered still more arbitrary by its plan of ascertaining for itself the length of a "line" by scansion or other convenient process rather than taking the actual line of the First Folio), yet failed in very numerous and important cases to guide the students to points to which their attention was to be directed. To illustrate this, let us take the case of these early stage directions, which not only are so often relied upon to supply the action and even the narrative of the text, but embalm so much of stage history and illustration of the scenic contrivances and methods of the Shakespearian theatres.

It has been the custom, heretofore, in all schemes of reference numeration, to pass over the stage-directions and to number only the metrical or prose-printed lines of the dialogue. Yet the stage-directions are often, for the purposes of critical examination, of equal value with the spoken text. Archaic words or uses of words occur in the stage-business even more frequently than in the speeches. What the author briefly tells the actor to do, or tells the reader that the actor is doing, is often one of those firm, comprehensive touches that go to the making up of a masterpiece. From every point of view, critical, historical, histrionical, or philological, the stage-directions deserve to be included in a systematic notation. It is especially so in the case of the Shakespeare Folios and Quartos, where moot questions of priority of composition and of publication, the identity of transcription, whether the play has been set up from a legitimate manuscript or from short hand notes surreptitiously taken during public representation and read aloud to the compositor, and the like problems, may be as much elucidated by the unspoken stage-directions as by the dialogue.

For instance, in the comparison of the old Quarto text the First part of the Contention, 1594, with the revised Whole Contention, 1619, and with the Folio copy of 2 Henry VI., the stage business plays an important part, for it is found, time and again, to be identical in the three, thus bridging over the gap of twenty-nine years which is unspanned by the conspicuously amended texts of the successive issues.

Take this direction as a sample:

"Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking to him, so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge fastened to it; and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge and Prentices drinking to him."—2 Henry VI., Fo. 129, col. 1, top. Bankside, F. 1114-1118.

So the Folio. The 1619 and 1594 texts agree, with the single exception

that the peculiar participal form of the Folio, drunke, appears in the more primitive shape, drunken, in the earlier texts. The Folio also marks the then growing tendency to capitalize substantives in the newly fashionable Continental way, and to needlessly double the consonants, as in "Drumme" for the "drum" of the Quarto. Passing by the grammatical aspects, an interesting thing about this passage is its view of manners and customs. The deadly sand-bag is therein mentioned twice, and for the only times in all the Plays, so far as I know, for the word is nowhere found in the dialogue-text from which concordances and glossaries are made. The picture which is conjured up the drunken Armorer, and his antagonist, each with a drum—and armed with a sand-bag attached, in flail-fashion, to a cudgel—ready for the combat which is so soon to result fatally to the traitor, is graphic to the life. It is as integrally a part of the play as the dialogue descriptive of the fight, which follows it. But the concordances and the lexicons, and the line-numbers of all the editions, skip it. If I wished to make a precise reference to it, I would be puzzled to indicate its location concisely by any systematic notation. It seems barbarous to have to say that it is to be found "between lines 58 and 59 of 2 Hen. VI., II., iii., Globe ed.;" or as at the "top of col. 1 of p. 129 of the Histories in Fo. 1:" or as being "sig. D. verso, lines 18— 21, of The Whole Contention, Praetorius's fac-simile, pt. 1;" or as "p. 28, lines 27-31 Halliwell's reprint of The Contention, 1594, First Sketch of 2 Hen. VI., Old Sh. Soc'y, 1843." Now, however, by means of our Bankside Edition, when students wish to refer to the curious and instructive old stage-direction (which supplies so much of the action just there that to omit it would be to omit a part of the scene itself) the student will be able to fix it by stating that it occurs at "Q. 826-1114 F."—which will be understood to mean that it is line 826 of the 1594 Contention and line 1114 of the First Folio. And, moreover, by means of the Concordance in the present volume, one not fortunate enough to possess a set of the Bankside can also make this statement; for, by referring to the Concordance he will see that the stage-direction which occurs between lines 58 and 59 of the Globe edition (or of any edition which adopts the Globe line-numbers) must necessarily be Q. 826-1114 F.

The valuable stage directions of the old texts count by hundreds. They narrate a good part of the history found in the English series, and, by describing actions which are mentioned by the Chroniclers, but which are not referred to in the dialogue, they form an additional indication of the closeness with which the old historians were followed in the plays. What would Henry VIII. be without them? ("Many of the stage-directions in this play

are very remarkable, and are evidently written with great care. The modern editors have for the most part retained their substance, and in some cases their words. We shall more closely follow the original, with such slight changes as are absolutely necessary to make the scene intelligible."—Knight, Pict. Sh. Histories, Vol. II., p. 341.) The description of the royal procession and entrance which prefaces the Trial scene, Act II., sc. iv., is as serviceable a reproduction of the sightly spectacle as a painting by Veronese; but gorgeous as it is, it is eclipsed by the Order of the Coronation, Act IV., sc. i., which takes up 31 unnumbered lines of the Globe. The Procession is in substantial agreement with the accounts of Holinshed and Cavendish, and the Coronation is condensed with great exactness from Hall.

Moreover, the stage-directions furnish the students with instructive examples of archaic words and uses of words not found elsewhere in the plays, and as much hapax legomenon as any once-used word of the dialogue. Again, they illustrate the conditions of early stage representation, often primitive to a degree difficult to realize nowadays, as in Cymbeline, p. 376, col. 1, line 4 from bottom, Fo. 1—"Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady." Here, as in Heywood's A Woman Kild with Kindness (Pearson's reprint, v. 2, p. 154)—"Enter Mistris Frankeford in her bed," and as in Brome's A Mad Couple Well Match'd (Pearson's reprint, Act IV., sc. iii., p. 73)—"The Bed put forth, Alicia in it" (a stage-direction which is identical—except as to Alicia in it—with that at F. 1848 of the second part of Henry the Sixth)—there being no change of scene possible—a bed, with the personage upon it, asleep, was actually thrust forth upon the stage.* But of the vivid trait thus presented, there is not a suggestion in the editions prepared for the "common reader." Even Richard Grant White, who stood up as a doughty champion for the authority and comparative purity of the Folio text, and who could not admit so much as a single word from the Quartos without enclosing it in denunciatory brackets, hewed and hacked the stage-directions mercilessly, as every editor from Rowe's time has done. Rowe's direction here is elaborate enough, but White's is more so, and the reader is to behold, in his mind's eye—"Imogen's Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk. Imogen reading in her bed; a Lady attending." It is so throughout the plays—the stage-directions, instead of being offered to our view "cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the reft, abfolute in their numbers, as he conceiued the," are "maimed, and deformed by the frauds and ftealthes of

*And see line F 1848 of the 2 *Henry* VI., Vol. XIX. *ante* and Dr. Morgan's comment thereon in page i of Introduction to Vol. XX.

iniurious impoftors, that expos'd them:" in the most injurious and stealthy of all forms of imposition upon the credulous reader—that of silent emendation at the mere whim of the editor.

The stage-directions of the old copies, and especially of the First Folio, which is in most cases the only canon to which we may appeal with any show of authority, should be held as sacred as the text itself, and not be departed from, nor added to, without critical cause and due announcement. For this reason, the stage business, even to the single word "Exit" when it stands as a line by itself, should be scrupulously numbered in a reference canon, as is done in the Bankside Edition. The same, too, of the line of type, whenever it occurs, denoting act and scene; for this is only found in half the plays in the Folio, and where it exists it is as much a part of the record as any other phrase.

If all reprints of the Folio and Quartos were numbered as in the Bankside, every line of type (except the head-lines and the catch-words, which belong to the printer and not to the stage copy) being consecutively noted, from "Actus Primus, Scena Prima" to "Finis," reference to every jot and tittle of the original text would be simplicity itself. How much easier to say "Othello, F_1, 1123," or "Hamlet Q_1, 1446," than to give a reference to act, scene, and line (which, as we have seen, helps little or not at all when delving into the old copies), or to devise such barbarous constructions as these —in the effort to be precise:

"Com. of Err. Fo. 1623, p. 88 (misprint for 86) col. 1, line 24."

"Tro. & Cres. Fo. 1 sig. ¶¶ 2 verso, col. 1 line 14 from bottom."

"Rich. III., Qo. 1597, sig. H, 8th page, line 3 from bottom."

"What, will the Line stretch out to' th' cracke of Doome?"

Besides the line-numbers, every reprint of an old text (except of course page-for-page fac-similes) might denote on one margin the beginning of each page and column of the Folios or signature-leaf of the Quarto. For the Folio, it would suffice to print the brief indication in full-faced (Clarendon) type behind a single bracket; thus, [218a. by common consent signifies the first column of page 218. To fix the signature-leaf of the Quartos would require asomewhat more conventional treatment, for the last leaf of each signature is generally unsigned. I observe among authorities a want of uniformity as to this class of references. In the New Shakespere Society's reprints, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson denotes the eight pages of a signature thus: B—B v—B 2—B 2 v—B 3—B 3 v—B 4—B 4 v—(or at least, in his paralleled texts of Henry V., he should do so, but by error the last leaf repeats "B 3" and "B 3 v," which is confusing), and he marks the end of the old

page, not the beginning as is most natural and usual. Still another method is to mark the signature pagination, at the beginning of each page, through the four leaves, thus: sig. B—sig. B, back—sig. B 2—sig. B 2, back—sig. B 3 —sig. B 3, back—leaf B 4—leaf B 4, back. To this, however, the simpler notation of Dr. Nicholson, when set in the right place at the head of the page and not at the tail, would be preferable. In The Bankside Shakespeare, which proposes to be in itself an independent guide, this collation, after much consultation and experiment was reduced to the two tables printed at the end of each volume. These tables with the analysis of the pagination and signature-marking of the First Folio in the introduction to volume XX. will be found to adequately cover the entire subject while the reference might become as universal abbreviations as the Latin is a universal language to German-russian or Turk-christian or heathen and be perfectly and exactly intelligible, no matter what edition they had before then.

It seems to me that the critical reader, however humble the sphere of his criticism, has a right to a simple but uniform and immutable reference-standard. He needs, in the first place, a Canon, and in the second, the means of readily consulting it by means of a uniform system of line-notation covering the whole of the authoritative text. He needs, it is undeniable, a great deal else—and Time may eventually produce from the well-stored wallet at his back reprints of all the four old Folios, line-numbered as herein suggested, and produced with all the perfection of the new photo-incographic processes to which we owe the delicate reproductions of pen-drawings which have supplanted engravings in the pages of Puck and Life. There is, or should be, no excuse nowadays for blurred and misty reprints of old texts. The marvellous accuracy of reproduction which can give us the 799 pages of Skeat's Etymological Dictionary in a perfectly clear reduced form, and spread before us with microscopic perfection the eight column blanket-sheet of a daily newspaper in the compass of 4½x6 inches, is certainly capable of doing better work than the blotchy and slovenly, though valuable impressions that are known as the Griggs-Praetorius Quarto facsimiles, in one of which the general editor himself confesses (Corrections to Praetorius' Henry V., 2, i., 1600.) that some two hundred and odd letters needed touching up before the play was sufficiently legible for general perusal.

Why, then, is not the time rife for the inauguration of a lasting reform if the leading Shakespeare Societies of England, Germany, and America should, through a conference of delegates or otherwise, agree upon a canon and a systematic notation, so that henceforth the texts published under the

sanction of each Society should conform to the adopted standard, which, as to the first Folio, might conform as do our Bankside texts to the Grenville copy in the British Museum for Europe, and the Phoenix in the Library of Columbia College for America?

The New York Shakespeare Society moved to this end, by incorporating in The Bankside Edition of all the plays found in Quarto with the First Folia a notation which is certainly the first effort at a perfect numbering of lines—not arbitrarily adapted to the width of arbitrary pages, but in their original lengths, counting everything as a line which goes to the text or to the elucidation of its action—as the edition itself is the first and complete series of parallel texts ever attempted. This notation the Society hereby tenders to the use of Shakespeare students everywhere. By means of this there is now no reason why further error or tergiversation or periphrases should interfere to cloud or render a reference uncertain, whether the numeral be cabled under the Atlantic or signalled by a flash light over space.

ALVEY A. ADEE.

PETER CUNNINGHAM'S VINDICATION.

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

So it has been thus far with Peter Cunningham, the former Treasurer of The Shakespeare Society and for a long time the Chief Clerk of the Audit Office of London.

In 1868 Mr. Cunningham presented for sale to the British Museum two small manuscripts containing entries of the performance of plays during the years 1604-5 and 1611-12, some of which have Shakespeare's name. The offer was rejected, the documents were retained, and in due time Mr. Cunningham was publicly charged with their forgery. The accusations seem to have rested on vague hearsay statements and critical intuition. No defense was entered and no general explanation made. There the matter rested until the present year, when upon subsequent examination these manuscripts were pronounced genuine. Mr. Cunningham has not however been fully vindicated, for his right of possession is now denied, and he has been simply transferred from the gibbet of forgery to the gibbet of larceny. Since the charge of forgery has been removed a new interest has sprung up, and all the facts should be known. These documents can now be given their full weight; the defense of Mr. Cunningham's conduct should now be consid-

ered; and the former good name should be restored to a man who more than sixty years ago rescued these interesting and important papers from impending oblivion.

In Mr. Cunningham's vindication there is involved the question of fixing the dates of the composition or reproduction of some of Shakespeare's greatest plays; the terminus ad quem in each case; and these documents which are now shown to be genuine, record the performance of Othello in 1604, and The Winter's Tale and The Tempest in 1611. The former criticisms of Mr. Cunningham's conduct must now be recast, apologies will be in order, his good name will be gratefully restored. After forty years of imputation "he sleeps well", for the manuscripts he recovered and published have now been declared to be ancient and respectable, and the Introduction to his volume published in 1842 furnishes ample explanation of his right of possession. Vindication in this case is of especial satisfaction; it not only removes the cloud from Mr. Cunningham's reputation and relieves the Audit Office from the charge of negligence as to rare public documents, and The Shakespeare Society from carelessness in extending its auspices, but it removes some uncertainty surrounding the dates of these Shakespearian plays. The whole story has now taken on a new meaning and an increased importance.

A little more than forty years ago three articles appeared in different magazines, in which it was charged that Mr. Cunningham had fallen into a habit of intoxication, that in his baseness he had fabricated these Shakesperian documents, and in his perfidy he had attempted to sell them to the Manuscript Department of the British Museum. These articles appeared in the Athenaeum of June 20, 1868, in the Galaxy of November, 1868, and in the British Quarterly Review of January, 1869. The article in the Galaxy was signed by Richard Grant White; the other articles were anonymous. In 1874 Mr. White repeated the charges against Mr. Cunningham in his Introduction to the fac-simile reprint of Ireland's Confessions. From that time on nothing further seems to have been said against Mr. Cunningham, and until the present year nothing has been said in his favor. In the New Variorum Shakespeare Dr. Furness quoted at some length from these articles in discussing the dates of Othello and The Tempest. But for Peter Cunningham a brighter day was coming. Mr. Ernest Law, a London barrister, has recently published a volume entitled, Some Supposed Shakespeare Forgeries, a fac-simile of the most important of these two papers is given, the whole question is again open for discussion, and this time it will never be settled until it is settled right. This volume of Mr. Law seems to

be the final word upon the forgery of these documents. It now appears that Mr. Cunningham was unjustly accused of their fabrication; and it seems to be conclusively proved that the manuscripts are genuine. The authenticity of these entries will weigh heavily upon the dates involved, and the photographic fac-simile of "The Revells Booke Ano 1605" will be examined with great interest. Mr. Law's view of Mr. Cunningham's right of possession may be questioned, for the publication and retention of stolen papers would involve the Audit Office for not recovering them, and The Shakespeare Society in lending the influence of its name. The facts should now be told. As Falstaff says: "Is not the truth the truth?" Mr. Law's volume settles the question of forgery, and the genuineness of the Shakesperean entries. But as to the finding of the manuscripts, the right to their possession, the charge of larceny, the consequent carelessness of the Shakespeare Society, and the consequent negligence of the Audit Office in not demanding their return in 1842, he is peculiarly unhappy. Surely for all this a defense can be entered and an explanation made!

Mr. Law thinks that the story of the Books of Revels at Court is both strange and unusual. In his Preface he states his view at length: "Further than this; that that curious and very precious document, after having lain in obscurity for two centuries, should be discovered, only immediately to be buried and disappear again for forty years; that they should then be once more disinterred and re-discovered, to disappear again, for a third time, for another thirty years; that they should afterwards re-appear yet once more—under circumstances suggesting larceny, forgery and fraud—forthwith to be universally pronounced to be other than what they really are; and that only now they should, after more than a century of mystery and uncertainty, at last be unmistakably revealed in their true nature, must surely be unprecedented in the whole annals of our literature."

This statement is interesting, but in some respects it may be overdrawn. These documents have not been playing hide-and-seek in the manner and to the extent indicated. The mystery connected with them came with the charge of forgery, and with it has gone out; the confusion lasted only during the life of the accusation, and then it ceased. It nevertheless is true, as is further observed, that "a story of such strange vicissitudes befalling Shakesperian documents would seem to warrant a complete exposition of how it all came about." The mystery in the matter vanishes when the facts are understood when a correct view is taken of Mr. Cunningham's conduct in retaining the papers, and the reasons are given why the Audit Office did not recover their possession, and why they were "Printed for the Shake-

speare Society." It now seems marvelous that he should have been so hastily condemned in 1868 for what the writers and experts did not take the trouble to understand. Mr. Cunningham died on May 18, 1869, a few months after these accusations had been made against him, and it is a relief to think that in all probability he never knew of their circulation, and never dreamed that in after years his name would be coupled with a line of conduct which in his lifetime he would have looked on with scorn and contempt. In making his investigations as to the genuineness of these documents Mr. Law has done a real service. He may not have made a Shakesperian "find", but in publishing his volume he has established a Shakesperian "fact." It is now easy to understand what Malone meant when he said he knew that Othello was not one of the poet's latest compositions, and he further knew that The Tempest "had a being and a name in the autumn of 1611." The three-hundredth anniversary of the production of that wonderful play is a good time to have the date settled, and let it forever and ever be known that the year which furnished the Authorized Version of the Bible furnished The Tempest also. Any documents which will help establish the dates of Measure for Measure, Othello, The Winter's Tale and The Tempest are worthy of attention, and the Account Books of the Revel's Office will now be consulted as authorities, while as forgeries they only wrought confusion. Dr. Furness may now congratulate himself upon the extreme caution manifest in his notes published by him in his Othello in 1886, and in his Tempest in 1892. He will find but little to take back. In the latter volume he said: "The puzzle of the Revels Accounts may some day be solved. At present it is inscrutable." The solution is here; it overturns nothing but the accusations against Mr. Cunningham; and when there is no longer forgery in the documents, there is no more trouble in the case.

Peter Cunningham was born on April 7, 1816; the son of Allan Cunningham, a brother of Colonel Joseph and Admiral Cunningham. In 1834 at the instance of Sir Robert Peel he was appointed a clerk in the Audit Office, and after twenty years faithful service became its Chief Clerk. He was one of the founders of The Shakespeare Society, and became its permanent Treasurer. It may be that in later life he found himself in reduced circumstances because of excessive drinking, but this could bear on the question at issue only as showing a needy condition. His early life was active in literary and antiquarian matters, and beyond reproach; some of the volumes he published are of great merit and high authority; he retired from the Audit Office in 1860, and except for the attacks of his critics because of his connection with the Account Books of the Revels Office, his reputation is un-

sullied. In 1842 he published a volume bearing the authority of The Shakespeare Society, entitled "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court." To this volume he wrote an extensive Introduction which at this time will bear him yeoman's service. At page 203 he printed Book XII of "The Revells Book Ano 1605," being "The Accompte of the Office of the Ruelles of this whole yeres Charge in Ano 1604: untell the last of October 1605." Sixteen entries of plays then being acted are found to have been made, eight of which refer to plays of Shakespeare; Love's Labor Lost, Comedy of Errors, Merry Wives of Windsor, Merchant of Venice, Henry Fifth, Measure for Measure, and Othello, the Merchant of Venice being entered twice. In the margin against four of these entries under the heading "The poets wch mayd the plaies," is found written the name "Shaxberd," while against two other entries are the names of "George Chapman" and "Hewood". The name of Ben Jonson does not appear against the two plays of his found in the entry.

On page 210 he printed "Book XIII. The Booke of the Revells Ending the last day of October Ano Dom: 1612," and in the entry states that The Tempest was played on "Hallomas nyght att Whithall" and ye winters nighte Tayle on the 5th of November. In Book XIII the name "Shaxberd" is not repeated. These entries have been accurately reprinted by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, and by Dr. Furness. If these entries are genuine it is clear that Measure for Measure and Othello were written by 1604, and The Winter's Tale and The Tempest by 1611.

During the twenty-six years between 1842 and 1868 the genuineness of these manuscripts was not questioned, but when Mr. Cunningham presented them to the British Museum for sale on the 29th day of April, 1868, the conflict was on. A different state of public feeling was encountered. The storm aroused by John Payne Collier and his "Perkins Folio" of 1632 had reached its height and was subsiding, but the waves were still rolling, and the sea was angry. New experts were springing up, and they could find it whether it existed or not. William Henry Ireland was remembered, but John Payne Collier, or some one else who had committed the forgeries, was in active existence. The public did not want any more Shakespearean forgeries, and they were not going to receive them. The critics were ready, they could decide and let inspection follow. When Mr. Cunningham, therefore, wrote to Sir Frederick Madden, the Keeper of the Manuscripts of the British Museum, enclosing these original documents, being Books XII and XIII of the entries he had published in 1842, in the second year's issue of The Shakespeare Society, and as his own property offered them for sale,

finally naming a price of sixty guineas, Pandora's box was again open, and the evils were out: "horsed upon the sightless couriers of the air," to "blow the horrid deed in every eye." Mr. Cunningham had told in his letter how he had come by the manuscripts, how he had found them "under the vaults of Somerset House—far under the Quadrangle in the dry and lofty cellar known by the name of the "Charcoal Repository," and then added: "Had I been a rich man I would have presented these highly interesting Papers to the Nation." The offer of sale was refused, and the documents were retained as public property by the officers of the Museum, and in due course were turned over to the Audit Office where they are now to be found. (Mr. Cunningham died the next year.) The resentment aroused by Payne Collier was abroad in the land; experts were now active and could find what was wanted; these documents, which for twenty-six years had borne good reputations, were now suddenly brought under suspicion because they had been offered for sale by a private citizen, although he had been Chief Clerk of the Audit Office and the Treasurer of The Shakespeare Society, and, with the highest endorsements, had published them in 1842. But the experts examined: "A glance was sufficient," "a palpable forgery" had been committed, and the lictors were ready. In a few weeks the matter got into print. The first article appeared in the Athenaeum on June 20, 1868; it recited what pretended to be the facts, and concluded as follows:

"It may be well that we should say under what circumstances these passages have at length fallen under suspicion. For many years the original papers have been wanting. Search, we believe, has often been made for them in our public offices without success. A few days ago some of them were offered for sale to the Manuscript Department of the British Museum. Mr. Bond carried them for verification to the Record Office, where they were at once impounded by Lord Romilly's directions as public property. How they came to be in private hands is a subject for inquiry—an inquiry which is now in hand. The gentleman who offered them for sale appears to have thought his right of property in them perfect. Papers thus recovered by the nation were very properly subjected to a very close inspection; and this inspection, it would seem, has satisfied the experts that gross liberties had been taken by some persons unknown with these documents. In fact, the experts arrived at the conclusion that the body of Shakespearean illustrations has been added to the originals. This is the worst bit of Shakespeare news we have had to report for many a day."

The experts were not certain, "and their witness agreed not together." It was not clear whether all of Book XII or any of Book XIII was forged.

and about the latter Book no definite opinion was held or expressed. Of course it was ridiculous for the writer of the article above quoted to say that he believed search had been made for the papers in the public offices without success. If he had but turned to the Introduction to the volume published in 1842 he would have then found the whole history told by Mr. Cunningham himself, and with that before them the inquiry then "in hand" might properly have come to an end. The writer had learned however, that "the gentleman who offered them for sale appears to have thought his right of property in them perfect." But the article in the Athenaeum in June was mild to what appeared in the Galaxy in November over the initials of Richard Grant White. Here the charge is made directly that a forgery had been committed, "a forgery, a gross forgery, from beginning to end." He did not claim to have examined the documents himself, or even to have seen them; but it was not only clear that a forgery was there, but the forger was identified; "The conclusion that Peter Cunningham is the man seems unavoidable." Mr. White must have arrived at his conclusion by intuition, in the same manner that Falstaff recognized the true prince—by instinct! When he repeated his accusations in 1874 it appears that his opinion had not changed, nor had his manner grown more considerate. The unknown writer in the British Quarterly Review for January, 1869, is no less certain and no less emphatic. He was not troubled with scruples, nor with an attempt to examine either the originals or the published volume of 1842. He says: "It only required a glance of the experts to discover that the list of Shakespeare's plays performed before the Court in the years alluded to, had been appended to the old documents by a modern hand. The trifling and uninteresting items of expenditure are genuine, but the book containing these appears to have also contained some blank pages, into which the forger has crammed the whole of the writings referring to Shakespeare." When these charges of forgery began to be circulated the real mystery began to appear, and the real difficulties multiplied. Facts would no longer harmonize with each other, and some jostling was noticed. It was soon shown by Halliwell-Phillipps in documents printed by him that Malone prior to his death in 1812, had among his papers a copy or a close abstract of the selfsame entries, and it was their presence which enabled him to say that he knew that Othello was in existence in 1604, and The Tempest in 1611. Now the wonder arose how Malone before 1812, had in his possession copies of documents which were not produced until about 1840. Or, to state, this mystery in another manner; How could Peter Cunningham about 1840 forge documents which were in existence before he was born? But with these experts

who saw the forgery at "a glance," and with these intuitive writers all things were possible. Still the puzzle spoken of by Dr. Furness existed, and it is unfortunate that the solution did not come before the death of Halliwell-Phillipps, Dr. Furnivall and Prof. Rolfe. Mr. Law should have started his investigations before these veterans had passed away. Dr. Furness is still with us and no doubt enjoys the solution.

In reading the volume of Mr. Law it appears that the recent examination of these documents has been careful, thorough and scientific. The photographic fac-simile of the two pages of the entries for 1604-5 lend interest and satisfaction, all of which might have been increased by a similar reproduction of the entries in Book XIII. One is warranted in believing that Mr. Law speaks with authority. He names those who made the investigations, and he gives their reasons and conclusions, and intuition has not supplanted the laboratory. It is not the province of the general reader or of the public to call in question the conclusions announced by the very eminent authorities who are quoted. Final decision must rest somewhere, and it is safe in their hands. Theirs was not the "glance" taken in 1868, and the following conclusions of Mr. Law seem to be fully warranted: The result of these various investigations is, the writer ventures to think, entirely to clear Peter Cunningham of the charge of forgery brought against him, and completely to remove the stigma affixed to the documents in 1868. The two play-lists, therefore, should henceforth assuredly take their place on an unshakable basis, as the most curious of all contemporary references to the performances of Shakespeare's plays at Court in his lifetime, and the most valuable intrinsic evidence we possess—with the single exception of Meres's list in his Palladis Tamia—for the sequence of their composition, and, consequent thereon, for the interpretation of that interesting psychological problem—the development of our great dramatist's mind and art." If these conclusions seem somewhat limited the advanced Shakespeare scholarship of the present time will widen them, and in so doing will be resting on a sure foundation.

The discovery of these manuscripts by Mr. Cunningham, and his peaceable possession of them for twenty-six years, is a story apart from the charges of forgery set afoot at a later day. The documents which were "glanced at" in derision in 1868 were hailed with delight in 1842. He who was denounced as a forger at the later date was a trusted clerk in the Audit Office and an honored officer of The Shakespeare Society twenty-six years before, when he recovered the papers and published them under the most respectable auspices. These documents were not printed by the official authority of the Audit Office in 1842, giving to the world a part of its official

records. No such claim was then made or such pretense then thought of. Mr. Cunningham published them as his own private property, and printed the full story of their discovery in the Introduction to his volume, and then publicly retained the possession of the original manuscripts. Every one knew where they were and they were not concealed. No demand was made by the Audit Office for their return, and no search for their location was needed. To charge larceny upon Mr. Cunningham at that time is to charge gross carelessness amounting to official criminality against the officers of the Audit Office. Against this one feels like registering a protest. Such a charge is ridiculous. These things did not take place in that way. When all the facts are understood, when the whole story is read, and especially the Introduction to Mr. Cunningham's volume of 1842, it is seen that the very best faith has been kept by every one connected with these documents, the officers of 1842, the officers of 1868, and Mr. Cunningham himself. Between these two dates great interest had been awakened in Shakesperean matters, and great animosities had been aroused against Shakespearean forgeries. This period had been the hey-day of John Payne Collier, as publisher, if he was not the forger. During this period the Shakesperean expert was born, and in 1868 he was ready to practice his profession. The articles above quoted are samples of the new workmanship. When Mr. Cunningham sent these documents to the Manuscript Department of the British Museum on April 29, 1868, he had the same property, the same possession, and the same right of possession in them which he maintained toward them in 1842; no more and no less. The intervening time had not changed the relations or affected the rights. These rights must be judged according to the conditions existing in 1842. Nothing that he could do in 1868 could fix or change the legal or official status of the documents when first recovered by him. That must be determined by his attitude and actions, and by those of the Audit Office, at that time. Mr. Cunningham's statement has never been contradicted, and no recovery of the documents was ever attempted. Mr. Cunningham's account is as follows, beginning on page XLV of his Introduction:

"The discovery of these papers sharpened my desire to discover more; and I sought in dry repositories, damp cellars, and still damper vaults, for books of account, for warrants and for receipts. I had gone by this time through the Rolls of Accounts from the reign of Henry VIII to the end of that of Charles I, but I found little in them to satisfy, and much to provoke inquiry. I was told again and again that if there were any old papers in the office of the reigns I sought for, that they were not Declared Accounts, they were there by accident, and that no Board ever recognized the existence of

official vouchers and Books of Account so far back as the reigns I referred to; while a few recollected, and all had heard of, the cart-loads of old papers burnt in Tothil Fields on the removal of the office from Whitehall to Somerset House. . . . It was at this time I had the good fortune to redeem from a destructive oblivion a bundle of the Original Accounts of the Masters of the Revels, those that Malone had sought so long for, and had seen at last by the kindness of Sir William Murgrave, an old commissioner of the Audit, and from which he had made the extracts that Boswell has printed in his edition of Shakespeare. These however left off at a time the most interesting in all our literary annals. There was as yet nothing about Shakespeare—nothing to destroy conjectures advanced by commentators that no one believed, yet no one could gainsay—the idlest of all kinds of suppositions that every fresh fact has only served to refute. . . . My last discovery was my most interesting, and alighting as I now did on two official books of the Revels—one of Tylney's and one of Buc's—which had escaped both Musgrave and Malone, I at last found something about Shakespeare—something that was new, and something that was definite. This was my little Guanahana, but there I was destined to stop, for no other books of the Revels have I as yet succeeded in finding among the scattered papers of the old Auditors of the Imprests. We owe these two to accident, and it is not too fanciful to suppose that chance may yet lead to the discovery of other books connected with Shakespeare's two and twenty years 'traffic' with the stage. I am not without hope on this subject, and that it may be my lot to find them even in the office I am now in."

This account was published on February 1, 1842, and it does not sound as though it was prepared to be used on a future occasion nearly thirty years distant. When this was printed no question as to title, possession, or right of possession had been raised, or even thought of, and no one can read these words without being impressed with the candor and absolute sincerity of the writer. If they were true, then subsequent conduct could not affect them. If the Audit Officers had for one moment thought that these documents then belonged to their files they would have seen to it that they were properly returned after publication, and if Mr. Cunningham was guilty of larceny, then these officers were guilty of negligence as to a public trust. There is not a hint in this direction, and such a charge is absurd. It appears that the charge of larceny is of much later origin; for in the first article which appeared on the subject, that in the Athenaeum of June 20, 1868, it is distinctly stated: "The gentleman who offered them for sale appears to have thought his right of property in them perfect."

Of course Mr. Cunningham's opinion in 1868 would not decide his guilt or innocence in 1842; his attitude and his conduct at that time must be determined by all the facts as they then existed. The retention of the documents by the officials when they were offered for sale in 1868 was certainly justifiable. The right of possession to such papers as these would probably not be ruled by the common law applying to ordinary personal property, but rather by that governmental right akin to eminent domain. Such documents should be preserved at all hazards, and if an injury results to a private citizen let the Government respond when a legal, equitable, or moral liability has been fixed in the usual manner. No inference can be drawn against Mr. Cunningham because of the retention of the papers by Mr. Bond or their impounding by Sir Frederick Madden.

The credit and the honor of "The Shakespeare Society" of those early years are involved in this accusation; they knew how Mr. Cunningham obtained the manuscripts, and they did not lend their sanction to the publication of ill-gotten material. Mr. Cunningham states clearly how he obtained the documents. "I was told again and again that, if there were any old papers in the office of the reigns I sought for, that they were not Declared Accounts, and no Board ever recognized the existence of official vouchers and Books of Account as far back as the reigns" of Elizabeth or James I. It is no wonder that in the last years of his life Mr. Cunningham simply said concerning these documents: "They belong to me. . . . But for me they would have been destroyed through sheer ignorance, or sold for waste paper." If the finder had "been a rich man," and had printed the documents and presented them to the nation, which was his expressed desire, no doubt they would have been accepted in the spirit in which they were offered.

The pathos of these years is swallowed up in Peter Cunningham's overwhelming vindication. A change has come to him that comes to but few. The evil charged against him is interred with his bones; the good he did in hunting through dry cellars and damp vaults, and finally finding these manuscripts in the "charcoal repository," lives after him. The list of plays he preserved is not as long as that recorded by Meres, but it ranks next in importance. To know that Othello was played in 1604, and Winter's Tale and Tempest in 1611, helps to establish a satisfactory Shakesperean chronology.

S.

MARGINALIA

AT THE FOUNDING OF THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY TWENTY-six years ago, one of Dr. Morgan's earliest colleagues was the Hon. Alvey Augustus Adee of Washington, D. C. And when Dr. Morgan conceived the idea of an Edition of the Plays that should avoid the barnacles of notation, but permit every student to be his own annotator by printing the text of every play precisely as Shakespeare himself saw it in the quartos, paralleled with the text as his first Editor seven years after his death (that is to say, the text of the first Quarto paralleled with the text of the first folio, every imperfection and error of the types punctilliously preserved so that every student might make up his mind whether a "crux" was Shakespeare's or his printer's) Mr. Adee suggested the unique and comprehensiv notation which that Edition adopted. He first suggested it in the elaborate and brilliant paper read before the Society, which, as apropos, especially at this time, when the question of a new system of editing Shakespeare has been agitated, we re-present to our readers in another part of this issue. In 1886 just about a year after the founding of the New York Shakespeare Society, President Cleveland commissioned Mr. Adee Second Assistant Secretary of State, and on August 3rd of this year, 1911, he completed the twenty-sixth year of his service in that office. Mr. Adee's diplomatic service really has been much longer. Before being commissioned an Assistant Secretary of State Mr. Adee was Secretary of Legation at Madrid for fifteen years, and during his service as Second Assistant Secretary of State, it is scarcely a figure of speech to say that he, in a certain sense, has long been the whole Department in epitome. His public service, extending over a period of forty-one years and covering diplomatic experience abroad as well as administrative work at home, has made him a competent and insistant authority on a thousand details which, were it necessary to go through all the red-tape processes of research, would consume weeks in digging out; for he has a phenomenal memory for names, dates, typical incidents, and items of differentiation.

We copy from the New York Evening Post a sketch of Mr. Adee, which is intimate of his characteristics: "There goes the State Department," remarked a gentleman on Pennsylvania avenue, pointing to a passing bicycle, bearing the figure of a short, wiry man in a suit of rough tweeds and a brownish felt hat. The wheelman's face was florid and deeply lined; his hair and whiskers were a mixture of auburn and gray, and his features distinctively Scotch; his eyes were not only keen, but told the close reader of physiognomy that their owner was deaf and had to depend on them for a double sense-function. The office was not created till 1866, when William Hunter was installed in it. After his death, Mr. Adee took up the work, and has filled the post ever since. It is doubtful if three men in Washington could tell under oath what political party he is partial to, or whether he was ever affiliated, even indirectly, with any. Certainly none of the eleven chiefs under whom he has worked in his present responsible capacity has taken the trouble to investigate. It has been enough for them to know that Adee was where he was.

Not only has Mr. Adee been charged with the immediate duty of keeping the administrative machinery running, using the chief clerk as his medium in directing the activities of his subordinates, but he has had to oversee the business education of secretary after secretary, who has come to the head of the department, with a brain teeming with plans and policies, perhaps, but as ignorant of diplomatic methods as a college sophomore. Then, too, he has played the part of a sieve for these men. Documents and correspondence affecting our foreign relations are prepared under his orders for submission to the secretary and the President. Domestic proclamations, telling the people of the United States what they are bound to be thankful for every November, come within his purview, though bearing signatures of higher dignity than his. Communications from foreign governments are passed over his desk, where they are appropriately annotated before final consideration by the men who are clothed with the outward responsibility for the responses sent.

Mr. Adee has been for more than a quarter of a century an indefatigable bicycle rider, using his wheel for going about the city much of the time, when other officers of corresponding dignity were dependent on carriages. When asked once how, being almost bereft of hearing, he escaped accidents on the road, he answered:

"I don't, always, but the Lord is extraordinarily kind to the afflicted." Indeed, his attitude toward his deafness has always been one of philosophic

tolerance, possibly because he has realized that it has contributed no small element to the success of his career.

The deaf man in a public position where reserve is all important, has one strong point in his favor, he may be depended upon not to be garrulous. He may be trusted, too, not to have too many confidences with others, owing to the danger of advertising his own remarks through the other party's shouted responses. But Mr. Adee has yet another infirmity which has stood him in equally good stead officially, to wit, a temper worthy of his Scottish ancestry. When it is calm, he is urbanity exemplified; when it explodes, let those who stand nearest look out for themselves! His underlings live in awe of this sort of demonstration after having witnessed one, and it makes some of them more careful with their work; while outsiders having frequent business with the department learn to avoid irritating importunities and other breaches of courtesy.

Now and then it is innocent, animate or inanimate, who suffer because the guilty are out of reach. Gossip used to have it that on one occasion, Mr. Adee entered to his room after a very annoying interview in the secretary's office, and began to scatter his books and papers this way and that, now slamming a bulky volume upon the floor, now sweeping a pile of unsigned letters into the waste-basket, and otherwise reducing the top of his writing table to a plain of desolation.

Toward the close of the outburst a messenger entered, bearing the modest luncheon Mr. Adee had ordered before going out. Its most conspicuous factor was a large piece of pie. Reaching for that as he had reached for the laws, treaties, and correspondence which he had lately sent hurtling through space, Adee flung it straight at the messenger's head. The frightened servitor dodged, and the pie shot over him, plastering itself, in all its juicy exuberance, against the portrait of a distinguished secretary of state of a past era which hung on the wall behind. What purports to be the mark of it is still pointed out, on the sly, to visitors.

There was always an apocryphal odor about this story, and I should not wish to vouch for its truth. It was told at a dinner once to a guest who was frank enough to go to Mr. Adee the next day and repeat it to him without modification in any particular, and this is the conversation as he reported it:

"Mr. Secretary, I give this merely as I heard it, but I should be glad to know whether it is true."

"Mr. Jones," replied Mc Adee, "you have probably lived long enough

to know that you cannot believe all you hear." So the question still remains unsettled in Mr. Jones' mind.

Mr. Adee's reputation as an encyclopædia of diplomatic lore, ranging all the way from the order of precedence at a state dinner to the preliminaries of a declaration of war, is common property. The late Secretary Hay once said to the writer with a chuckle:

"Mr. Adee would make a good Bible. He can begin at the creation and tell me just how everything has been done in the past, and wind up by instructing me in my duties as head of this department. And the beauty of it is that I know I shan't go far astray if I follow him."

On more than one occasion Mr. Adee has been acting secretary of state. During the absence of both Secretary and Assistant Secretary at a juncture in some of our diplomatic operations where the training of an international lawyer was highly necessary.

Mr. Adee has often, in the absences of his superior, been the real Secretary and his name is signed to the Treaty of Peace between the United States and Spain of 1888.

A NUMBER OF DR. MORGAN'S PERSONAL AND PROEFSSIONAL FRIENDS tendered him a congratulatory banquet upon his sixty-sixth birthday, October 2nd, 1911, Dr. Morgan was however prevented by sickness from accepting in person but sent his latest photograph, upon which he wrote the quotation:

"Paint me with every blemish," said the Lord Protector grim,
And the picture there was Cromwell, whatever the soul of him.

(We give an engraving of the photograph as frontispiece to this issue). The dinner was held nevertheless in Dr. Morgan's honor. No formal speeches were made, but B. Frank Carpenter, Ph.D., remarked that it was certainly unique that a lawyer after seventeen years at the Bar should retire from practice, after service as Counsel to two great transportation corporations, not to a life of idleness, but to work in an antiquarian field that happened to interest him, and add almost two score of volumes of original matter to the output of that field. And yet this was precisely Dr. Morgan's record. Counting the twenty volumes of The Bankside Shakespeare, and the five volumes of The Bankside Restoration Shakespeare, there are thirty-four volumes of what Dr. Morgan calls the Higher Criticism of Shakespeare to his credit. But this is not all of Dr. Morgan's work. Not counting various contributions to periodicals throughout his long professional life, and three "best sellers" which Dr. Morgan likes to forget, it appears by the

subjoined bibliography that Dr. Morgan has written many other legal and technical books. His "The People and The Railways" of thirty years ago, was widely commented upon at its date. Especially its chapters criticising the policy and economy of the Interstate Commerce Law. It is hardly remembered to-day that the chief argument in favor of this law was that it would prevent the creation of "Trade Centres" by railway discriminations in freights, etc. Dr. Morgan showed that no trade or artificial considerations ever had or ever could build up a "Trade Centre." That the trade centres of the world were where they were in the days when the only means of locomotion were by ox teams, or wains dragged by horses or bullocks, or carried along rivers. London, Paris, Antwerp, Vienna, are to-day just where they always were. Another position which Dr. Morgan took at that time was that Trusts or holding-companies instead of being against public policy were really Capitalist's Trades Unions, to offset—and properly offset—the Labor Trades Unions, and for the actual best interests of both consumer and producer, the interests of both demanding the cheapest prices that a combination so far from being a monopoly, in the old mediaeval sense, would out of self-protection cheapen the price of its product in order to prevent other Trusts from entering its particular field. And, thus, that the question was between the Trust and the Sweat-shop (as Dr. Morgan tersely put it). This is advanced ground even to-day. The following is believed to be a complete bibliography of Dr. Morgan's books:

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The Society and The "Fad." Being the Amplification of an Address once made before the New York City Shakespeare Club. New York: L. S. D. Hodges. Cloth, pp. 40.

Shakespeare In Fact and In Criticism. 12mo., Roxburghe, pp. 400. New York: William Evarts Benjamin. 1888.

The Bankside Shakespeare. Being the Plays of William Shakespeare, circa 1564-1608. The texts of the first Quarto edition parallelled with the text of the Heminges and Condell folio of 1623. With Critica Introduc-

tions touching the environment stage history and publications of each Play. New York: The Shakespeare Society of New York. 1885-1888. Twenty-one volumes, Roxburghe de luxe.

The Bankside-Restoration Shakespeare. Being the texts of the Shakespeare Plays in second or other Quarto parallelled with the Restored texts as re-written in the Restoration Period by Dryden, Shadwell and others. Five Vols., Roxburghe de luxe, 8vo., uniform with the Bankside Shakespeare. New York: The Shakespeare Press, Westfield, New Jersey, and New York City. 1905, 1908.

Shakespeare and Bacon. Can They Be Reconciled? A Debate with Isaac Hull Platt, M. D. New York and Westfield, New Jersey. Paper, pp. 100 plates. Quarto. 1902.

Digesta Shakespeareana. Being a Topical Index of printed matter relating to William Shakespeare and His Plays and Poems exclusive of Editions of the Text and of Aesthetic Criticism. 2v., paper, 16mo. New York: The Shakespeare Society of New York. 1885, 1887.

A History of the Family of Morgan from the year 1089 to Present times, genealogically. With Appendix carrying the Line back to Gwenned, King of All-Wales, A. D. 605. Issued in parts from 1901 to 1908. Westfield, New Jersey. The Shakespeare Press, Albany, New York. The Joseph McDonough Company.

Forty Years of Shakespearean Controversy, with account of the Geneses of the Bacon, Marlowe, Rutland, Derby and other anti-Shakespearean Authorship Theories, The Cipherists, The Shakespeare Forgers and other Interesting People. Somerville, New Jersey: The Unionist-Gazette Association. (In Press).

Books Received

371. The Vindicators of Shakespeare. A Reply to Critics. Together with some remarks on Dr. Wallace's New Shakespeare Discoveries. By G. G. Greenwood, M. P. Author of The Shakespeare Problem Re-Stated. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 230. London: Sweeting and Company.

372. Some Supposed Shakespeare Forgeries. An Examination Into the Authenticity of Certain Documents affecting the Dates of Several of the Plays. By Ernest Law, B. A., F. S. A., Barrister at Law. With fac similes of documents. Boards, sq., 12mo., pp. 23. London: George Bell and Sons.

373. Jahrbuch des Deutschen Shakespeare Gessellschaft Im Aufrage des Verstandes herausgeben, von Alois Brandl und Max Forster (Sebenundvierzigister Jahrgang. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 438, Mit drei bilden. Berlin-Schoneberg-Langenscheidtsche Verlagsbuchhandlung.

374. What We Know of the Elizabethian Stage. Reprinted from Modern Philology. Vol. IX. July, 1911. By G. F. Reynolds. Pamphlet, paper, pp. 35.

375. Shakespeare Bibliography: A Dictionary of Every Known Issue of the Writings of Our National Poet, and the Recorded Opinion thereon. By William Jaggard. With Historical Introduction, Fac Similie and other Illustrations and Aftermath of Additions and Corrections while printing. Quarto, Buckram, pp. 730; Stratford-on-Avon. The Shakespeare Head Press.

373. The two prominent papers in the ever-welcome Jahrbuch, are Dr. Brandl's "Zu Shakespeare's Totenmask und Ben Jonson's Totenbild," and Mr. W. J. Lawrence's "The Evolution and Influence of the Elizabethian Playhouse."

Of course there is nothing new to be said about the Kesselstadt "Death Mask." But Dr. Brandl reviews what has been said, (and especially what Dr. Wislicenus has just said in his "Shakespeare's Totenmask" which we noticed in our last issue,) with reference to Ben Jonson's superlative endorsement of the Droeshout engraving "in which the artist had a strife with Nature to outdo the life (but must have been badly worsted by Nature, one would say. For if "Nature" ever had anything to do in making such a wooden caricature on humanity as that frontispiece to the first folio presents, then her job for once must have been done vicariously by one of her journeymen. But we know that Ben Jonson was willing to say anything in rhyme, and not unwilling to say just the reverse in prose. And while we always love him as a Poet and a Dramatist, we rarely expect him to be anything else. Dr. Brandl's inspiration to re-open the question, conceding that Ben Jonson really meant what he said, is creditable and valuable. The new picture of the Death Mask (for it certainly is a Death Mask of somebody) preserves the lineaments of some phlegmatic German—gentleman, though Dr. Brandl prefers a Frenchman! In our opinion, of some German; we should have guessed that it was Bismarck had the dates been conciliatory). It must be remembered, however, that the Kesselstadt Death Mask has three points strongly in its favor as a Death Mask of Shakespeare. (1) It was found in an old Rubbish Shop. (2) It was purchased for a trifle, and (3) It had a red, or reddish hair or two adherring to its reverse. But even conceding these desiderata, and after re-summing

up all the arguments in its favor, Dr. Brandl is very emphatic in agreeing with the British Museum authorities, and in disagreeing with Dr. Wislicenus, that, and holding that in his opinion, whoever it represents, it is not a Death Mask of William Shakespeare.

371. So long as a gentleman does not think or declare that Bacon, or anybody but Shakespeare, wrote the Shakespeare Plays, he is at carte blanche to say anything that occurs to him, or that he guesses or hears guessed, concerning anything Shakespearean,—environmental, historical, biographical, or fantastic. That is about the sum and gear of Mr. Greenwood's third volume. (His Shakespeare Problem Re-Stated and his Rejoinder No. 1, having preceded his present work).

Mr. Greenwood's title, "The Vindicators of Shakespeare" is "writ sarcastic." He especially pokes fun at the dignified Sir Edward Sullivan and the Reverend Canon Beeching, both of which gentlemen have lately paid their precious compliments to Mr. Greenwood in the Nineteenth Century and After, and aims to show that their "Vindications" of Shakespeare are cruel, and that Shakespeare might well cry to them: "Let not thy precious balms break my head."

Almost any one familiar with this eternal controversy would be able to re-write all that all three of the above-named gentlemen said or say in this course: There is apparently nothing new possible.

And herein is our criticism and grievance. It is remarkable—but we suppose we must get used to it—that the Baconian Theory (however disguised, any authorship theory is "the Baconian Theory!") must be fought, over and over and over again, on precisely the same lines; within precisely the same roped-in arena—and with the same gloves as when fifty or sixty years ago the fight first began to make itslef lovely and interesting! All in vain have writers, not altogether non compos demonstrated—for at least ten years in these pages—that the Shakespeare authorship theory proposition has assumed entirely new aspects, and entire new associations to-day—that questions as to parallellisms, internal evidences, etc., have become secondary to circumstantial and exterior evidences of the publications of the material, quartos and folios, of the dates, persons engaged, and so on! But with these neither Mr. Greenwood, Canon Beeching, nor Sir dward Sullivan concern themselves. Three years ago Prof. Anders challenged all comers to present ten statements of fact that tended towards a doubt of the orthodox authorship. Mr. Sohmers (ante Vol. VII, page 55) produced not ten, but eleven facts as coincidences, no one of which could be reconciled with the orthodox propositus, and which, moreover, made such a coincidence be-

tween themselves as to constitute together the strongest coincidence of all —to the contrary. But although these were copied into "Baconiana" (our London Contemporary) and were a complete ad finem to Prof. Anders', who never attempts to answer them (except in a feeble effort at jocularity at their expense) neither of the above named gentlemen touch upon one of these eleven coincidences. We have read the entire discussion of this new Three against Thebes. And, at this distance it strikes us in array, that all three love just a trifle better to say mordant and biting things about each other, than to advance either the metier or the merits of the thing discussed. But, of course, in a fair field, the honors of the Debate are with Mr. Greenfield.

375. We still think (and perhaps more than ever) that the Digesta Shakespeareana, issued by The New York Shakespeare Society of twenty-five years ago, deserved to have been continued. As a matter of fact it was discontinued out of compliment to the admirable annual Bibliographies which the German Shakespeare Society began to issue at about that time. For it seems surplusage and waste of effort to do the same work in two forms every year. And the task of hunting for a topic in an annual list became negligible, although in a century or century and a half list, no light matter. The Digesta not only arranged titles under Topics, but indexed them by Authors, adding bibliographical details. But then also cross-referenced the Topics as to sub-Topical treatments and so gave the student his reference at once. But Mr. Jaggard, by following conventional methods in bibliography, has anyhow produced a Monument to Shakespeare—even if he has subordinated its usefulness to practical purposes to that monumental design. And this, we think, was really what Mr. Jaggard desired to raise. A Monument to Shakespeare. He has grouped thirty-six thousand titles. Has printed a limited edition, and at a price prohibitive, a l'outrance to a Student. It is therefore a Monument—to Mr. Jaggard's industry, patience and zeal, too, but chiefly to the great Dramatist. As Mr. Jaggard is a descendant of the Jaggard and Blount—Jaggard of 1623—First Folio memory—this work is also a sort of family monument as well. These thirty-six thousand entries include editions, treatises, eulogies, "esthetic" criticism (which the Digesta rejected, believing that students of the Plays usually felt equal to their own esthetic criticism, or at least valued their own opinions enough to ignore some one else's). Evertyhing touching the name Shakespeare is, we are fain to believe, here in some shape, if we only had time to hunt for it, but alas, where the Digesta carried us to what we wanted, we now devote our alloted hours to finding—and it is no entirely

bootless study either—where Mr. Jaggard tucks away this Title or that, under what group he included this favorite of ours or where he found a niche for that! We have looked in vain, for example for that parallelization of the Shakespeare with the Shakespeare Restoration Drama, provided, so far as we know, only by the New York Shakespeare Society's Bankside Restoration Series. We wonder how many hours or days it would take if a student desired to write a thesis upon the Restoration of Shakespeare in the second Caroline epoch, for him to carry references to the desired material from Mr. Jaggard's elaborate system of memorializing Shakespeare!

It were ungracious to criticise such a huge and laborious volume as this. Any criticism would sound like cavil. But it is not to cavil—but to aid in the appreciation of Mr. Jaggard's work that we suggest, in view of the inevitable supplement which he or some successor must of course issue in a few years, that there are a great many omissions numerically (though proportionately to the inclusions not so very many). Even to this volume is attached an "Aftermath," being titles of new volumes appearing during the book's passage through the press: which suggests that the really serviceable Bibliography of the Future will be a card catalogue.

Mr. Jaggard, who is a descendant of the William Jaggard who with Blount Aspley and Smithweeke—printed the first folio, supposed to have been "Edited" by Heminge and Condell (though probably those two gentlemen never even knew that their names were used for them, or if they did, had forgotten the circumstance, for they never alluded to it or did any of their friends ever allude to it)—in 1623. The Bibliography is finely printed and its 36,000 entries are as Domine Sampson would have said, "Prodigous." Mr. Jaggard tells us that he has been twenty-two years at the work. And we can well believe it. But the work is a curiosity (or, we should say, an exhibit of the world's appreciation of Shakespeare) rather than a work of reference for either student or book-seller. The one will scarcely be liable to find what will guide him expeditiously to what particular he wants, and the other will still consult his trade lists. The work is rather an addition to Shakespeareana than a Catalogue of Shakespeareana. For the latter we must still refer to the annual bibliographies issued in its invaluable Jahrbuch by our friends, The Deutches Shakespeare Gesselschaft, or beg for a reissuance of that admirable Degesta Shakesperareana. We are sure that even its almost prohibitive price will not prevent, in time, the taking up of Mr. Jaggard's five hundred copies (to which the edition is limited), and permit him to augment and issue a normally priced students' edition of the book.

THE CURRENT DRAMA

[In this Department only current Plays of worth and of more or less permanent interest are entered.]

Walter Browne's Modern Morality Play, "Everywoman," has achieved the success we foresaw and prophesied, besides having amply reversed the rule that meritorious Drama usually spells financial failure. The character of Everywoman is an exacting one. Than Shakespeare's Cleopatra (his one complete, many sided, many-mooded woman "Rix e pax et oscula") we know of none quite so exacting. Everywoman in the first act is the Ingenué; in the second, the Siren; in the third a Queen of the Revels; in the fourth the Penitent; and, in the fifth, the tender, loving, Woman! Whether the management will always be able to find an artist as capable as Miss Hall, who created the part and played it in New York City, we do not venture a guess. May be it is not likely. But the play will always be a lesson in early stage similitude and stage history. It is written to demand sumptuous staging, and it will be always worth an evening's while everywhere.

"Pomander Walk" is the name of a small cul de sac in a nameless little village of Acady—(somewhere near Mrs. Gaskell's Cranford, we guess)! Here the people are all neighborly and nice, and, in proper time fall in love with each other and get married in perfect Acadie fashion. The Play "Pomander Walk" has been the success of one season, and is beginning another season of other success. At Wallock's in New York City its author has produced another quite different play from "Pomander Walk." But it has the same flavor of success about it. In it Mr. George Arliss makes up for Disraeli—the name of the Play is "Disraeli"). And his work is masterly—as masterly as his make-up is perfect. It will be another success of this, and certainly—as long as Mr. Arliss plays—of seasons to come.

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I. [illegible]
II. [illegible]
III. MARGINALIA—[illegible]
IV. BOOKS RECEIVED.
V. DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT DRAMA.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Last Outside Cover page,	[illegible]
One page,	[illegible]
Half page,	[illegible]
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NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

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IAGO. AN ANALYSIS.

[When Hamlet said "the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense" he remarked a Truth not always recognized, but of unfailing application. In everything, verily, our natures become subdued to what they work in, like the dyer's hand. Notably it is that, in the work of the Scholar and the Student in Shakespeare preserves, we are apt to become pundits and pene-pundits. We are over-tempted to become so suffused with our own rapture over the sublimated Text in which we delve: that, at every step—in our eagerness to express what we find that we underestimate the comprehension of others—we are over-nice and over-punctilious, we explain too much; read ourselves into the Text. We interpose barnacles of supererogatory comment. We are in danger of becoming almost if not altogether what the Philistines even call—Bores.

But the hand of little employment hath still the dantier sense. And not only with the dantier sense, he is not seldom inspired with a gift of finding (and of expressing what he finds), that which the habituated commentator has missed. The following Aanalysis of the character of Iago was written by a young man, a student in the University of Wisconsin, to whom, in his eighteenth year of age, a copy of Shakespeare had first come. That young man was afterward the present Senator from Wisconsin, the Hon. Robert M. LaFollette, and it is here reprinted, with his courteous permission.—EDITORS NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.]

Shakespeare's *Iago* personifies two constituents of mind: intellect and will. These alone are the springs of his action, the source of his will power. What he lacks in emotion he has gained in intellectual acuteness, but the result is deformity. The character is not unnatural; it is fiendishly natural. His reasoning power is abnormally developed; but he has no feeling, no sympathy, no affection, no fear. His is the cold passion of intellect whose icy touch chills the warm life in all it reaches. He is an intellectual athlete,

and is unceasing in his mental gymnastics. His contempt for all good is supreme; his greatest crime is his greatest pleasure, and his own hypocrisy gladdens and intoxicates him. Whatever is most mean, whatever is most hard, whatever is vilely atrocious and dangerously difficult he seizes with greedy glee. Sceptical of all virtue, to him love is lechery, truth telling stupid goodness, end lying a daring to be ingenious.

The emotions are the native soil of moral life. From the feelings are grown great ethical truths one by one, forming at last the grand body of moral law. But *Iago* is emotionally a cipher, and his poverty of sentiment and wealth of intellect render him doubly dangerous. Here we have the key to his character, he is possessed of an inflexible will, of an intellect pungent, subtle, supersensual. He not only knows more than he feels; he knows everything, feels nothing.

The other characters of the tragedy of "Othello," a tragedy which Macaulay pronounced Shakespeare's greatest, are but puppets, moving at the will of this master. He reads them at a glance, by a flash of instinct. He wastes no words on *Roderigo* other than to make the "fool his purse." But upon *Othello* he plays with most subtlety and infinitely greater zest. Upon him he exercises his crafty ingenuity; and the "double knavery," the "how? how?" whets him keen. Now flashes forth the invisible lightning of his malignant mind, and woe to all virtue within its reach. Now we see his character in all its artful cunning, all its devilish cruelty. With what marvellous skill he makes his first attack! He does nothing in the common way. His methods have the merit of originality. He does not assail *Desdemona's* virtue with a well conned story, but is seemingly surprised into an exclamation, appearing to utter his suspicions by the merest accident. And when he has engaged *Othello's* ear note his matchless cunning; he comes and goes, and comes and goes again, with his ingenious innuendoes; changing like the chameleon, quick to take his cue from the Moor, yet craftily giving direction to the other's thoughts; cursing *Cassio* with his protestations of love and damning *Desdemona* while joining in a benediction to her honesty. The "constant, loving, noble nature" of the Moor changes quickly under the "almost superhuman art" of *Iago;* but too well he knows the human mind to gorge it with suspicion, and with every dose of poison gives just a little antidote. With pious self-accusation he says, "'Tis my nature's plague to spy into abuses," and "oft my jealousy shapes faults that are not," but carefully adds: "It were not for your quiet nor your good to let you know my thoughts," and is equally careful to tell them, smothering with one hand all

suspicion of his perfidy and kindling with the other the consuming fires of the Moor's jealousy.

Iago's manner of practising on *Othello* is only matched by the means he employs. Like the genuine devil, he destroys the entire household, not through some unguarded vice but through its very virtues. He sets all goodness by the ears. The strength of the Moor's affection is made a fatal weakness; and more than this, the very medium of all their misery is she

> Of spirit so still and gentle that her motion
> Blushed at herself.

Iago and *Desdemona!* Strange, unspeakable union of opposites! Weird harmony of discords! Sombre mingling of a smile and a sneer! O the poet whose genius could compound these elements without an explosion! O this "unequal contrast between the powers of grossness and purity!" That *Desdemona,* whose childlike nature is a divine fusion of innocence and chastity, should be played off against a moral outlaw, a being whose livery is "heavenly shows" and whose logic is the "divinity of hell," is a juxtaposition appalling, fascinating! 'Tis Dina in the talons of a harpy. That virtue should be "turned into pitch," that "out of goodness" should be made the "net to enmesh them all," that innocence should become the instrument of the infernal is a "moral antithesis" that precludes the oncoming of chaos. And it comes like the quick night and consummates the tragedy, while over all in sullen silence gloats the imp of darkness.

Somewhere Thomas Carlyle has said, "There are depths in man that go to the length of the lowest hell, as there are heights that reach highest heaven;" but *Iago* is a magnet with only one pole, which ever points toward the infernal. Why is it, then, that this character does not disgust us? Why do we follow his intricate windings with such intense interest? Why do we tolerate him? We find the answer in his great intellect. This is the core of his character—abstract intellectuality united to volitional force, devoid of all morality, divorced from all feeling. He is hardly human, yet he sounds humanity like a philosopher. He is wanting in ethical parts, yet he makes the nicest moral distinctions. He is a fraction, yet greater than a unit; a part, yet more than the whole. He is a paradox. In his deep schemes we nearly forget the villain. His triumph over all obstacles pins the attention to his intellectual powers. He is "instinct with thought." This redeems him to us as a subject and yields another explanation for what has been termed his "little trace of conscience." His self-questionings, his subtle sophisms,

his cataclysm of reasons, are not the weak protest of a moral part but the logical outcome of a sleepless intellect. He is emphatically a being of reasons. He will do nothing except he furnish to himself the "why." It is not that he requires these reasons as a "whetstone for his revenge," it is not that his "resolution is too much for his conscience," but rather that he revels in reasons, that his hungry mind will have its food. He "suspects the lusty Moor," and fears "*Cassio* with his nightcap, too," on occasion; not that he dreads to destroy either without some motive, but because his mental constitution demands a reason for all things. Schlegel defines wickedness as "nothing but selfishness designedly unconscientious;" but *Iago* makes no effort to deceive himself, for he says:

> When devils will their blackest sins put on,
> They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
> As I do now.

He does not care to justify himself except as an intellectual satisfaction. He desires no moral vindication. In fact he commits crime merely for crime's sake, and there is no sin that he will not claim as his own. Think of it! A being who clutches at wickedness with all the greed of a miser. Thoroughly passionless, coldly intellectual, he is forced into the self-confession that he is no libertine; yet fearful lest the admission has cost him one hellish trait he quickly adds that he stands "accountant for as great a sin." This is a moral defiance sublimely hideous but hardly reconcilable in a being with even a "little trace of conscience." Were there a single golden thread of moral sense to knit him to the good of humanity it would shine forth when *Desdemona,* whose only offence against him is that she is pure, sinks under his cursed cunning. But it is a quality he feels not, knows not, and what Coleridge calls "the motive hunting of a motiveless malignity;" this constant combing of his wits for reasons is simply a service performed at the mandate of his craving intellect.

These are the premises from which as a conclucion we deduce *Iago,* a character without a conscience.

Mark the "steep inequality" between him and *Richard III.:* The Duke of Gloster, born with teeth, a twisted body and a majestic mind, cut his way through those of his own flesh to a throne. Malignant and artful, hypocritical and heartless, he "seems a saint when most he plays the devil." Monster, he stands apart from men; he is "like himself alone," and he stalks along his bloody course a solitary creation. Brave, he has the audacity to

defy destiny, the impudent confidence to enter the lists against the Unknown. But hidden away somewhere in his black soul is a germ of conscience, disguised as superstitious fear, a germ of conscience which starts forth when that towering will is off guard; coming in the thin substance of a dream, yet so terrible that the remorseful "drops hang on his trembling flesh." Here is his humanity, his mortal weakness; and through this the "all-powerful and ever watchful Nemesis" hurls her lance, barbed to the shaft with retribution. Pursued by croaking phantoms, scourged by the invisible lash of violated conscience, he flings himself into the conflict, and with a royal flourish, in perfect keeping with his character, closes the tragedy. His death satisfies the equation of right.

Richard and *Iago* possess some qualities in common; both have mighty intellects; both are wily, cunning, crafty; both dissimulers; both actors. But further than this they are profoundly unlike. *Richard III.* is more humanly terrible; *Iago* more devilishly perfect. *Richard* loves nothing human; *Iago* hates everything good. *Richard* is arrogant, passionate, powerful, violent; *Iago* egotistical cold, cynical, sly. *Richard* is fire; *Iago,* ice. *Richard III.* is more objective; *Iago,* more subjective. *Richard* would pulverize the universe; *Iago* would like to reverse the order of things. In point of satanical finish *Iago* is *Richard* and more. *Richard III.* murders many and sweats with horror; *Iago,* few and forgets remorse. *Richard III.* mounts the throne of England on a score of dead bodies; *Iago* wins the throne of hell in three strides. The conscience of *Richard* wakes from its throne; *Iago* has no conscience. *Richard III.* is a monstrosity; *Iago,* a psychological contradiction.

We offer *Iago* then as Shakespeare's conception of the "Evil Principle." And how perfect the creation! In the whole course of his crime he betrays never a weakness, never a check of conscience, nothing to mar the elegant symmetry of his fiendishness. From the time that he lays down the postulate that "I am not what I am" till he attains his infernal majority he is the same refined, pitiless, sarcastic devil. He is often surprised, but he is never disconcerted. He plans, but it is because he likes the mental exercise. It has been said that deep rogues take all their villainy a priori; that they do not construct plans in anticipation. *Iago's* carefully perfected schemes would seem to rebuke this philosophy were it not that they appear rather meat for his mind than directions for his diabolisms. Indeed it is in those unpremised scenes where the occasion fails to fit his plans, where all the odds are arrayed against him, that he achieves the greatest triumph. This is nothing short of Stygian skill, and it is just there that he attains the dignity of a devil.

That dignity would have been sacrificed in his death. By all the principles of dramatic tragedy *Othello* is his fit executioner. Significant fact! We are only promised that his "punishment shall torment him much and hold him long." This is to appease the moral demand, and in its vagueness the poet seeks to avoid a decline in tragic intensity. This we offer as the ethical and æsthetical reason for the indefiniteness thrown about *Iago's* fate by the dramatist. He had pushed his creation to the verge of the finite; punishment was demanded, none could be devised which would requite him.

The full course of tragedy, the mighty evolution of its events, must yield an apt sequence, a sublime completeness, else it fails in its aim. Schiller says, "Life is great only as a means of accomplishing the moral law, and nothing is sublimer than a criminal yielding his life because of the morality he has violated." With the single exception of *Iago,* Shakespeare has availed himself of this principle. The Thane of Cawdor tops all his murderers with his own head; *Lady Macbeth* bleaches in death the "damned spot" from her unclean hand; *Richard III.* seals with his own blood on Bosworth field the sublime in his career, but *Iago* is just beyond the reach of death, and we can fancy him disappearing in the darkness of which he is a part.

There are two fitnesses in a villain's death, the moral fitness and the tragic fitness. The one, the ethical satisfaction at the inevitable recoil of the broken moral law; the other, the grandeur of a finale. To condense into one moment the whole of life, to put a fiat on existence, to engulf a soul in the awful immensity of its own acts, this is sublime; but to have conceived and brought forth a being so superphysical, so positively devilish, so intensely infernal that his death would be bathos, this is genius.

And this *Iago.* The polished, affable attendant, the boon companion, the supple sophist, the nimble logician, the philosopher, the moralist, the scoffing demon, the goblin whose smile is a stab and whose laugh is an infernal sneer, who has sworn eternal vengeance on virtue everywhere, who would turn cosmos into chaos. This compound of wickedness and reason, this incarnation of intellect, this tartarean basilisk is the logical conclusion in a syllogism whose premises are "Hell and Night." He is a criminal climax; endow him with a single supernatural quality and he stands among the devils of fiction supreme.

ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE.

SHAKESPEARE AND "THE TEMPEST" AT WHITEHALL.

It is a remarkable thing, and one which ought to encourage the exact and scientific, as opposed to the sublimated and esthetic, criticism of Shakespeare matters that the recent discovery of the authenticity of Peter Cummingham's "Accounts of The Revels" (as stated on page 93 of the August-October issue of this Quarterly) vindicates not only its discovery, but one of its most disputed entries and at the same time, and the judgment and acumen of the commentator of the last century, arrived at by external evidences alone, thereon the judgment of Edmund Malone.

It will be remembered that the entries concerning the Tempest were as follows:

The Chardges of those times, viz.: Betwine the last of October, 1611, Anno Reg. Regis Jacobi Nono untill the first of Novembar, 1612. . . .
and on page 3 is the heading:—

The names of the Playes And by what cumpaney played them hearafter followethe . . . presented before the Kinge's Matie.
the first item in the list being:—

By the King's Players: *Hallowmas* Nyght was presented att Whitall before ye Kinges Matie a play called *The Tempest.*

The accuracy of this information is confirmed by an entry in the accounts of the "Treasurer of the Chamber" of a payment made to Shakespeare's fellow-actors for a play on this very night (Audit Office. Declared Accounts. Bundle 389. Roll 49):—

To John Hemynges for himselfe and his fellowes the Kinges Mates Servauntes and Players upon the Councells warrant at Whitehall primo Junii, 1612, for presenting VI severall Playes before his Maty, viz. one upon the laste of October, one upon the first of November [*The Tempest*] one on the Vth of November [*The Winter's Tale*], one on the 26th of Decr. . . . at twenty nobles for every play [£6 13s. 4d.] and five markes [£3 6s. 8d.] for a reward for every play.—LX. li.

Here then we have conclusively established for us the exact date and place of production before King James and his Court of that ever-delightful and most poetic of plays—in Shakespeare's presence, as we may assume, and even under his personal superintendence.

So interesting an occasion seems to warrant an attempt at reconstructing, as far as is possible with the fragmentary matter that remains to us, the scene and circumstances of that "first-night," when the creator of the en-

chanted island and its inhabitants held "spell-stopt" for "at least two glasses," by the magic of his imagination "the King and's followers."

It is interesting to discover, if we can, in what chamber of the palace at Whitehall the Play of Shakespeare was presented. It happens that original documents in the Record Office, some of them apparently never searched through before, still less transcribed or published, provide us with what we seek. Among the accounts already cited is to be found this entry:—

To James Maxwell, gentleman usher daylie wayter to his Maty for th'allowaunce of himselfe, one yeoman usher, three yeomen, two groomes of the chamber, two groomes of the warderobe, and one groome porter for making ready the Banquetting House there [at Whitehall] three several tymes for playes VI daies . . . mense Octobr et Novembr, 1611.

Now "the Banqueting House" here referred to was the one built by order of King James in 1606-7, but burnt down some ten years afterwards. References to it among the "Works and Buildings" accounts prove that it stood on the site of the famous building whence Charles I. stepped forth to the scaffold. This earlier Banqueting House, though inferior in architecture to its successor, was yet a fine building, reared expressly for the exhibition of masques and shows, with galleries and tiers of seats, and in every way suitable for the presentation of such a play as The Tempest, with its continuous spectacular effects. For the stage was very large—a good deal larger than those of the public theatres—and it seems to have had sides of solid partitions and something of a proscenium also; and being thus, unlike the open-air theatres, detached from the audience, which sat entirely in front of it, it must have afforded full scope for scenic illusion and the presentment of "tableaux" on a scale and in a setting of unprecedented splendour. Then at the disposal of the actors were all the properties, scenery, and dresses of the Revels Office, and all the resources and contrivances invented by Inigo Jones for the Royal Masques.

Not that we are to infer from all this that The Tempest was specially composed for performance, in the first instance, at Court. On the contrary, it seems certain, for many reasons, that none of Shakespeare's later plays were first produced on any other stage than that of one or other of the two theatres owned by his company—"The Globe" or "Blackfriars." Only after a piece had received the stamp of public approval and had undergone the perfecting process of frequent public acting was it presented before the Sovereign. There are many considerations, indeed, rendering it almost certain that it was at the "Blackfriars"—which stood, as is well

known, on the exact site of the present offices of The Times—that The Tempest was first put on the stage, in the spring or early summer of 1611. Little more than a year before this the Burbages, who were the freeholders, had bought out their lessee, "The Master of the Queen's Children of the Revels"—"The Boy Players"—and resumed possession, and "placed" in it, as their descendants phrased it some four-and-twenty years later, "men players, which were Hemynges, Condall, Shakespeare, &c." Glad, indeed, must they all have been to displace the "aery of children, little eyases," who had so long trenched on their profits, and to acquire a house affording fuller scope than "The Globe," for gratifying the growing taste for spectacular display.

For this reason, if for no other, it is exceedingly probable that when Shakespeare wrote The Tempest he did so with the view of its being acted before the higher class of playgoers, who frequented "The Blackfriars"—the first of the closed roofed-in houses called "Private" Theatres, of which the prototypes in structure and general conditions were the Great Halls of Hampton Court and Whitehall. Also, it may be noticed—though this is a mere piece of negative evidence—that Dr. Simon Forman, the astrologist and quack doctor, who described in his note-book performances of four of Shakespeare's plays witnessed by him at "The Globe" in April and May, 1611, makes no mention of The Tempest at all. More convincing however, if not conclusively so, is the statement of Dryden, writing in 1669, in the preface to his own mangled version of the play, that Shakespeare's original composition "had formerly been acted with success at the Black Fryers." It seems probable, therefore, almost to the point of certainty, that it was on the very spot where now stand the offices of The Times that those immortal beings, Prospero and Antonio, Miranda and Ferdinand, Ariel and Caliban, were first introduced to the people of London by their creator, just about six months earlier than they made their appearance at Whitehall before the King and Queen.

Apart from all its matchless qualities as a superb piece of dramatic invention sublimated by poetic imagery, the play doubtless owed much of its immediate success and popularity, not only to the musical and scenic effects with which it was mounted, but also, and perhaps as much, to the topical nature of many of its incidents and allusions—in which were reflected the thoughts and feelings then uppermost in the mind of the public, equally with the Court. For although, as has been already shown, its composition can have had nothing to do with the wooing of the Princess Elizabeth by the Prince Palatine, Royal marriages were in the air. Already suitors

were numerous for the hand of the little Princess, and many alliances were being offered also for the young Prince of Wales. This appears from the despatches of the foreign Ambassadors in England, which are full of the subject, especially in the few weeks previous to the play's being acted at Court. They are likewise full, as are also the private letters of the time, of the wrecking of Sir George Somers's flagship, bound for the plantation of Virginia, on the Bermudas—"the still-vexed Bermoothes." The ideas and phrases adopted by Shakespeare from several of the pamphlets about that event, which appeared in the autumn of 1610, prove that he shared the popular excitement, or at least made use of it for giving a topical flavour to his new play. That he was keenly interested, also, in every particular of the terrible tempest, and in the adventures of the wrecked crew, for ten months castaways on the "Ile of Divils," is likewise proved by his having read, as we know he must, in the original manuscript now in the British Museum, William Strachey's journalistic letter—or "true reportory," as he termed it—written from Virginia on July 15, 1610, to some "excellent lady" in London. For phrase after phrase that occurs in the play is to be found in the "reportory," though it was not printed until 15 years after by Purchase in his "Pilgrimes."

The great interest aroused in London by all this "Newes from Virginia" and "Newes from the Bermudas" can have moved no one more than the young Prince, who, with his imagination already fired by the narratives of maritime adventure and stories of desert island and the mysterious dangers of the Western seas, was himself planning a project for a new expedition to the colony—mentioned by the Venetian Ambassador in a letter to the Doge and Seignory on the very day the play was produced. No one, therefore, was more likely than him to desire to see The Tempest acted; and the Lord Chamberlain would have had this in mind when consulting about a suitable play for Hallowmas Night with the Master of the Revels and Burbage or Shakespeare. Between them, with the assistance of Inigo Jones and his men from the Office of Works, they would have made all the necessary arrangements in the Banqueting House, which, from its large size and regular stage and fittings, was just the sort of theatre required for a spectacular piece like this.

The general theatric conditions of the performance of one of Shakespeare's later plays before the Court have already been fully indicated in previous articles; so that only the particular circumstances of the staging of The Tempest now require to be noticed. Already, even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, as well as in the earlier years of James I., before the

full influence of the elaborate spectacular Court Masques had made itself felt, the mise-en-scene at the Palace was the very antithesis of that mere platform, entirely bare of any scenery or accessories, and devoid of all mechanism, imagined for us by some critics as the invariable condition under which all Shakespearean representations took place, until the suppression of the theatres in 1642. Disregarding other evidence, how should we otherwise explain the explicit statement of successive Masters of the Revels (Feuillerat, pp. 129, &c.) that among their chief duties was the

ffurnishing, fitting and setting foorthe of sundry Tragedies, Playes, etc., with theier apte howses of paynted canvas and properties incident suche as mighte most lyvely expresse the effect of the histories plaied.

and also the providing of

apt howses made of canvasse fframed ffashioned and paynted accordingly as mighte beste serve theier severall purposes. (*Ibid,* p. 145.)

Can we suppose that among the "painted cloths for the Musick House and stage at Court," specially made and provided by the Master of the Revels in this particular year, were not some that "might most lively express the effect of" The Tempest? Or that the vast collection of such "painted cloths" and "framed canvasses," as were stored in the Office-House of the Revels—including such things as trees, clouds, mountains, woods, forests, caves, rocks, &c.—were not requisitioned, "as they might best serve the purpose" of exhibiting Prospero's enchanted island? When we find that in a play acted before Queen Elizabeth in the Great Hall of Hampton Court "a wilderness" was represented by three dozen forest trees, are we to believe that Shakespeare's The Tempest put on the great stage of the Banqueting House at Whitehall 30 years later was not mounted with an equal regard for realism—with such scenic accessories as the "hard rock" into which Caliban was "deservedly confined," "the lime-grove" that "weather-fended" the cell, and the sterile marge and "yellow sands" of "the never surfeiting sea"?

The truth, indeed, is not so much that there was no scenery as that there was little, if any, change of scene—the various localities of the whole play being all shown simultaneously, so that the utmost adaptation that could be attempted was the occasional drawing of a "painted cloth," illustrative of a different place, in front of such portions of the setting as were not then applicable. In this respect, however, The Tempest—all its action going on in the open air on an island—can have offered but few difficulties to Shakespeare's or Sir George Buc's scene-shifters. In fact

they had already to hand on the stage of the Banqueting House just such a setting as they required—one which had been already used, ten months before, in the Prince's Masque of Oberon by Ben Jonson, and which was used again two years later for Campion's Masque in honour of the marriage of the Earl and Countess of Somerset. Campion, indeed, in his preface is at pains to explain that in his whole invention and scenic arrangement he was following "our modern writers," who "have transferred their fictions to the persons of Enchanters and Commanders of Spirits"—obviously referring to Shakespeare and his Tempest. "Before the scene," he tells us, "was made an arch trymphall, passing beautiful, which enclosed the whole works"—just like a proscenium of our day. He adds:—

The Sceane itself, the curtain being drawne, was in this manner divided: on the upper part, there was formed a skye with cloudes very artificially shadowed; on either side of the scene below was set a high promontory, one side bounded with a rocke standing in the sea, the other with a wood; in the midst betweene them appeared a sea in perspective with shippes some cunningly painted, some artificially sayling.

The lighting was by means of candelabra, candle-rings, and "fairy-lights" innumerable, hung on wires stretched from rafter to rafter of the roof; while occasionally the whole house was darkened to heighten the tragic effect. It was in view, probably, of this very performance that a complete renovation of all the lighting arrangements of the theatre was carried out in this year at a cost equivalent to some £400 at the present day.

That the piece met with approval is certain, for it was again commanded some fifteen months later, for performance before the Prince Palatine and his bride, during the marriage festivities held in the spring of 1613.

ERNEST LAW.

MARGINALIA

IN COURTEOUSLY GRANTING US PERMISSION TO USE AS OUR LEADING paper in this issue, his remarkable Study of Iago, the Hon. Robert M. LaFollette writes us "I count it as a very great honor that you consider my undergraduate study of Iago as worthy of a place in NEW SHAKESPEAREANA. I have not read it for many years and I am very sure that if I were to read it now it would come in for such a pruning as would reduce it to a mere skeleton. But if you think it worthy I will shut my eyes and say, publish it as the production of a country boy of twenty-three who had never seen a copy of Shakespeare until he was in his eighteenth year."

Books Received

374. The Soliloquies of Shakespeare. A Study in Technic. By Morris Leroy Arnold, Ph.D. Columbia University Studies in English. Cloth, pp. 117, 8vo. New York: The Columbia University Press. The Macmillan Company.

375. Th. Nast. His Period and His Pictures. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Sq. 8vo., cloth, pp. 585. * * New York: Harper and Brothers.

376. Commentaries on the Law in Shakespeare, With Explanations of the Legal Terms used in the Plays. Poems and Sonnets, and Discussion of the Criminal Types Presented. By Edw. J. White. Cloth, pp. 525, 8vo. St. Louis: The F. H. Thomas Law Book Co.

377. A Resume of Forty Years, 1825 to 1865. By William Allen Butler. Edited by his Daughter, Harriet Allen Butler. Cloth, pp. 450. New York: Charles Scribners Sons.

378. Shakespeare and other Papers. By John Bell Hennemann. Late Professor of English in the University of the South. Late Editor of the Sewaunee Review. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 265. (Portrait). Sewaunee, Tennessee: University Press.

379. Shakespeare. By John Masefield (Home University Library). Cloth, 7½x5½, pp. 254. London: Williams and Norgate.

375. The little lad of Landau whom his parents brought to New York City in his fifth year in 1840, lived to create with his pencil a graphic literature that spoke not only to those that could read but to those that had eyes. In some of the most vital crises of the Nation, the Civil War. The Lincoln McClellan Canvass, Reconstruction, The Tweed Ring Debacle, The Grant Greeley Campaign, The Sound Money as against the "Rag Baby" (as Mr. Nast christened it) fight, The Electoral Commission—in each of these Mr. Nast did yeoman service, and in our National Walhalla his place is safe and unique. This volume contains not only the record of Mr. Nast's startling and splendid services but about a thousand of those marvellous caricatures that went not only to every nook and corner of the Country but penetrated into every civilized corner of the world.

374. This volume comes to us with the Imprimatur of a dignified and splendid University. It bears this Imprimatur in shape of the Certificate "This Monograph has been approved by the Department of English in Columbia University as a Contribution to Knowledge worthy of Publication. A. H. Thorndike, Secretary." And yet the temptation is all

but irresistible to tract it with anything but dignity—to wonder why we do not happen upon the name of Armado, or of Holophernes, or Sir Nathaniel or Goodman Dull, or perhaps the name of the celebrated W. H. Fleming! Certainly one is tempted to set up a sort of Baconian Theory that not Mr. Morris Leroy Arnold, Ph. D., but Mr. W. H. Fleming, A. M., stands revealed? When one recalls Mr. Fleming's analysis of King Lear —ascending to the conclusion that there was no Mrs. Lear, mother to the Pelican Daughters, because Shakespeare thought there was trouble enough in the Play without her—certainly it is hard to believe that the community holds two Flemings.

Or either there two Flemings be
Or else is Arnold he.

In the renowned Treatise on Mascots presented to the monarch in Audran's (we think) Operetta, a Hoodoo is differentiated from a Mascot in that while a Hoodoo is a Hoodoo, a Mascot is A Mascot! similarly Mr. Arnold, Ph.D., labors to extent of many pages to convince us that a Soliloquy differs radically from a Monologue in that, whereas a Soliloquy is a Soliloquy—a Monologue is—A Monologue. The requirement of a Thesis for a Degree which has come to be the rule in our American Universities has reulted in some really important monographs upon Shakespeare subjects (We are speaking of course of only our own field, and have no data as to many others). The invaluable researches of Dr. Charles William Wallace which have quite required the re-writing of Shakespearean Biography grew from Mr. Wallace's hunt after some new sective field about which to build up a Monograph for a Ph.D. And our Book Reviews list many invaluable monographs, such as Mr. Thompson's "The Controversy between the Puritans and The Stage," (ante Vol. III, p. 112). "The Classical Mythology in Shakespeare by Mr. Root" (id) "which are genuine memoirs pour servir. Shakespeare relieves the conferences of Goodman Dull and his fellow brilliants by the antics of little Moth, and the Handy Andy-like blunders of Costard—that turn out always the very best things that could have been done to carry on the plot. And even Mr. W. H. Fleming's innocence is ameliorating. But Mr. Morris Leroy Arnold, Ph.D., permits us no amelioration to his readers.

378. This is a memorial volume to Dr. John Bell Hennemann—edited with a loving preface by W. P. Trent, and a biographical sketch of Mr. Hennemann by T. D. Bruce. The Shakespeare papers included are I. Shakespeare in Recent Years: His Relation to his Predecessors; II. Shakespeare in Recent Years: The Themes of Tragedy; III. The Man

Shakespeare: His Growth as an Artist; IV. The Episodes in Shakespeare's I. Henry IV. (Other papers are devoted to Southern literature of Recent Years.) While negligible as far as any new matter is looked for, they bear ample evidence to Mr. Hennemann's sagacity of selection and good taste. The immortality of Shakespeare lies in that every reader sees from his point of view some personal to himself fancy, just as, of many beholders of a splendid sunrise or sunset, each one will see for himself, a castle, a mountain, an army with banners and the like. The paper "an Episode in the Henry IV. follows somewhat, as to Talbot, Falstaff and La-Pucelle, the Chapter in Morgan's Shakespeare in Fact and In Criticism. But there is no copyright in Esthetic criticism.

376. The most comprehensive and convenient Dictionary yet of Shakespeare's Legal allusions. Mr. White's system of arrangement is take that of Cushman K. Davis though Mr. White does not call attention to the fact. That he gives the name of no prior Dictionary as his choice. Other compilers may or may not do likewise.

377. William Allen Butler added a poem "Nothing to Wear" to Literature. That classic is one of the Once Poems that the world will not willingly let die. Mr. Butler was a distinguished member of the Bar of New York City and with the usual sensitiveness of lawyers while still practising their profession, published his poem anonomously. But against his will he was detected and immortalized.

379. There's never a law of God or man runs north of fifty-three, nor any law against writing books about Shakespeare. In the dirth of such a law lies Mr. Masefield's opportunity. So far as anything in this book shows it might have been written at the time that Major General Stanley's military knowledge accrued, about the middle of the last century. There is so far as we can dig into this "Home University" book, only one item not familiar at the middle of the last century, to wit, that Shakespeare is buried in a grave that is seventeen feet deep. Mr. Masefield did not observe that the surface of the river Avon, not twenty feet away, is barely six feet below the pavement of the chancel of trinity Church and so leaves us to conjecture by what hydraulic machinery the grave was dug. As Dr. Halliwell Phillips mentions this silly story to be sure. But it is marvellous that Mr. Masefield should select, as the only item in his book which was not threadbare, an item which is ridiculous!

THE CURRENT DRAMA

[In this Department only Current Plays of worth and of more or less permanent interest are entered.]

The only noteworthy item since the last entry in this Department has been the visit to New York City of a Company of Irish Players from The Abbey Theatre Dublin. Coming to the Maxine Elliott Theatre in New York City, under the patronage of Lady Gregory much as Shakespeare's Players once travelled under the guaranty of Lord Lecister or Lord Strange or Lord Derby, the town has been presented with something most naively genre and piquant. These Players are all Players! No one of them the "Star." No one of them demanding the centre of the Stage. All simple, sincere and equal in their mordant parts. The lists of Plays they present is a very long one. But all of them are new to us. The one naturally attracting the most attention is the late J. M. Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World." "The Playboy" is not a Texas Cowboy who has returned to Ireland, but a wandering native there. Coming to a wayside tavern with a "God save all here" and getting the return "God save you kindly," he sits by the fire. His coming attracts the villagers, especially the colleens, for the stranger is frank and comely. Questioned as to his reason for wandering (for the suspicion is that he may be ahead of the Keeners and so a candidate for the admiration of the village) he tells them that he has killed his father by braining him with a loy (hoe) while digging [illegible]ds (potatoes) "because he was that—there was no living wid him at all at all." There are three acts in which the young patricide becomes a hero. The colleens falling in love with him in regular course. Only when in the last act the father, who has not been killed at all, turns up, and with a whip orders his bragging son to his knees and submission, the spell is broken—the colleens will have nothing more "to do wid him," and he disappears as he came. The Irish Players are a refreshment and a success and unless they come too often will remain a memorable dramatic episode of the winter of 1911-12.

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